

-L168
3

Ex libris Henry S. Saunders

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,



The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

H.S.S. W.W.

Whitman Collection

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

MARCH 1916

Cheap	<i>Helen Hoyt</i>
Art and Anarchism	<i>Margaret C. Anderson</i>
Stravinsky's "Grotesques"	<i>Amy Lowell</i>
Vibrant Life	<i>Sherwood Anderson</i>
Don'ts for Critics	<i>Alice Corbin Henderson</i>
Poems:	<i>Jeanne D'Orge</i>
The Cup	
The Stranger	
The Kiss	
The Interpreter	
The Sealed Package	
Memories	
The Russian Ballet	<i>Charles Zwaska</i>
Editorials	
Propaganda	
Poems:	<i>Richard Aldington</i>
Bloomsbury Square	
Epigram	
Lollipop Venders	<i>Lupo de Braila</i>
Vers Libre Prize Contest	
A. Neil Lyons	<i>Allan Ross Macdougall</i>
The Reader Critic	

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher
Fine Arts Building
CHICAGO

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, Chicago

Socialism and War

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of
*Theoretical System of Karl
Marx, "Government by Ju-
diciary", etc.*

Price, \$1.10 Postpaid

NEW REVIEW
PUBLISHING ASS'N
256 Broadway
New York City

A STUDY OF THE GREAT WAR OF IMPERIALISM.

ORGANIZED Socialism collapsed in the European crisis; but Socialist thought is providing us with an authentic, realistic interpretation of the causes and consequences of the Great War.

THE whole world is interested in the attitude and conclusions of the Socialists.

MR. BOUDIN'S book deals with the prime cause of the war—Imperialism. He makes us understand the underlying forces of this world-drama. Mr. Boudin indicates that Imperialism is the political expression of a change in the economics of Capitalism; that Imperialism is motivated upon the export of capital, principally in the form of iron and steel as "means of production" in undeveloped countries.

ALL phases of the war are covered, including the "cultural" and "racial". The historian, the economist and the sociologist unite in a volume of the utmost interest and importance.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III

MARCH, 1916

NO. 1

Cheap

HELEN HOYT

After all, what does a man amount to?
It only takes some twenty—thirty—years or so
To make a man, with everything complete.
Longer, it is true, than growing cabbages
Or currant bushes, or a cow,—
Or a fair-sized hog;
But not so very long, and there's always time.
When breeding's good we get them fast enough. . . .
Merely a matter of waiting till they grow. . . .
Some food and clothes must be supplied—
And shelter—and all that—
But it's surprising (in fact, without statistics,
A person would scarcely believe it possible)
How very little a man can live upon
From birth until he reaches the enlisting age.

For first he has to be born, of course,
And that takes time,—makes us some trouble too—
But it's a simple matter on the whole,
And not expensive: not at all expensive:
You see, the women are the ones that attend to this
And they work cheap.
They *pour* men from their bodies.
Always pleased to undertake affairs of this sort,
Women are,—O, most delighted. It's their way.

Willing and lavish: it doesn't cost them much.
 They only have to give some flesh and bone
 And blood; and perhaps, one might say,
 A scrap of soul, to make the creature go;
 But these things nature furnishes;
 They're free and plenty:
 And after a man's once started, he's not long growing;
 There's always a generation on the way:
 More than we want, sometimes, or there is room for.

Lord, how they swarm! In the cities like flies.
 If only horses were so plentiful!
 If only horses could be foddered so lightly
 And bedded so many to a stall as men!

Certainly, men are less of a bother
 And also, think what men do for you that a horse can't.
 You cannot teach a horse to hold a gun.
 A horse can't shoot or burn or pillage or murder well in the least.
 And too, a man has this convenient feature,
 That you can make him go without whip or lash.
 You only have to charm him the right way.

Other animals you charm by dazzling radiance:
 With men it's always colors and bright sounds
 (Slogans and bands and banners are the best).
 Why, you can play upon them with the beat of drums
 Till they are got to an energy and fury fine as a bull's
 How they will fight for you then!
 Tigers and wolves and wild-cats
 (Considering differences in weight and bulks of meat)
 Wouldn't fight fiercer or longer or more willingly.

You never could train a horse to be so clever.
 And therefore it's curious, when you think of it,
 That horses should come so much more dear than men.
 To be sure, there isn't the cheap source of supply
 Or the same over-stock as in the case of men:
 A horse is harder to raise and more expense—
 More trouble; more of a responsibility:
 But nevertheless, allowing for all this,
 It still is curious, that difference in value. . . .
 Now isn't it?
 Rather?

Art and Anarchism

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

WHEN "they" ask you what anarchism is, and you scuffle around for the most convincing definition, why don't you merely ask instead: "What is art?" Because anarchism and art are in the world for exactly the same kind of reason.

An anarchist is a person who realizes the gulf that lies between government and life; an artist is a person who realizes the gulf that lies between life and love. The former knows that he can never get from the government what he really needs for life; the latter knows that he can never get from life the love he really dreams of.

Now there is only one class of people—among the very rich or the very poor or the very middling—that doesn't know about these things. It is the uneducated class. It is composed of housewives, business men, church-goers, family egoists, club women, politicians, detectives, debutantes, drummers, Christian Scientists, policemen, demagogues, social climbers, ministers who recommend plays like *Experience*, etc., etc. It even includes some who may be educated—journalists, professors, philanthropists, patriots, "artistic" people, sentimentalists, cowards, and the insane. It is the great middle-class mind of America. It is the kind of mind that either doesn't think at all or that thinks like this: "Without the violence and the plotting there would be nothing left of anarchism but a dead theory. Without the romance of it anarchism would be nothing but a theory which will not work and never can until nature has evolved something very different out of man. It is cops and robbers, hare and hounds, Ivanhoe and E. Phillips Oppenheim all acted out in life. It is not really dangerous to society, but only to some members of it, because unless every one is against it there is no fun in it."

There is no fun talking about anarchism to people who understand it. But it would be great fun to make the middle-class mind understand it. This is the way I should go about it:

What things do you need in order to live? Food, clothing, shelter. What things *must* you have to get life out of the process of living? Love, work, recreation. All right.

Does the government give you the first three things? Not at all. It isn't the government or law or anything of that sort that gives you food or clothes. It's the efficient organization between those who produce these things and those who sell them to you. And it isn't government that keeps

that organization efficient. It's the brains of those who work in it. You will say that government exists to prevent that organization from charging you too much for food and clothes. *Then why doesn't government do it?* Heaven knows you've got all the government you can very well use and you pay too much for everything.

Does the government give you a house? If you happen to be an ambassador or something like that. Not if you happen to be a mail man. Maybe some one leaves you a house—which means that he once bought it or stole it or had it left to him. You can do any of these three things yourself. Or you can go without, as nearly every one else does. Sometimes the government helps you to steal one—but not you of the middle class. What I want to know is why *you* are so crazy about the government?

Now, about work. What do you call work?—spending eight hours a day in an office to help make somebody's business a success, and incidentally to earn the money for your bread and butter? But that's a third of the time you're given on earth. Another third has to be spent in sleep, and the last third in eating your dinner, "spending the evening," getting undressed, getting dressed, eating your breakfast, and catching your train. I call that slavery. Work is something over which you can toil twenty-four hours a day if you feel like it, because if you don't your life will have no meaning. It's like art. What has the government to do with your work? About as much as it had to do with Marconi's brain when he was conceiving his wireless.

What do you call recreation?—lounging in hotel lobbies, gossiping over tea tables, going to the movies? All right. But what has the government got to do with it? Or do you call it walking, riding, reading, lying in the sun? The government doesn't give you good legs or a motor car or books or a stretch of beach to lie on. But it can keep some of the best books away from you and close up the bathing beaches on the hottest October day. Maybe you call recreation what it really means: *re-creation*. That means the time and the leisure to invite your soul. You've got government: have you got either time or leisure?

And as for love. . . . You love some one who loves you, and the world is good. Or you love some one who doesn't love you and the world is hell. Or you love and love and can find no one to love. Or you love and cannot give, or love and cannot take, or maybe you cannot love at all. And where is the government all this time?

The government can bring you a letter from some one you love. But why must even that be done with graft?

Some one assaults a woman in a dark alley, you say, and where would we be without the government? What has that to do with love, first? Now clear up your minds: have you ever imagined why these things

happen? Because some people are vicious, you say. But every one is vicious—every one who has life in him. You are: only you can take it out on your wife or on whatever prostitutes you can afford, or in eating large dinners, or in joy rides, in vulgar parties, in the movies, in luxury, in fads, in art, even in religion. It just depends upon your type. The point is that you have your outlets and the other wretch hasn't. And second, since these things are always happening and you have plenty of chances to see how the government deals with them, the only sensible question left for you to ask is: *Why aren't they dealt with?* You've got government and you've got crime on the increase. May it be that you will ever see this: that the thing needs *treat-ment*, not *govern-ment*?

But if you're talking about love. . . . In love you will act just like a cave man or an Athenian or an early Christian or an Elizabethan or a modern, like a satyr or a traveling salesman or an artist—it depends upon your type. Governments may come and go, may change or cease to be, and nothing remains forever except "your type."

But it's just here that your government has its functions. It can do various things. And since the value of your life depends upon the intensity with which you love something or somebody, you might as well recognize what your government can do for you in this regard:

If you think that love and freedom ought to go together the government can put you in prison.

If you marry out of respect for the government, and grow to hate each other, the government won't give you a divorce out of respect for you.

If you marry as a concession to the government, because you don't want to ruin your business or have your wife insulted, the government will divorce you—and on the concession basis: but you pay for both the concessions.

If you believe that love is love, whether it brings you children or not, you may be happy and prosperous, but you will not be safe. The government can put your physician in prison.

If you're very poor or very ill, and ought not have children, the government can keep information for prevention away from you; and it can put any one who tries to give you that information in prison.

If you should die from an abortion—and you surely will die if you contract blood-poisoning; and you surely will do that if you must be treated in secrecy and without skill—the government can hang your physician.

Why are you so crazy about the government?

Why do you want to govern anything or anybody?—even your own temper? Nietzsche said not to preserve yourself but to discharge yourself! Why not *use* your temper as well as your nice moods?

Why do you want to govern your child? To give him character? But who ever told you that life is for the making of character? Even if it were, you can't give your child character. He can get it by going through a great deal. But if you govern him successfully he won't go through a great deal. He will just be something that is like something else. He won't be himself.

Why do you want to govern human nature? Because you want people to be good instead of bad? But how can you tell when they're good and when they're bad? Suppose you all agree that Jean Crones did a very bad thing? If you knew Jean Crones you should probably all see at once that he is a very good man—if he exists at all. Clear up your thinking!

Who ever told you that an anarchist wants to change human nature? Who ever told you that an anarchist's ideal could never be attained until human nature had improved? Human nature will never "improve." It doesn't matter much whether you have a good nature or a bad one. It's your thinking that counts. Clean out your minds!

If you believe these things—no, that is not enough: if you live them—you are an anarchist. You can be one right now. You needn't wait for a change in human nature, for the millenium, or for the permission of your family. Just be one!

You have seen that "the blind, heavy, stupid thing we call government" can not give you a happy childhood. It cannot educate you or make you an interesting person. It cannot give you work, art, love, or life—or death if you think it is better to die.

And finally when you see that you can never get all the love you imagined from life; that you are trapped, really, and must find a way out; when you see that here where there is nothing is the way out, and that the wonder of life begins here—when you see all this you will be an artist, and your love that is "left over" will find its music or its words.

Stravinsky's Three Pieces, "Grotseques,"
for String Quartets *

AMY LOWELL

First Movement

Thin-voiced, nasal pipes
Drawing sound out and out
Until it is a screeching thread,
Sharp and cutting, sharp and cutting,
It hurts.
Whee-e-e!
Bump! Bump! Tong-ti-bump!
There are drums here,
Banging,
And wooden shoes beating the round, grey stones
Of the market-place.
Whee-e-e!
Sabots slapping the worn, old stones,
And a shaking and cracking of dancing bones,
Clumsy and hard they are,
And uneven,
Losing half a beat
Because the stones are slippery.
Bump-e-ty-tong! Whee-e-e! Tong!
The thin Spring leaves
Shake to the banging of shoes.

*This Quartet was played from the manuscript by the Flonzaley Quartet during their season of 1915 and 1916. The poem is based upon the programme which M. Stravinsky appended to his piece, and is an attempt to reproduce the sound and movement of the music as far as is possible in another medium.

The Little Review

Shoes beat, slap,
 Shuffle, rap,
 And the nasal pipes squeal with their pig's voices,
 Little pig's voices
 Weaving among the dancers,
 A fine, white thread
 Linking up the dancers.
 Bang! Bump! Tong!
 Petticoats,
 Stockings,
 Sabots,
 Delirium flapping its thigh-bones;
 Red, blue, yellow,
 Drunkenness steaming in colours;
 Red, yellow, blue,
 Colours and flesh weaving together,
 In and out, with the dance,
 Coarse stuffs and hot flesh weaving together.
 Pig's cries white and tenuous,
 White and painful,
 White and—
 Bump!
 Tong!

Second Movement

Pale violin music whiffs across the moon,
 A pale smoke of violin music blows over the moon,
 Cherry petals fall and flutter,
 And the white Pierrot,
 Wreathed in the smoke of the violins,
 Splashed with cherry petals falling, falling,
 Claws a grave for himself in the fresh earth
 With his finger-nails.

Third Movement

An organ growls in the heavy roof-groins of a church,
 It wheezes and coughs.
 The nave is blue with incense,
 Writhing, twisting,
 Snaking over the heads of the chanting priests.

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine;

The priests whine their bastard Latin
And the censers swing and click.
The priests walk endlessly
Round and round,
Droning their Latin
Off the key.

The organ crashes out in a flaring chord,
And the priests hitch their chant up half a tone.

*Dies illa, dies irae,
Calamitatis et miseriae,
Dies magna et amara valde.*

A wind rattles the leaded windows.
The little pear-shaped candle-flames leap and flutter,

Dies illa, dies irae,

The swaying smoke drifts over the altar,

Calamitatis et miseriae,

The shuffling priests sprinkle holy water,

Dies magna et amara valde.

And there is a stark stillness in the midst of them
Stretched upon a bier.

His ears are stone to the organ,

His eyes are flint to the candles,

His body is ice to the water.

Chant, priests,

Whine, shuffle, genuflect,

He will always be as rigid as he is now

Until he crumbles away in a dust heap.

*Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.*

Above the grey pillars, the roof is in darkness.

Vibrant Life *m.g.*

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

HE was a man of forty-five, vigorous and straight of body. About his jaws was a slight heaviness, but his eyes were quiet. In his young manhood he had been involved in a scandal that had made him a marked man in the community. He had deserted his wife and children and had run away with a serious, dark-skinned young girl, the daughter of a Methodist minister.

After a few years he had come back into the community and had opened a law office. The social ostracism set up against him and his wife had in reality turned out to their advantage. He had worked fiercely and the dark-skinned girl had worked fiercely. At forty-five he had risen to wealth and to a commanding position before the bar of his state, and his wife, now a surgeon, had a fast-growing reputation for ability.

It was night and he sat in a room with the dead body of his younger brother, who had gone the road he had traveled in his twenties. The brother, a huge good-natured fellow, had been caught and shot in the home of a married woman.

In the room with the lawyer sat a woman. She was a nurse, in charge of the children of his second wife, a magnificent blonde creature with white teeth. They sat beside a table, spread with book and magazines.

The woman who sat with the lawyer in the room with the dead man, was, like himself, flush with life. He remembered, with a start, that she had been introduced into the house by the boy who was dead. He began to couple them in his mind and talked about it.

"You were in love with him, eh?" he asked presently.

The woman said nothing. She sat under a lamp with her legs crossed. The lamplight fell upon her shapely shoulders.

The lawyer, getting out of his chair, walked up and down the room. He thought of his wife, the woman he loved, asleep upstairs, and of the price they had paid for their devotion to each other.

"It is barbarous, this old custom of sitting up with the dead," he said, and, going to another part of the house, returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses.

With the wine before them the lawyer and the woman sat looking at each other. They stared boldly into each other's eyes, each concerned with his own thoughts. A clock ticked loudly and the woman moved uneasily. By an open window the wind stirred a white curtain and tossed

it back and forth above the coffin, black and ominous. He began thinking of the years of hard, unremittent labor and of the pleasures he had missed. Before his eyes danced visions of white-clad dinner tables, with men and bare-shouldered women sitting about. Again he walked up and down the room.

Upon the table lay a magazine, devoted to farm life, and upon the cover was a scene in a barn yard. A groom was leading a magnificent stallion out at the door of a red barn.

Pointing his finger at the picture, the lawyer began to talk. A new quality came into his voice. His hand played nervously up and down the table. There was a gentle swishing sound of the blown curtain across the top of the coffin.

"I saw one once when I was a boy," he said, pointing with his finger at the stallion.

He approached and stood over her.

"It was a wonderful sight," he said, looking down at her. "I have never forgotten it. The great animal was all life, vibrant, magnificent life. Its feet scarcely touched the ground."

"We are like that," he added, leaning over her. "The men of our family have that vibrant, conquering life in us."

The woman arose from the chair and moved toward the darkened corner where the coffin stood. He followed slowly. When they had gone thus across the room she put up her hand and plead with him.

"No, no!—Think! Remember!" she whispered.

With a low laugh he sprang at her. She dodged quickly. Both of them had become silent. Among the chairs and tables they went, swiftly, silently, the pursuer and the pursued.

Into a corner of the room she got, where she could no longer elude him. Near her sat the long coffin, its ends resting on black stands made for the purpose. They struggled, and then as they stood breathless with hot startled faces, there was a crash, the sound of broken glass and the dead body of his brother with its staring eyes rolled, from the fallen coffin, out upon the floor.

Don'ts for Critics^{*}

(Apropos of recent criticisms of Imagism, vers libre, and modern poetry generally.)

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON

- Don't confuse vers libre and Imagism. The two are not identical. One pertains to verse, the other to vision.
- Don't attempt to "place" Imagism until you know what it is.
- Don't substitute irritability for judgement.
- Don't attempt to establish absolutes—positive or negative—by precedents of a half or a quarter of a century, or a mere decade ago.
- Don't be a demagogue.
- Don't try to speak the last word—you can't.
- Don't be dishonest with yourself. Analyze your own inhibitions.
- Don't believe that beauty is conventionality, or that the classic poets chose only "nice" subjects.
- Don't forget that the age that produced the cathedrals produced also the grotesques.
- Don't be afraid to expand.
- Don't deny the poet his folly, or expect him to appear always pompously on stilts. Think of the poets who have fun in their make-up, and you think of some of the greatest—Shakespeare, Chaucer, Villon,—(by no means excepting Lewis Carroll, whose *Jabberwock* is almost "pure" poetry and the poetic prototype of much excellent modern painting.) Don't relax your own appreciation of humor to the soft, easy level of the newspapers.
- Don't squirm when a poet is a satirist. We need the keen vision. Not all pessimism is unhealthy, and not all optimism healthy.
- Don't think that Spoon River is more sordid than Athens, Greece, or Athens, Georgia, than Sparta or Troy, or—the Lake Shore Drive.
- Don't think that the poet must always *copy* something or somebody, and that something usually of a recent date. Correspondences, to be valuable, must be genuine and of the spirit, rather than of the letter. —When Mr. Powys brackets the names of Chaucer and Edgar Lee Masters, he is illuminating. When Mr. Hervey or Mr. Willard-

^{*}See page 22.

Huntington-Wright discover each a different one of Mr. Masters' copybooks, and publish their discoveries, the absurdity is manifest. Picture Mr. Masters sitting with Robinson's book in one hand, and somebody's *Small Town* in the other, inditing *Spoon River* with his teeth!

- Don't expect a poet to repeat himself indefinitely, however much you may admire his earlier work. You may appreciate his later work in time.
- Don't condemn the work of a man whose books you have not read. Unfortunately there are no civil service examinations for critics.
- Don't think that competition is unhealthy for the poet, or that his poetry suffers thereby.
- Don't be confident, as Mr. Arthur J. Eddy said at the "Poetry" dinner, that no good thing is ever lost. Ask Mr. Eddy, who is a lawyer, to prove that no good thing is ever lost.
- Don't expect poets to refrain from writing about one another—even in praise. If you don't enjoy the feast, don't eat it. When the poets tear one another to pieces, don't you enjoy it? But if, like most critics of poetry, you are a poet also, take warning. Be Prepared!
- Don't wait until a poet is dead before you discover him.
- Don't gnash your teeth and expect the public to take it as a sign of force and insight.
- Don't forget that prosody is derived from poetry, not poetry from **prosody**.
- Don't waste your time trying to squeeze exceptions into the rule. Remember that exceptions in poetry, as in music, are the variations that give life.
- Don't measure English poetry by English poetic standards alone. Consider the sources of English poetry, and don't begin with Chaucer, or stop with Tennyson.
- Don't think that English or American poetry may not assimilate as much new beauty and richness from foreign sources in the future as it has in the past.
- Don't consider rhyme as the be-all and end-all of poetry. Rhyme is sometimes as beautiful as the reflection of trees in water; it is sometimes as monotonous as a stitch in time.
- Don't substitute vituperation for the "critique raisonné"—almost an unknown quantity in this country.
- Don't look first at the publisher's imprint.
- Don't cling to convictions that you fear to have upset.
- Don't, because you fail to share the convictions of a fellow critic, think that he is a bigger fool than you are—unless you can prove it.
- Don't imagine that printing a poem as prose makes it prose. A musical masterpiece may be distorted by unrhythmic playing, yet the composer's rhythm remains intact in the score.

- Don't object to conceptions in poetry that you might find striking and powerful in bronze or plaster. "The Hog Butcher of the World" is one picturesque attitude of Chicago. . Is the truth unbearable? One may still love Chicago in spite of its dirty face.
- Don't try to establish even a distant kinship between poetry and ethics. The relation is illicit.
- Don't tell the poet what he must, or must not, write about—he doesn't hear you.
- Don't be tedious.
- Don't take ten times as much space as the poet to prove that he is a bad poet. Your sin against the public is more grievous, and your art less, than his.
- Don't make up your review from the publisher's advance notice. The poet might like to know what you think about his work—not what he told the publisher to tell you.
- Don't expect a poet to punch a time-clock, or record only the emotions of his fellow townspeople.
- Don't limit a poet to primary emotions, or find decadence in a refinement that may exceed your own.
- Don't fancy that brutality is strength, or delicacy weakness.
- Don't fancy that the poem that gives up its meaning quickest gives most, or lives longest.
- Don't make the mistake of believing that vers libre is easier to write than rhymed metrical verse—or the reverse.
- Don't think because you say a thing, it is so. Your venture is as uncertain as the poet's. Authority, unless bestowed by the Mayor, is the gift of time; and then not unassailable.
- Don't reverence only dead poets or be certain that the dead poets would think just as you do about contemporary poets.
- Don't discard the past for the future, or the future for the past. We learn about the earth from the telescope, and about the stars from the microscope.
- DON'T be as negative as this list, or sit on the fence. It is better to be on the wrong side than to straddle.

Poems^{*}

JEANNE D'ORGE

The Cup

My body is no more clay
But rapture—touched and golden :
The Cup—the Cup
From which my lover drinks
And drinking makes immortal.

The Stranger (*Eleven years*)

Oh you spoil everything !
I am glad you are only my teacher—
My mother would know better :
She would not make me treat my friend badly as you do ;
She would let me go to the Park and ride on the Merry-go-round with him ;
Even if he is a sailor and a stranger he is grown-up and kind :
What harm can he do me ? Would he beat me ? Would he run away with
me in his sloop ? Would he murder me ?
You shake your head and say nothing !
You have nothing to say—
And now you have spoiled everything.
You scared me so that when he came as he promised I edged away and hid
my face and almost cried—
He couldn't understand and of course he was hurt and went away
And I never shall see him again—
It is all spoiled.
And you spoiled it—by saying nothing—nothing—
You never say anything—
You never speak a true word.

^{*}See page 23. 24

The Kiss
(*Fifteen years*)

I shut my eyes and remember
 He kissed me,
My playmate suddenly kissed me
 Again and again—
Now I remember all I knew long ago. . . .
 And more.
Kisses take your breath, stab to the heart with sweetest, strangest pain;
Oh, you can grow faint under their sweetness—
What will the Bridal night be. . . .
A rush through terror and fire and death
 Into swift heaven.

The Interpreter
(*Sixteen years*)

I wish there were Someone
Who would hear confession:
Not a priest—I do not want to be told of my sins;
Not a mother—I do not want to give sorrow;
Not a friend—she would not know enough;
Not a lover—he would be too partial;
Not God—he is far away;
But Someone that should be friend, lover, mother, priest, God all in one
And a Stranger besides—who would not condemn nor interfere,
Who when everything is said from beginning to end
Would show the reason of it all
And tell you to go ahead
And work it out your own way.

The Sealed Package

I will make it all into a package and put a heavy seal upon it, and label it "To be destroyed unopened when I am dead."

These nine black months. These memories that must be cut away—like a cancer from the breast but without anaesthetics to deaden the pain. Cut away altogether lest they threaten life and reputation and the honor of the family.

Here is the signature of the man who caused it all, and the letter he wrote when he knew the terrible truth.

It includes a perfunctory offer of marriage which I was too proud to accept.

It also proves that I was virgin when he seduced me and protests that had he believed in my virtue he never would have touched me.

Here is the paper from the registry office recording the birth of a male child:—mother unmarried—father's name withheld.

Here is the receipt for money paid on the adoption of a nameless child, and the promise in my own handwriting to the woman who adopted him:—never to make any further claims upon him—a resignation of all the rights of motherhood.

The rest is misery in black and white.

A diary of stoic days and nights when even dreams were wet with tears. An account of a secret sojourn in a strange city—veiled walks in twilight streets—skulking in corners—lies—deceit—trickery—truckling to convention. The copy of a prayer from Thomas-à-Kempis, and on the opposite page a character sketch of the drunken and facetious landlady in whose house the child was born.

Seal up the package.

If I look at it too long I am likely to go blind with rage at my own weakness.

I am likely to go mad and pull down upon me the pillars of society.

I am likely to go mad and destroy the world—

Seal up the package—hide it away—

Forget—forget.

The incident is closed.

Memories

The Beauty and the Doom of that last day—
 No heart was in me but an empty gaping wound
 That reddened all the hours.
 We were afraid to speak: to look: to touch—
 At dusk within the house a dog barked wildly
 And at that—I heard a voice—a wizard's voice
 That gave me back my heart.
 You spoke—and words were wands that touched and changed
 Passion to glory—thistles into palms
 You even made the silly barking of a dog
 Eternal in mine ears.
 So now the mangiest pup that howls about the world
 Has voice and power and magic
 To rend my heart in twain
 Or bid it rise and forth again.

The Russian Ballet:

It Sojourns in a Strange Land

CHARLES ZWASKA

WE were disappointed—and we had no right to be. Authorities say this organization brings the music of the nineteenth century to its logical conclusion. Logical—see? Authorities are always that. So let's be logical and philosophical and reason that what belongs to the nineteenth has no place this far into the twentieth century. Granted. "Well, then, what *do* you want?" they question. I should answer *The Faun* or something beyond this, finding its manner and inspiration in this form—interpretive, impressionistic, compressed, emotional. Of all the Ballets presented by Diaghileff's Ballet Russe that is, to me, the most indicative of what the future is to be, so far as ballet and ballet music is concerned. We've had Isadora Duncan, and Jacques Dalcroze has been at work. Following are some impressions.

L'OISEAU DE FEU—The setting an irritating green: scroll-work gates in the background. Mere finical, petty child's scribbling in its convention-

alized balancing. The characters and their work about on the same level. Bakst costumed them, but the strength of the Hunter's garb is not carried into his action—he's a most unvirile huntsman. And the finale! a coronation: quite the proper climax for this. Rather interesting though to have curtain fall on the incoming procession. The music—Stravinsky's—fascinating.

SCHÉHÉRAZADE.—“Barbaric” they say—yes, it's a harem scene, you know. But broad and daring as Bakst's color is it's not *very* far from the *usual* harem scene. The lighting was not as good as it should have been. A serious offense, for the shadows interfered with the action several times; but they aided the bizarreness of the kaleidoscopic whirl at the height of the “barbarities.” This is known as “good ensemble work”—good, yes, but unusual? No longer so. They say there are no “principals” in this very modern ballet, but it seems that *one* person gets the “principal parts”—I refer to Bolm. Right here I'd like to quarrel with his work—he is “principaled” too often to escape notice. His *Le Negre* was lithe, one necessity of the role, but it was nothing else! His supposedly ecstatic whirls would break annoyingly. A tiny dressed-up monkey. The end of his leap to Zobeide's couch was most ungraceful, awkward. These same broken whirls, leaps, and evident stumblings—they seemed nothing else—appeared in *Prince Igor*. Seeing these two ballets on the same bill emphasizes this persistent failing. He, as the Desired One and the Desiring in *Schéhérazade*, made the infatuation rather absurd, inhuman. The Grand Eunuch, strange to say, was the human one—his wavering and final surrender of his duty to the caresses of the females! As a whole: all the passion, all the “lust,” superbly expressed human-ness—“barbaric,” perhaps, but human.

CARNAVAL.—A deep blue background—a background that *backs*. Two settees, weak spots they seemed. But nevertheless, against and into this blue came Pierrot, Schumann music, and Colombine. Pierrot seemed grotesque, absurd—lovers usually do. Excellent pantomime, then other lovers come upon the scene. Pierrot steps out of the picture into the dark outer stage, his white and spots of springtime green lying in a heap in the center. The lovers maneuver. After their not vain pursuits, momentary, yet so poignant, Colombine returns to a most itching, subtle, ecstatic melody—and with her is Arlequin!! The knave! see the curve of his back and the curve of his thighs and legs! Pierrot must be in on this! and *Carnaval* proceeds. Arlequin is now and then out of the picture posing on the frame, the dark fore-stage, looking on: and in such moments we have all—everything for our eyes, our ears and our hearts: color, movement, sound, in themselves emotions but also emotions of hearts that are seeking.

LES SYLPHIDES.—Genee. In what years was she at her height? And how many generations preceded her as exponents of her particular form of the Dance? I dare say "in those days" when the "people wanted" such things they wanted them well done. "People" still want it, but evidently not done well. The background—Belasco!—well, never mind that. The *Chopiniana* that Rabinoff's Russians did had at least finesse; this one has terrible ragged edges. Even the solo works, waltzes, and prelude seemed chosen with little taste—the presenting of the thing at all was offensive taste.

PRINCE IGOR.—The red of the tents not "barbaric," the paganism of the costumes a trifle faded, and the leaps of the warriors (Bolm, the "chief warrior," you remember) not convincing. The mob, or "ensemble," if you must, properly wild and abandoned. The music is the kind that you beat time to with your feet, you know—primitive I think they call it. Well, the "very moderns" failed us again—do you see?

L'APRÈS MIDI D'UNE FAUNE.—Green. Some how I was expecting purple, the hazy opaque purple of a woodland when the sun enters it from one side; and still I think that purple would have fitted the Debussy music and the mood of the faun,—a mood, of course dependent on the music. But it was green, with rather weak spots of red. This scene framed by a Greek border of pale and dark blue and white. In front of this frame, looking into the picture at the languid, piping faun, moved nymphs. They seemed part of the border—a decoration from an urn or from the walls of some temple. The faun leaves his knoll and moves into the decorative sphere of the maidens. Beautiful movement, repressed, conventionalized. A scarf is left by one of the maidens; they have all left the faun. He has nothing but this to remember them by. Returning to his mossy rock he possesses the scarf. No lover more delicately held the body of his love or with more reverence knelt toward her. The curtain lowers here—the faun is left to dream. "Now, look here, my friends," as *the* Lecturer would say, stamping across the stage; "away with all this nonsense and hypocrisy, this clatter about 'indecent,' 'revolting,' 'vicious,' 'offensive,' 'decadent,' and such blabber! Admit that your life, you critics, living for art as you pretend to, is made up of just such things—in fact if you were honest you'd admit your entire life is wholly, first and last, rooted, aye, *dwelling* on just this episode, and yet you cry aloud unto the heavens 'indecent,' 'revolting,' 'offensive' when it is beautifully simple and much more perfectly presented before you than you'll ever experience it yourself. And as for the substitution of the scarf, well, the psychology of the incident is perfect and the whole thing is heightened by art, my friends, *art*—and you of course, living as you do amongst the fleshpots and the Market

Place and knowing not of the Groves of Dionysius and the Temples on the hillsides at Athens—can't see it. Well. The gods have pity on you and may you be shown joy in the hereafter—God knows your chastity will keep you from it here."

LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE.—Fragmentary concession to those who "loved" *Les Sylphides* and, botanically speaking, a "shoot" from that ballet and the (unpresented here) *Papillons* of Schumann. Necessary, no doubt, to remind us of our ballet history and, like historical data, necessary but uninteresting. Bakst's bedroom setting *does* justify the presenting of this, however.

SOLIEL DE NUIT.—M. Leonide Massine—*Youth!* If you were present at creation's turmoil perhaps *les Bergers* would always have been delightful and *les Paysannes* always happy and colorful—and, of course, we would have had many more serious and glorious Bouffons! The *purity* of this ballet—color, music (Rimsky-Korsakov), dancing and pantomime—is astounding, and beautiful!

CLEOPATRE.—*I* have been to Egypt! All ages have known Cleopatra—her evil and magnificence; and none will forget that she had slaves. No age since hers can know of her allurements and the grandeur of her reign of the souls of two of her slaves as the Russians have shown them to ours! A temple in Egypt: of pillars once believed eternal, along the then sacred Nile. Amoun, one of her slaves, loving and loved by another, Ta-or, craves the caresses of the great Cleopatra! He succeeds: they are granted midst colorful revels, music made by Assyrians and dancing by dancers from Greece. The moment is too short...he pays for it with his life. The revelers leave, and none in their indifference so cold as the Queen herself. In the thickness of a red evening, the hall deserted, one heart still beats. Ta-or grieves over her lost love—alone. I have been to Egypt... learned the ways of women—and the world!

PETROUCHKA.—Primary things: red, blue, yellow; love, hate, jealousy; people and artists. All told together in a ballet whose dramatic unification finds its remarkable inspiration in the music. No doubt Stravinsky's most important music for the stage. Pétrouchka, eternal paradox of beauty encased in ugliness. His jealousy of the Moor, who also loves the Ballerine, is the ballet, and the music. Foremost the music! Pétrouchka, in whirling frenzy alone with night and the stars; the Ballerine haunting him with piercing notes blown from a silver horn; his discovery of the Moor with his love; and the mannekins entering into the public square, halting the folk-music of the peasants and squires; Pétrouchka's death in the snow and the

appearance of his spirit. All these episodes are *music*. Here one gets the ingenious use of an orchestra, extraordinary combinations of instruments. Carpenter attempted this, you remember, in his *Perambulator*. Igor Stravinsky has accomplished it. He with Leon Bakst, is the most important figure of the Russian Triumph. They worked together to achieve *Pétrouchka*.

The agonizing lack of an audience excuses Diaghileff in laying aside a completely perfect matinee program in favor of one that would attract modern children with their innocent parents, but, artistically, there is no justification of this bowing to the "public" and to "morals" in the reasoning that moved them to tone down the color of the slaves in *Schéhérazade*. The contrast was needed: black was in the color plan, especially for Le Negre. This makes us suspicious that the other uneven and faulty spots were caused by just such managerial schemings. Seeing some the second and third times strengthened these suspicions! The journalistically "notorious faun" on its third performance (a matinee) moved less lithely and, that there be no "effrontery of good taste," posed stupidly, stiffly, while the tense vibrating music panted for *movement*—for entry into life. And *Cleopatre*! Much as it was Americanized by being "less sensuous, etc.," the second performance descended to mere Grand Opera pageantry, or nearer, to a Grand Opera Gala Performance vaudeville. The actual center of interest, the Queen's couch, was draped by a still, unamorous—yet Decency and the Parents' League be praised!—unoffensive lover.

In a strange land; so strangely treated! That prophets might be understood in another land their priests distort them that barbarians may comprehend!

Editorials

THE ESSENTIAL THING.

THE LITTLE REVIEW is a magazine of Art and Revolution. If you ask me which it believes in most I shall have to say—Art. Because there is no real revolution unless it is born of the same spirit which produces real art.

A man like Bill Haywood doesn't agree with this. "Why do you ask why some one doesn't start the revolution?" he says; "don't you see that we're in the midst of a revolution now?" No, I don't see it. I see evolution at work in labor—not revolution. But I see something more than evolution at work in the arts—music, painting, poetry.

" . . . to obtain victory over man and circumstance there is no other way but that of feeding one's own exaltation and magnifying one's own dream of beauty or of power." You can argue that D'Annunzio, who said this, is neither a very great man nor a very great artist. Nevertheless it is what Beethoven did; and it is what Jeanne d'Arc did. . . . It is what Bill Haywood does; but it is not what most labor leaders do, or what most radicals do. It is not what the laborers themselves do. How horrible it is to realize that when a man is slaving for his very life he can not be selective in what he does, that he has no dream left to magnify, and yet that he must have or perish. . . .

This is why I would go to hear John Cowper Powys even if he spoke in such a benighted place as the Hebrew Institute. Boycotts are important, but they will not help a revolution as a dream will. Mr. Powys will help you to find both an exaltation and a dream. . . .

"DONT'S FOR CRITICS"

I WENT to a meeting of the Friday Club the other day, where Mary Aldis was to read a very good paper which she called "A Passionate Inquiry into Imagism." After she had finished, Harriet Monroe rose to defend the poetry of H. D.—poetry which Mrs.

Aldis had confessed left her unmoved. Miss Monroe "explained" the miracle of such poetry as H. D's *Oread* so that even those who don't "get" these things ought to have understood. And still—what is the use? I am convinced that the secret and the beauty of the Imagists lies somehow *in the look of the words*, and that if you have only a feeling for the sounds of words you will never love Imagism. Witter Bynner, who was also there, made an amusing little speech about how the Imagists substitute color for sound, sensation for emotion, and concentrate upon technique instead of upon that for which technique is intended. And then Alice Corbin Henderson had the last word. "After all the discussion about Imagism I am surprised to find that no one really seems to know what it is! When Mrs. Aldis told me the title of her paper I said that what I should like would be a dispassionate inquiry. She said she didn't think that possible—apparently it isn't; but as I was thinking over the many heated criticisms of Imagism and modern poetry that have appeared lately, I began to make a list of Don'ts for the critics." (They are printed on another page). "Of course, if the critics can't find out what Imagism is there isn't any need telling them; though it might be well to point out again that it isn't a matter of technique: it is a matter of vision."

A TRIBUTE.

J EANNE D'ORGE, who makes her first appearance in print in the present issue, has the semblance of a fountain laced with colored flames. . . . But you dip a hand in the laced water and—it is chilled and edged. There is a defiant, battered God with many swords beneath her casual flow of words—a God that sometimes suddenly cries out, as at the end of her *Sealed Package*. The poems she has in the present number are part of a series called *The Torch*, in which with sledge-hammer, burning accuracy she paints the emotions of a woman, from childhood to womanhood—a woman who is an utter wistful-lipped pagan.

M. B.

Propaganda

BIRTH CONTROL

MARGARET SANGER'S case has been dismissed, "because she is not a disorderly person"—and what has been gained for the issue of birth control? Nothing, except perhaps a little education through publicity; and that appears to be very little when you reflect what has just happened to young Dr. Long, now lying in jail in Chicago because of an abortion which resulted in the death of his wife. Think of a society that dares to meddle in people's lives to the extent of making them face death rather than face a scandal. Think of a doctor (the cad by the name of Goldstine, I believe) who *notifies the police* as the proper agents to deal with such a tragedy. Think of a public which makes it a crime for these operations to be performed intelligently and without danger of blood poisoning. Think of physicians who will not fight for their right to do this. And think of splendid Dr. Haiselden!

Margaret Sanger has been "forgiven" by the government, but the statutes regarding family limitation remain the same. Any unfortunate unknown can be whisked into jail for propagating birth control, just as usual. Mrs. Sanger didn't even demand redress for her husband, who spent a month in prison. Surely he was entitled to a dismissal on the same grounds—more entitled to it, even in the eyes of the law: he had never circulated the pamphlets or in any way agitated for birth control. He is an artist, not a propagandist. But he served his sentence, and nothing was done or is being done about it. Mrs. Sanger means to go on with her work. What does the government mean to do about it?

Emma Goldman is about to stand trial for the same "offense." In her case there will be no "influential" women rushing back and forth to Washington to interview the President in her behalf. I only wish there would be. It would insure her freedom for the next year, and it would be so amusing to figure out on what grounds the Good Presbyterian could effect the release of the Arch Anarchist. But Emma Goldman will fight her case alone,

and on its merits. If she does not succeed in effecting a revision of the penal code regarding the whole matter of birth control she will spend the next year in prison, I understand. You can all help by sending your protests to Magistrate Simms and also by giving your support to Dr. Long and Dr. Haiselden or any other person who gets involved in these laws of the dark ages.

"THE BEAUTIFUL GESTURE"

WHY do you object to Jean Crones' reasoning? I reprint his second letter, transposed into English:

Why did I do it? While in Europe millions of Christians are slaughtering each other in the most bloody massacre, and in this free country thousands of men and women are tramping the streets without food and shelter, and at the same time the church holds dinners that cost \$15 a cover, beginning with Beluga caviar and champagne—the money which was beggared from poor working men and women, the money which the blood of poor workers has run for.

These conditions are a scandal. This is the failure of Christianity—an insult to honesty and a challenge to humanity. Let the church answer my charges toward the world and I shall stand for the charges made against me.

MOTOR BUSSES ON CHICAGO BOULEVARDS.

THERE is really a definite plan on foot for this miracle. A Motor Bus Company has been formed, and the necessary certificates from the State Public Utilities Commission secured. Its plan is to operate from the south end of Jackson Park to the north end of the city limits. People who haven't limousines, who can't afford taxis, and who can't possibly walk the whole distance of the parks, will be able to drive through the beautiful parts of the city—the *only* beautiful parts, it is necessary to add. For ten cents they can have an astounding romance. They can sit on top of an omnibus, under the sun or the stars, and watch

Lake Michigan stretching out to the other side of the world. That is, they can do this if the Park Commissioners decide to allow them.

Some of these commissioners raise the objection that motor busses will add seriously to the traffic congestion. That is true, but how is the thing managed in New York? Fifth Avenue is narrower than Michigan, and it is always more crowded. Other commissioners object to the wear and tear on the boulevards which have not been constructed for such heavy traffic. But the Chicago Motor Bus Company "has agreed to pay the Lincoln Park Commissioners \$1,300 a year for each mile of their route and the South Park Commissioners \$1,000 a year per mile."

The thing that really halts the plan at present is the attitude of a couple of private citizens who complain to the South Park Board that motor busses will destroy the beauty of the boulevards! You know the type of mind whose thinking runs in such channels? The type that doesn't give a hang who pays the taxes which maintain the boulevards; the type that is fond of talking about democracy and what great things we do for the foreigner in America.

Of the men who rhyme, so large a number are cursed with suburban comforts. A villa and books never made a poet; they do but tend to the building up of the respectable virtues; and for the respectable virtues poetry has but the slightest use. To roam in the sun and air with vagabonds, to haunt the strange corners of cities, to know all the useless and improper, and amusing people who are alone very much worth knowing; to live, as well as to observe life; or, to be shut up in hospital, drawn out of the rapid current of life into a sordid and exasperating inaction; to wait, for a time, in the ante-room of death; it is such things as these that make for poetry.

—*Arthur Symons.*

Poems

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Bloomsbury Square

I walk round Bloomsbury Square.

Bright sky over Bloomsbury Square ;
Bright fluttering leaves
Between the sober houses.

I carry my morning letters,
Some telling of lives spoiled and cramped,
Some telling of lives hopeful and gay,
Some full of yearning for London
And our wider life.

In Bloomsbury Square
The worms of a little moth
Are spinning their Cocoons,
Weaving them out of bright yellow silk
And bits of plane bark
Into strong, comfortable houses.
But hundreds of them
Have wandered on to the iron fence
And go wearily wandering,
Spending a little silk here
And a little silk there,
And at last dropping dead from weariness. . . .

"Our wider life"—
That is our wider life:
To wander like blind worms
Spending our fine useless golden silk
And at last dropping dead from weariness.

Blue sky over Bloomsbury Square ;
Bright fluttering leaves
Between the sober houses.

Epigram

Rain rings break on the pool
And white rain drips from the reeds
Which shake and murmur and bend;
The wind-tossed wistaria falls.

The red-beaked water fowl
Cower beneath the lily leaves;
And a grey bee, stunned by the storm,
Clings to my sleeve.

Lollipop Venders

LUPO DE BRAILA

“**M**ISFIT clothing”—I saw these words this morning on a small shop sign and they kept dancing before my eyes. Misfit clothing. In vain all my attempts to concentrate on the object of my visit to the Art Institute.

I sat down to search my brain for the cause of this phenomenon, and I soon recalled another such visit I once made under similar difficulties.

It was at the San Francisco Exposition. I discovered by chance the so-called Annex of the Fine Arts Building, a stable-like structure in comparison to the main building. It housed the Norwegian, Hungarian, and Spanish exhibits—by the way, almost the only ones worth seeing. At that time another vision kept me from seeing the exhibit for some moments. It seemed as if some short bald men danced along green velvet walls, each one plucking his heart beats with gusto and, after arranging them in a queer design on a crystal glass plate, offering them to the stars and children.

This recollection cleared the air and I realized that surroundings have a strong effect on me. I have come to enjoy the result of the finest faculty we possess, our imagination. I have come to admire the result of a year's work of our Chicago Artists.

Three hundred and twenty-one paintings, says my catalog; and in order to simplify matters I decide to look at some of the most popular names first—names usually found on the juries.

Artists, according to Rodin, are different from other mortals because they love their work. Let us see: Adam Emory Albright, Alfred Juegens, Lucie Hartrath, John F. Stacey, and Dahlgreen. Each one of them

has between three and seven paintings. With all that canvas they must have sailed on the most enchanting seas, and surely have brought back a holiday for our eyes and hearts.

The first one I encounter is *An October Afternoon* by Mr. Alfred Juergens; visions of little coral trees with hanging heads against a faint green dream sky, embroidered brown leaves in the foreground and cool blue hills like thoughtless sighs in the background, appear on the catalog page. But see what Mr. Juergens has done with this subject. I can scarcely believe my eyes. A mushroom dog in front of some formless and lifeless trees; amateur composition, thoughtless technique, and dirty color. And Mr. Juergens has a steady job on the jury. I wonder what is his reason for painting: he certainly does not love his work. Something suddenly interferes with my thoughts on this subject: it is the jingling of coin in a visitor's pocket. I look around and find number 174 by the same gentleman, and it reminds me of a cat walking on the keyboard of a stringless piano.

They say this is the best exhibition of the Chicago Artists. If it is, Mr. Juergens has done nothing to make it good. He has six such things on the walls.

Mr. Albright, a painter of children playing in the open, has seven pictures in the exhibit, five of them on one wall. One is called *The Barn Yard*. The name reminds me of the reproduction of a painting by Malchevski I saw in a Polish library a few days ago. It was called *Art in the Back Yard* and showed a little satyr playing a flute for a little girl and a few turkeys. There was romance in the fence boards, and marvelously clean colors; it shouted life and joy. Mr. Albright's old-maid's conception of childhood made me feel sad. His shapeless hens, his flattened children on the wall, weak composition, dirty colors, and no sign of life in the whole thing, or feeling of out-of-door air. Almost disgusted, I look further:—*A Summer Dream*. I look for the dream and find it in the fact that the biggest of the boys has borrowed his older brother's head, and the painting is full of some dirty yellow color. A horrible dream. I wish Mr. Albright as well as Mr. Juergens would at least clean their pallets if they can not change their conception of things.

Next I visit *Sunshine Alley*, by Lucie Hartrath. It is the alley of poverty of ideas and bad color. Miss Hartrath evidently wants to paint what she sees, but she does not happen to see anything startling. She, too, has six such things on the walls.

The mediocre work of John F. Stacey and Anna L. Stacey really deserves no attention. Especially bad is the portrait of John by Anna (there is little love expressed in it) and *The Beach Road, Belvedere, California*, by John, takes the prize for being the poorest painting in the exhibition. John F. has only one painting that looks as if it were made by a man who loves his work—*The Golden Hills of California*.

Next comes a man I dislike to place among the lollipop venders—he being a very nice quiet and honest man; but why does Mr. Dahlgreen paint?

Now, when I come to Messrs. Griffith and Irvine, I find their aenemic work quite good in comparison to the work I have seen until now. Of course, I did not expect paintings with as wide a scope as the work of the Zubiaure Brothers, Zuologa, Edward Munch, Hodler, Welti, Malchevski, Franz, Stuck, Fritz Erler, Putz, Elie Reppin, etc., to say nothing of the latest developments of modern art and ideals—I mean the disciples of Cezane, Matisse, Van Gogh, Gauguin, etc.—because Chicago is still a frontier town. All the latest improvements plus the Art Institute cannot change its real character: a frontier town with frontier town ideals. In this case, all criticism being comparative, I did not look for the highest standard. Had I done so, three words might have been my comprehensive criticism. As it is, all I expected was clear feeling, clean color, good design, and a certain amount of delicacy in handling. This has been fulfilled only in a measure by Mr. Bartlett, whose strength and individuality places him at the head of the landscape painters exhibiting. He reminds me very much of Trubner, especially his *Autumn Afternoon*. I also like his daring composition in *Under Chinese Tower, Munich*. Pauline Palmer's work is full of broadly-painted sunshine, though the foliage in some of her trees seems too heavy and shapeless.

Next in merit I think comes Marie Lokke, whose yellow sail in *The Old Pier* takes the wind out of many a neighbor. Hermann More's *A Summer Afternoon*, is a good example of clear feeling and clean color. I also like Mr. Kraft's delicate *Silver Mist* and *An Autumn Afternoon*, and Mr. Ingerles's, *The Fascinating Ozarks*.

There is also a class of painters who can best be described as able and honest. At the head of these artists stands Mr. Peyraud and Edward B. Butler. There are also Frank V. Dudley, H. Leon Roecker, Edgar S. Cameron, J. H. Carlsen, Lawton Parker, Charles Francis Brown, A. H. Schmidt, William Wendt, Alfred Jansson, Alson Clark, Karl A. Buehr, Grace Ravlin, Edgar Payne and the following portrait painters: our own Franz Hals, Mr. Christian Abrahamsen, Oscar Gross, Gordon Stevensen, Cecil Clark Davis and Arvid Nieholm.

Mr. Werner's mannerism is too monotonous.

Mr. Ufers and Mr. Higgins have taken yellow ochre into the open and made good use of it. I have taken these two men separately because both have done good work and I expect much improvement in the near future. Their work at present looks too much like illustrations. Miss Dorothy Loeb is the only one who has a real sense of rhythm in line.

The Chicago Society of Artists, which runs this exhibition every year, seems to be controlled at present by a number of men who have inherited a long-discarded weak imitation of a technique once used by Segantini.

They have excluded almost everything that showed some originality and feeling, but have accepted and hung a few very poor and meaningless things, so that they may shine by contrast. However, it seems to me they are at the end of the rope. The public refuses to buy the dope and their best men have sent in nothing to this show. I refer to Clarkson, Reynolds, Betts, Oliver Dennet Grover, Henderson, Rittman; and Lawton Parker has only one little canvas.

A Vers Libre Prize Contest

THROUGH the generosity of a friend, THE LITTLE REVIEW is enabled to offer an unusual prize for poetry—possibly the first prize extended to free verse. The giver is “interested in all experiments, and has followed the poetry published in THE LITTLE REVIEW with keen appreciation and a growing admiration for the poetic form known as *vers libre*.”

The conditions are as follows:

Contributions must be received by April 15th.

They must not be longer than twenty-five lines.

They must be sent anonymously with stamps for return.

The name and address of the author must be fixed to the manuscript in a sealed envelope.

It should be borne in mind that free verse is wanted—verse having beauty of rhythm, not merely prose separated into lines.

There will be three judges, the appointing of whom has been left to the editor of THE LITTLE REVIEW. (Their names will be given in the next issue, as we are hurrying this announcement to press without having had time to consult anyone.)

There will be two prizes of \$25 each. They are offered not as a first and second prize, but for “the two best short poems in free verse form.”

As there will probably be a large number of poems to read, we suggest that contributors adhere closely to the conditions of the contest.

A. Neil Lyons

(*John Lane Company, New York*)

A roomy garret with a wee dirty window in the sloping roof. Some trunks with old fine clothes and older musty books—books of hymns and sermons, most of them were. Broken limp chairs. A fire that would not “draw.” Bits of worn carpets on the floor. A smelly oil lamp on one of the trunks. Such was the place of my solitary confinement, for rebellion, at least once a week. I admit to having even deliberately whistled and danced a highland fling on dreary Sundays in order to provoke my God-fearing, Sabbath-respecting elders to send me to the garret! How could they, unsuspecting, unimaginative Olympians, know that it was one of the places where I had real joy?

In the smallest trunk there were back numbers of *Punch*. Pencils and paper were there also. When the steps sounded no more on the stairs, and I had stopped my stage crying, I would take out my drawing materials and an issue of *Punch* and start to copy the easiest drawings I could find.

Among the artists there was none that I liked better than Phil May. His sense of the comic and his economy of line appealed to me and my lack of ability to draw. His Cockney folk gave me more pleasure than any of the staid humans I knew. He

But I forget myself. I started out to write of Neil Lyons. . . . All the words I have spun for the prelude are merely to say that during my re-reading of the work of Neil Lyons in the past few months I have been struck again and again by its likeness to the drawings of Phil May: the same joy, the same delight was there in the reading as there was in the contemplation of the drawings.

Now, this likeness not only existed in the handling of the subject, but also in the choice thereof. The Cockney men, women and children that Phil May has drawn Neil Lyons has written about. The pictures of the peasantry that May has left are alike in line and spirit to those Lyons has drawn verbally in *Cottage Pie* and *Moby Lane*.

If you know Phil May's work think of one of his drawings of a fat middle-aged woman, and then listen to this drawing of another, by Neil Lyons:

“She was forty years old
at a venture. She had lots
of mouth and a salmon-col-
oured face and a pretence

of a nose and small watery eyes. All these amenities were built up on a triple foundation of chin, which was matched by an exceeding amplitude of bosom and waist."

Don't you recognize the same swift, sure lines?

But I must get away from this parallel. Never at his best is the artist as great as the writer. There is no line or collection of lines in May's work to match this in Lyons':

"Mrs. Godge, who was lately the mother of twin babies, is now the mother of memories."

That sentence is only a shadow of the quiet poignancy of the tale that follows it. Oh, the wonder of the man who can see every side of the common people and set them down with such verve, such relish, such keen poignancy and hilarious joy! Let me quote from the story of blind Unity Pike, "the wanton":

"I imagine poor old Unity at this period of her life as having been a little, fresh, dark-haired maiden of Quaker habit. I know she must have been beautiful because ALL young things are beautiful. I imagine this poor bound soul in the dark with its toil and its thoughts — half - formed thoughts, half - formed memories, half - formed wishes. Nothing real about her or within her save the darkness. And I can imagine how it was, therefore, that——

"Yes! They found Jack Munsey in her cottage. They found him in the night. And so, in the name of Christ, whose name they give to all their

wickedness — that Christ,
who forgave a woman that
was not blind for sins
beside which this sin of
Unity's was pure and white
—in the name of this God,
I say, they seized her
sightless, wondering s o u l
and threw it, a sacrifice, to
those bloody wolves they
call their virtue."

I would fain go on quoting, showing you the wit of this man, gentle, and on occasion barbed and stinging: his humor, kindly, of the soil; his great jollity and high good spirits. I would indeed like to introduce you to "Clara," the hussy, who is fat and motherly and with a heart and mind unbounded. I would like to take you to "Arthur's," the midnight coffee-stall where you would meet with street-walkers and soldiers, scavengers and tramps and hear from the lips of a gutter snipe one of the most perfect and touching love tales ever told.

Oh, but you must read them all yourself. Will you, if I give you the names of the various volumes? Here they are, then: *Arthur's*, *Sixpenny Pieces*, *Cottage Pie*, *Clara*, *Simple Simon*, *Moby Lane*.

John Lane, he of the Bodley Head Publishing Company, who gave the world *The Yellow Book*, the works of Anatole France and Stephen Leacock, is the publisher.

I wait expectantly your showers of gratitude!

—*Allan Ross Macdougall.*

The Reader Critic

ANARCHY

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

Anarchy is scientifically a *reductio ad absurdum* and those who claim to be anarchists are self-deceivers,—minds that cannot complete a circuit of reason. There is no place in reason for anarchy, hence there is not and cannot be an anarchist on a basis of reason. All who call themselves so are either *archists* of the most rabid sort or helpless flies in the sticky syrup of *laissez faire*. The only professed anarchists that make any impression upon the world are of three kinds: either they are spirits of revolt of the most bitterly, materialistically tyrannical sort; or they are those who suffer with the oppressed and strive individually to set them free, even to the point of *self-martyrdom*; or they are sentimentalists who maunder maudlinly on about love and justice and yet do absolutely nothing to bring about the love of justice or the justice of love, either in their preaching or their practice. But none of these are really anarchists, they are only varieties of *archists* who wish to impose their *own* social ideals upon the social order in place of those that already prevail.

The whole story of social evolution in a nutshell is as follows: every phase of the social order at any stage of social evolution is maintained by a social ego or group sufficiently powerful to dominate the rest of the surrounding social body,—and this phase can be changed only by revolution,—bloodless or otherwise,—on the part of a new social ego desiring this change and developing power to establish and maintain it.

Now the only way in which such a social ego can develop such power is by obtaining control of *the means of living*,—food, clothing, shelter, and the natural and financial resources back of these means; and this control can be obtained only by *archists*,—*dominationists*,—organized into a social ego or group that is a unit on any special social ideal. Rebellions come and rebellions go, but the only rebellion that ever reaches successful revolution is made by a social ego powerful enough to get control of the necessities of life *by force*,—force material, intellectual, or psychic. This disposes forever of the professed repudiation of force by the philosophical anarchists, so-called. As for the poetic anarchists, who draw moving pictures of the beautiful time to come, when humanity will voluntarily organize to abolish all man-made law (which *they* consider the only social evil, not realizing that the evil is not in law, *per se*, but in the *kind* of law), and who look to "Mother Nature" for social guidance,—these will wait and look till the crack of doom, in vain. For "Mother Nature" is an old-wife of incredible stupidity, socially considered, and must needs be pulled up by the hair of her head at every whip-stitch, by her ever-evolving offspring, in order that they may transform her social stupidity into scientific truth. Social evolution depends entirely upon the discovery of such scientific truth and its application to the social order, and such application can be made only step by step through a social ego powerful enough to compel such application.

From this it may be seen that by whatever name we may call ourselves,—monarchists, democrats, anarchists,—we are really *archists* striving to impose our ideals as social egos upon the social order, and succeeding—only when we can get control of the means of living—in dominating the rest of the social body with them,—until a new social ego gets the power to cry "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

It, of course, goes without saying that no social dominance has ever been entirely wise or beneficent, and that until very recently in social history there has been no knowledge of sociological scientific truth to speak of upon which to base social domination. But the hope of the world lies in the ever-progressing discovery of such truth, and in its application to the social order by ever-evolving social egos that will more and more base their social ideals upon such truth, gradually dominating the whole social order with ideals so based.

Anonymous:

After having read your "A Deeper Music" in the February issue I wondered whether you had ever heard Mr. de Pachmann play the piano. There is nothing in the world like it—nothing more wonderful. I am not speaking of an ebony Mason and Hamlin alone on a stage, but of any piano at all, with that madman bending his head over the keys of it.

I feel sure that had you heard him you would have included him in your article and would not have put words into Bauer's mouth. You would have known that it is possible to play the piano very badly and play it more beautifully than any one else; both of these in one afternoon. The design of sound! But he, too, is becoming passé like Paderewski. But there is little likelihood of a type arising from these two.

Do you know of any one who plays the piano as Casals plays the 'cello?

Have you looked at any of Scriabine's later piano pieces? I wonder if he expresses any of the moods which you prophesy will be caught by some new composer. I knew a boy in Petrograd who went to the conservatory every day with a volume of Scriabine and one of Bach under his arm. We called him the "Scriabine chap." He probably has had thirty-second quavers punched into him by a German machine gun, for I am sure he couldn't or didn't dare be as loyal to both Nicholas and Wilhelm as he was to Scriabine and Johann S. B.

Yes, I have heard Pachmann many times, and he was always wonderful. I meant, of course, to put him in the article, but at the last minute he slipped my mind . . . perhaps because I was trying to write of a "deeper" music, and since Pachmann is "master of the small essential thing and master of absolutely nothing else" he doesn't quite come into the realm of the new vision of the piano.

Isn't there a good deal of similarity between Casals' playing of the 'cello and Bauer's playing of the piano?

Scriabine's later piano things have something of what I meant, and do you remember the piano parts of "Prometheus?" Stravinsky, too—you know how he uses the piano in "Pétrouchka." But the new vision is beyond these—something more rich and shattering . . . I can't say it. Let's just wait and see.—The Editor.

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

"Spirit can do" absolutely *nothing*, without body. Social spirit can do absolutely nothing without the means of life for the body. The social ego that would "start the revolution" must aim first to get control of the means of living—food, clothing, shelter, and the resources, natural and economic, back of these. Revolutions succeed only when they get such control; if they do not get it they are soap bubbles blown by a little child.

Why waste time pelting with idle words the social egos that have such control, instead of going to work to wrench it from them, *even with war?*

The social ego that has such control "can do anything." It can stop war with a turn of its hand and establish in its stead world-wide service, kindness, brotherhood, peace, joy and beauty. And there is nothing else in the universe that can do this.

It is for lack of a social ego having such control and that unity in establishing the above-mentioned principles in the social order, alone, that "men continue to support institutions they no longer believe in, that women continue to live with men they no longer love, that youth continues to submit to age it no longer respects," and it is the only agency that can help one to be free when one wants to be free or make one a personality instead of a nonentity.

All that you say about a "deeper music" is true, though I would say a more winged music—(I would not dare use to you the word spiritual)—or a subtler music, or something of that sort; but all that you deprecate in music, by critical suggestion, is also true and necessary, scientifically and fundamentally, without which your deeper or higher or subtler or more winged or more spiritual music would be nothing but soap bubbles without plenty of soapy water to make them out of. I am one of those who can appreciate this deeper music—but I know also that it cannot be created ex-nihilo.

As to Ben Hecht, his power of expression is wonderful. His writing is literature par excellence, but it lacks a *soul*. If in his meticulous analyses of life he could suggest the vision of the swallowing up of the macrocosm in the macrocosm—could suggest what humanity as a whole could do to wipe out the evils that feed upon the individual—he might be god-like. But like all of the rest of you he is a dead

fly in the sickening syrup of *laissez faire*, at the mercy of Mother Nature. Now it isn't worth while for you to resent this. Go to work and read what I have been able to get out of *The Egoist*, showing up anarchy for all that it is worth.

Edgcomb Pinchon, Los Angeles:

Glad to see you get into trouble—you have the Flame! May it flash on our universal dullness and faithlessness as the sun on sword blades—

Do you remember Maupassant's story: An exhausted French regiment—ten miles to go—the men mutinous, disgruntled; a broken-down carriage by the roadside—horses and driver gone—a mother and her daughter forlorn in the carriage, needing assistance to the next town. The snow is deep, their slippers are thin and they are fashionably—and uselessly—garbed. The soldiers make a sedan chair of the carriage poles, and fighting among themselves for the honor of bearing a hand at the poles they finish the march with spirit and bravado—?

Do you remember Whitman's "lithe, fierce girls?" Such are the flame-tongues of Revolution—the priestesses of social passion.

If Woman only knew her power to work white magic with banality and stir up the hero-poet in man! But we who have dragged her by the hair for ten thousand years must continue to drag her enfeebled body and spirit with us for penalty—even as we are praying her to touch us to Fire!

When you say that all we need at this hour is a few great spiritual leaders—you are tremendously right. And shall not one of those be some "lithe fierce girl" who knows how to wake the militant social troubadour in man?

The enclosed is because you, like Margaret Sanger, belong to the new revolution—the thoroughbred thing compact of esprit, audacity, faith, and elan.

POETRY BOOKSHOP CHAPBOOKS

READY DECEMBER 1ST.

IMAGES. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. 8d net (postage 1d).

CADENCES. By F. S. FLINT. 8d net (postage 1d).

ANTWERP. By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. Decorated by WYNDHAM LEWIS. 3d net (postage 1d).

CHILDREN OF LOVE. By HAROLD MONRO. 6d net (postage 1d). Second Impression.

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP.

35 Devonshire St., Theobalds Rd., London, W. C.

PIANO TRIUMPHANT

The artistic outgrowth
of forty-five years of
constant improvement—
a piano conceived to
better all that has
proven best in others.

GEO. P. BENT GRAND

Could you but compare it
with all others, artistically it
must be your choice. Each
day proves this more true.

Geo. P. Bent Grand, Style
"A"—a small Grand, built
for the home—your home.



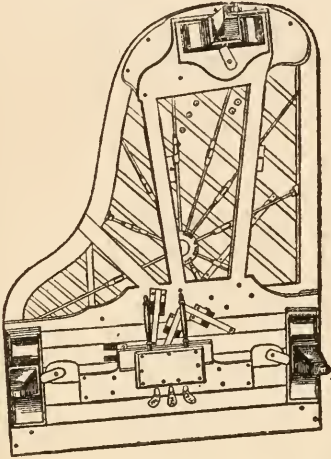
GEO. P. BENT COMPANY

Manufacturers of Artistic Pianos
Retailers of Victrolas

214 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Harold Bauer

and the Mason & Hamlin Tension Resonator



Having achieved in the Mason & Hamlin, the most beautiful piano tone the world has ever known, its makers, many years ago, set before themselves the problem of maintaining for all time, that which they had created.

A system of highly tempered steel rods, running from various points of the grand piano rim to a common center, was evolved and termed the Mason & Hamlin Tension Resonator.

This construction, which is to be found in no other piano, because patented, is the only known method of permanently preventing deterioration of tone quality through the otherwise inevitable flattening of the sounding-board.

Harold Bauer was the first artist to use a Mason & Hamlin Tension Resonator Piano in public. In the fifteen years which have followed that epoch making event there have been but few really great artists who have not enthusiastically endorsed this great master's final choice.

CABLE PIANO COMPANY,
Wabash & Jackson.

A LITTLE EDITORIAL

By Jessie Quitman

Books are not articles of merchandise. They are the projected materialization of the human spirit.

The hands of congenial souls alone must touch them.

The spirits of books shrivel and droop in department stores and shops.

Miss Cabaniss of the Venetian Library does not sell or loan books.

She shares them with you.

In her salon in the Venetian Building she may be found most any hour of the day.

There also will be found the intellectual aristocracy of Chicago. After converse, any book may be taken home, in assurance and without fear, for it has been touched by no unholy hands.

BUY YOUR BOOKS HERE

If you wish to assist The Little Review without cost to yourself you may order books—any book—from the Gotham Book Society and The Little Review will be benefitted by the sales. By this method The Little Review hopes to help solve a sometimes perplexing business problem—whether the book you want is listed here or not the Gotham will supply your needs. Price the same, or in many instances much less, than were you to order direct from the publisher. All books are exactly as advertised. Send P. O. Money Order, check, draft or postage stamps. Order direct from the Gotham Book Society, 142 W. 23rd St., N. Y., Dept. K. Don't fail to mention Department K. Here are some suggestions of the books the Gotham Book Society is selling at publishers' prices. All prices cover postage charges.

POETRY AND DRAMA

SEVEN SHORT PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. Contains the following plays by the woman who holds one of the three places of most importance in the modern Celtic movement, and is chiefly responsible for the Irish theatrical development of recent years: "Spreading the News," "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Rising of the Moon," "The Jackdaw," "The Workhouse Ward," "The Traveling Man," "The Gaol Gate," together with music for songs in the plays and explanatory notes. Send \$1.00.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE. By Anatole France. Translated by Curtis Hildén. Illustrated. Founded on the plot of an old but lost play mentioned by Rabelais. Sent 85c.

THE GARDENER. By Rabindranath Tagore. The famous collection of lyrics of love and life by the Nobel Prizeman. Send \$1.35.

HOME OF MANY-COLORED GLASS. New Ed. of the Poems of Amy Lowell. Send \$1.35.

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY. By Edgar Lee Masters. Send \$1.35.

DREAMS AND DUST. A book of lyrics, ballads and other verse forms in which the major key is that of cheerfulness. Send \$1.28.

SOME IMAGIST POETS. An Anthology. The best recent work of Richard Aldington, "H. D.," John Gould, Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence and Amy Lowell. 83c, postpaid.

THE WAGES OF WAR. By J. Wiegand and Wilhelm Scharrelman. A play in three acts, dedicated to the Friends of Peace. Life in Russia during Russo-Japanese War. Translated by Amelia Von Ende. Send 95c.

THE DAWN (Les Aube). A symbolic war play, by Emile Verhaeren, the poet of the Belgians. The author approaches life through the feelings and passions. Send \$1.10.

CHILD OF THE AMAZONS, and other Poems by Max Eastman. "Mr. Eastman has the gift of the singing line."—Vida D. Scudder. "A poet of beautiful form and feeling."—Wm. Marlon Reedy. Send \$1.10.

THE POET IN THE DESERT. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood. A series of rebel poems from the Great American Desert, dealing with Nature, Life and all phases of Revolutionary Thought. Octavo gray boards. Send \$1.10.

CHALLENGE. By Louls Untermeyer. "No other contemporary poet has more independently and imperiously voiced the dominant thought of the times."—Philadelphia North American. Send \$1.10.

ARROWS IN THE GALE. By Arturo Giovannitti. Introduction by Helen Keller. This book contains the thrilling poem "The Cage." Send \$1.10.

SONGS FOR THE NEW AGE. By James Oppenheim. "A rousing volume, full of vehement protest and splendor." Beautifully bound. Send \$1.35.

AND PIPPA DANCES. By Gerhart Hauptmann. A mystical tale of the glassworks, in four acts. Translated by Mary Harned. Send 95c.

AGNES BERNAUER. By Frederick Hebbel. A tragedy in five acts. Life in Germany in 15th century. Translated by Looeen Pattie. Send 95c.

IN CHAINS ("Les Tenailles"). By Paul Hervieu. In three acts. A powerful arraignment of "Marriage a la Mode." Translated by Ysidor Asekensay. Send 95c.

SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION. Covington Hall's best and finest poems on Revolution, Love and Miscellaneous Visions. Send 56c.

RENAISSANCE. By Holger Drachman. A melodrama. Dealing with studio life in Venice, 16th century. Translated by Leo M. Hollander. Send 95c.

THE MADMAN DIVINE. By Jose Echegaray. Prose drama in four acts. Translated by Elizabeth Howard West. Send 95c.

TO THE STARS. By Leonid Andreyeff. Four acts. A glimpse of young Russia in the throes of the Revolution. Time: The Present. Translated by Dr. A. Goudiss. Send 95c.

PHANTASMS. By Roberto Bracco. A drama in four acts, translated by Dirce St. Cyr. Send 95c.

THE HIDDEN SPRING. By Roberto Bracco. A drama in four acts, translated by Dirce St. Cyr. Send 95c.

THE DRAMA LEAGUE SERIES. A series of modern plays, published for the Drama League of America. Attractively bound.

THE THIEF. By Henry Bernstein. (Just Out).

A FALSE SAINT. By Francois de Curel.

THE TRAIL OF THE TORCH. By Paul Hervieu.

MY LADY'S DRESS. By Edward Knoblanck.

A WOMAN'S WAY. By Thompson Buchanan.

THE APOSTLE. By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson.
Each of the above books 82c, postpaid.

DRAMATIC WORKS, VOLUME VI. By Gerhart Hauptmann. The sixth volume, containing three of Hauptmann's later plays. Send \$1.60.

THE DAWN (Les Anbes). A symbolic war play, by Emile Verhaeren, the poet of the Belgians. "The author approaches life through the feelings and passions. His dramas express the vitality and strenuousness of his people." Send \$1.10.

THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH. By Alfred A. Zimmern. Send \$3.00.

EURIPIDES: "Hippolytus," "Bacchae," Aristophanes' "Frogs." Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send \$1.75.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send 85c.

MEDEA. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send 85c.

ELECTRA. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send 85c.

ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE. By Gilbert Murray. Send \$2.10.

EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE. By Gilbert Murray. Send 75c.

GENERAL

VAGRANT MEMORIES. By William Winter. Illustrated. The famous dramatic critic tells of his associations with the drama for two generations. Send \$3.25.

THE NEARING CASE. By Lightner Witmer. A complete account of the dismissal of Professor Nearing from the University of Pennsylvania, containing the indictment, the evidence, the arguments, the summing up and all the important papers in the case, with some indication of its importance to the question of free speech. 60c postpaid.

THE ART OF THE MOVING PICTURE. By Vachel Lindsay. Send \$1.60.

WRITING AND SELLING A PLAY. By Fanny Cannon. A practical book by a woman who is herself an actress, a playwright, a professional reader and critic of play manuscripts, and has also staged and directed plays. Send \$1.60.

GLIMPSES OF THE COSMOS. A Mental Autobiography. By Lester F. Ward. Vol. IV. The fourth in the series of eight volumes which will contain the collected essays of Dr. Ward. Send \$2.65.

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA is the cure for inefficiency. It is the handiest and cheapest form of modern collected knowledge, and should be in every classroom, every office, every home. Twelve volumes in box. Cloth. Send \$6.00.
Three Other Styles of Binding. Mail your order today.

NIETZSCHE. By Dr. Georg Brandes, the discoverer of Nietzsche. Send \$1.25.

WAR AND CULTURE. By John Cowper Powys. Send 70c.

SHATTUCK'S PARLIAMENTARY ANSWERS. By Harriette R. Shattuck. Alphabetically arranged for all questions likely to arise in Women's organizations. 16mo. Cloth. 57c postpaid. Flexible Leather Edition. Full Gilt Edges. Net \$1.10 postpaid.

EAT AND GROW THIN. By Vance Thompson. A collection of the hitherto unpublished Mahdah menus and recipes for which Americans have been paying fifty-guinea fees to fashionable physicians in order to escape the tragedy of growing fat. Cloth. Send \$1.10.

FORTY THOUSAND QUOTATIONS. By Charles Noel Douglas. These 40,000 prose and poetical quotations are selected from standard authors of ancient and modern times, are classified according to subject, fill 2,000 pages, and are provided with a thumb index. \$3.15, postpaid.

THE CRY FOR JUSTICE. An anthology of the literature of social protest, edited by Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Jack London. "The work is world-literature, as well as the Gospel of a universal humanitarianism." Contains the writings of philosophers, poets, novelists, social reformers, selected from twenty-five languages, covering a period of five thousand years. Inspiring to every thinking man and woman; a handbook of reference to all students of social conditions. 955 pages, including 32 illustrations. Cloth Binding, vellum cloth, price very low for so large a book. Send \$2.00. Three-quarter Leather Binding, a handsome and durable library style, specially suitable for presentation. Send \$3.50.

MY CHILDHOOD. By Maxim Gorky. The autobiography of the famous Russian novelist up to his seventeenth year. An astounding human document and an explanation (perhaps unconscious) of the Russian national character. Frontispiece portrait. 8vo. 308 pages. \$2.00 net, postage 10 cents. (Ready Oct. 14).

AFFIRMATIONS. By Havelock Ellis. A discussion of some of the fundamental questions of life and morality as expressed in, or suggested by, literature. The subjects of the five studies are Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Cassanova and St. Francis of Assisi. Send \$1.87.

LITERATURE

COMPLETE WORKS. Maurice Maeterlinck. The Essays, 10 vols., per vol., net \$1.75. The Plays, 8 vols., per vol., net \$1.50. Poems, 1 vol., net \$1.50. Volumes sold separately. In uniform style, 19 volumes. Limp green leather, flexible cover, thin paper, gilt top, 12mo. Postage added.

INTERPRETATIONS OF LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. A remarkable work. Lafcadio Hearn became as nearly Japanese as an Occidental can become. English literature is interpreted from a new angle in this book. Send \$8.50.

BERNARD SHAW: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. Send \$2.15.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: A Critical Study. By Una Taylor. 8vo. Send \$2.15.

W. B. YEATS: A Critical Study. By Forest Reid. Send \$2.15.

DEAD SOULS. Nikolai Gogol's great humorous classic translated from the Russian. Send \$1.25.

ENJOYMENT OF POETRY. By Max Eastman. "His book is a masterpiece," says J. B. Kerfoot in Life. By mail, \$1.35.

THE PATH OF GLORY. By Anatole France. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. An English edition of a remarkable book that if Anatole France has written to be sold for the benefit of disabled soldiers. The original French is printed alongside the English translation. Send \$1.55.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE: A Profane Baccalaureate. By Seymour Deming. Takes up and treats with satire and with logical analysis such questions as, What is a college education? What is a college man? What is the aristocracy of intellect—searching pitilessly into and through the whole question of collegiate training for life. Send \$1.10.

IVORY APES AND PEACOCKS. By James Huneker. A collection of essays in Mr. Huneker's well-known brilliant style, of which some are critical discussions upon the work and personality of Conrad, Whitman, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and the younger Russians, while others deal with music, art, and social topics. The title is borrowed from the manifest of Solomon's ship trading with Tarshish. Send \$1.60.

INTERPRETATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. Two volumes. Mr. Hearn, who was at once a scholar, a genius, and a master of English style, interprets in this volume the literature of which he was a student, its masterpieces, and its masters, for the benefit, originally, of the race of his adoption. \$6.50, postpaid.

IDEALS AND REALITIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Prince Kropotkin. Send \$1.60.

VISIONS AND REVISIONS. By John Cowper Powys. A Book of Literary Derotons. Send \$2.10.

SIX FRENCH POETS. By Amy Lowell. First English book to contain a minute and careful study of Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. Send \$2.75.

LANDMARKS IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Maurice Baring. Intimate studies of Tolstol, Turgenev, Gogol, Chekov, Dostoevsky. Send \$2.00.

FICTION

THE TURMOIL. By Booth Tarkington. A beautiful story of young love and modern business. Send \$1.45.
SET OF SIX. By Joseph Conrad. Short stories. Scribner. Send \$1.50.

AN ANARCHIST WOMAN. By H. Hapgood. This extraordinary novel points out the nature, the value and also the tragic limitations of the social rebel. Published at \$1.25 net; our price, 60c., postage paid.

THE HARBOR. By Ernest Poole. A novel of remarkable power and vision in which are depicted the great changes taking place in American life, business and ideals. Send \$1.60.

MAXIME GORKY. Twenty-six and One and other stories from the Vagabond Series. Published at \$1.25; our price 60c., postage paid.

SANINE. By Artzibashef. The sensational Russian novel now obtainable in English. Send \$1.45.

A FAR COUNTRY. Winston Churchill's new novel is another realistic and faithful picture of contemporary American life, and more daring than "The Inside of the Cup." Send \$1.60.

BOON—THE MIND OF THE RACE. Was it written by H. G. Wells? He now admits it may have been. It contains an "ambiguous introduction" by him. Anyhow it's a rollicking set of stories, written to delight you. Send \$1.45.

NEVER TOLD TALES. Presents in the form of fiction, in language which is simplicity itself, the disastrous results of sexual ignorance. The book is epoch-making; it has reached the ninth edition. It should be read by everyone, physician and layman, especially those contemplating marriage. Cloth. Send \$1.10.

PAN'S GARDEN. By Algernon Blackwood. Send \$1.60.

THE CROCK OF GOLD. By James Stephens. Send \$1.60.

THE INVISIBLE EVENT. By J. D. Beresford. Jacob Stahl, writer and weakling, splendidly finds himself in the love of a superb woman. Send \$1.45. The Jacob Stahl trilogy: "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," "A Candidate for Truth," "The Invisible Event." Three volumes, boxed. Send \$2.75.

OSCAR WILDE'S WORKS. Ravenna edition. Red limp leather. Sold separately. The books are: The Picture of Dorian Gray, Lord Arthur Saville's Crime, and the Portrait of Mr. W. H., The Duchess of Padua, Poems (including "The Sphinx," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and Uncollected Pieces), Lady Windermere's Fan, A Woman of No Importance, An Ideal Husband, The Importance of Being Earnest, A House of Pomegranates, Intentions, De Profundis and Prison Letters, Essays ("Historical Criticism," "English Renaissance," "London Models," "Poems in Prose"), Salome, La Sainte Courtisane. Send \$1.35 for each book.

THE RAT-PIT. By Patrick MacGill. A novel by the navy-poet who sprang suddenly into attention with his "Children of the Dead End." This story is mainly about a boarding house in Glasgow called "The Rat-Pit," and the very poor who are its frequenters. Send \$1.35.

THE AMETHYST RING. By Anatole France. Translated by B. Drillion. \$1.85 postpaid.

CRAINQUEBILLE. By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stevens. The story of a coterminator who is turned from a dull-witted and inoffensive creature by the hounding of the police and the too rigorous measures of the law into a desperado. Send \$1.85.

VIOLETTE OF PERE LACHAISE. By Anna Strunsky Walling. Records the spiritual development of a gifted young woman who becomes an actress and devotes herself to the social revolution. Send \$1.10.

THE "GENIUS." By Theodore Dreiser. Send \$1.60.

JERUSALEM. By Selma Lagerlof. Translated by Velma Swanson. The scene is a little Swedish village whose inhabitants are bound in age-old custom and are asleep in their narrow provincial life. The story tells of their awakening, of the tremendous social and religious upheaval that takes place among them, and of the heights of self-sacrifice to which they mount. Send \$1.45.

BREAKING-POINT. By Michael Artzibashef. A comprehensive picture of modern Russian life by the author of "Sanine." Send \$1.35.

RUSSIAN SILHOUETTES. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. Stories which reveal the Russian mind, nature and civilization. Send \$1.47.

THE FREELANDS. By John Galsworthy. Gives a large and vivid presentation of English life under the stress of modern social conflict, centering upon a romance of boy-and-girl love—that theme in which Galsworthy excels all his contemporaries. Send \$1.45.

FIDELITY. Susan Glaspell's greatest novel. The author calls it "The story of a woman's love—of what that love impels her to do—what it makes of her." Send \$1.45.

WOOD AND STONE. By John Cowper Powys. An Epoch Making Novel. Send \$1.60.

RED FLEECE. By Will Lexington Comfort. A story of the Russian revolutionists and the proletariat in general in the Great War, and how they risk execution by preaching peace even in the trenches. Exciting, understanding, and exasperatingly true; for Comfort himself is soldier and revolutionist as well as artist. He is the American Artsibacheff; one of the very few American masters of the "new fiction." Send \$1.35.

THE STAR ROVER. By Jack London. Frontispiece in colors by Jay Hambridge. A man unjustly accused of murder is sentenced to imprisonment and finally sent to execution, but proves the supremacy of mind over matter by succeeding, after long practice, in loosing his spirit from his body and sending it on long quests through the universe, finally cheating the gallows in this way. Send \$1.60.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT. By H. G. Wells. Tells the story of the life of one man, with its many complications with the lives of others, both men and women of varied station, and his wanderings over many parts of the globe in his search for the best and noblest kind of life. \$1.60, postpaid.

SEXOLOGY

Here is the great sex book of the day: Forel's **THE SEXUAL QUESTION.** A scientific, psychological, hygienic legal and sociological work for the cultured classes. By Europe's foremost nerve specialist. Chapter on "Love and other irritations of the sexual appetite" a profound revelation of human emotions. Degeneracy exposed. Birth control discussed. Should be in the hands of all dealing with domestic relations. Medical edition \$5.50. Same book, cheaper binding, now \$1.60.

Painful childbirth in this age of scientific progress is unnecessary. **THE TRUTH ABOUT TWILIGHT SLEEP.** By Hanna Rion (Mrs. Ver Beck). Is a message to mothers by an American mother, presenting with authority and deep human interest the impartial and conclusive evidence of a personal investigation of the Freiburg method of painless childbirth. Send \$1.62.

FREUD'S THEORIES OF THE NEUROSES. By Dr. E. Hirschmann. A brief and clear summary of Freud's theories. Price, \$2.

PLAIN FACTS ABOUT A GREAT EVIL. By Christobel Pankhurst. One of the strongest and frankest books ever written, depicting the dangers of promiscuity in men. This book was once suppressed by Anthony Comstock. Send (paper) 60c. (cloth) \$1.10.

SEXUAL LIFE OF WOMAN. By Dr. E. Heinrich Kisch (Prague). An epitome of the subject. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators. Send \$5.50.

KRAFFT-EBING'S PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. Only authorized English translation of 12th German Edition. By F. J. Rebman. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators. Price, \$4.35. Special thin paper edition, \$1.60.

THE SMALL FAMILY SYSTEM: IS IT IMMORAL OR INJURIOUS? By Dr. C. V. Drysdale. The question of birth control cannot be intelligently discussed without knowledge of the facts and figures herein contained. \$1.10, postpaid.

MAN AND WOMAN. By Dr. Havelock Ellis, the foremost authority on sexual characteristics. A new (5th) edition. Send \$1.60.

A new book by Dr. Robinson: **THE LIMITATION OF OFFSPRING BY THE PREVENTION OF PREGNANCY.** The enormous benefits of the practice to individuals, society and the race pointed out and all objections answered. Send \$1.05.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW. By Margaret Sanger. Send 55 cents.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW. By Margaret Sanger. Send 30 cents.

THE THEORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Dr. C. Jung. A concise statement of the present aspects of the psychoanalytic hypotheses. Price, \$1.50.

SELECTED PAPERS ON HYSTERIA AND OTHER PSYCHONEUROSES. By Prof. S. Freud, M.D. A selection of some of the more important of Freud's writings. Send \$2.50.

THREE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SEXUAL THEORY. By John C. Van Dyke. Fully illustrated. New edition revised and rewritten. Send \$1.60.

THREE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SEXUAL THEORY. By Prof. Sigmund Freud. The psychology of psycho-sexual development. Price, \$2.

FUNCTIONAL PERIODICITY. An experimental study of the mental and motor abilities of women during menstruation by Leta Stetter Hollingworth. Cloth, \$1.15. Paper,

ART

MICHAEL ANGELO. By Romain Rolland. Twenty-two full-page illustrations. A critical and illuminating exposition of the genius of Michael Angelo. \$2.65, postpaid.

INTERIOR DECORATION: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Illustrated. \$3.25, postpaid.

THE BARBIZON PAINTERS. By Arthur Hoeber. One hundred illustrations in sepia, reproducing characteristic work of the school. \$1.90, postpaid.

THE BOOK OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE. By Arthur Elson. Illustrated. Gives in outline a general musical education, the evolution and history of music, the lives and works of the great composers, the various musical forms and their analysis, the instruments and their use, and several special topics. \$3.75, postpaid.

MODERN PAINTING: ITS TENDENCY AND MEANING. By Willard Huntington Wright, author of "What Nietzsche Taught," etc. Four color plates and 24 illustrations. "Modern Painting" gives—for the first time in any language—a clear, compact review of all the important activities of modern art which began with Delacroix and ended only with the war. Send \$2.75.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDI DA VINCI. By A. J. Anderson. Photogravure frontispiece and 16 illustrations in half-tone. Sets forth the great artist as a man so profoundly interested in and closely allied with every movement of his age that he might be called an incarnation of the Renaissance. \$3.95, postpaid.

THE COLOUR OF PARIS. By Lucien Descaves. Large 8vo. New edition, with 60 illustrations printed in four colors from paintings by the Japanese artist, Yoshio Markina. By the members of the Academy Goncourt under the general editorship of M. Lucien Descaves. Send \$3.30.

SCIENCE AND SOCIOLOGY

CAUSES AND CURES OF CRIME. A popular study of criminology from the bio-social viewpoint. By Thomas Speed Mosby, former Pardon Attorney, State of Missouri, member American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, etc. 356 pages, with 100 original illustrations. Price, \$2.15, postpaid.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELAXATION. By G. T. W. Patrick. A notable and unusually interesting volume explaining the importance of sports, laughter, profanity, the use of alcohol and even war as furnishing needed relaxation to the higher nerve centres. Send 88c.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Dr. C. G. Jung, of the University of Zurich. Translated by Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D., of the Neurological Department of Cornell University and of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School. This remarkable work does for psychology what the theory of evolution did for biology; and promises an equally profound change in the thought of mankind. A very important book. Large 8vo. Send \$4.40.

SOCIALIZED GERMANY. By Frederic C. Howe, author of "The Modern City and Its Problems," etc., etc.; Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. "The real peril to the other powers of western civilization lies in the fact that Germany is more intelligently organized than the rest of the world." This book is a frank attempt to explain this efficiency. \$1.00, postpaid.

SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS OF TODAY. Illustrated. By T. W. Corbin. The modern uses of explosives, electricity, and the most interesting kinds of chemicals are revealed to young and old. Send \$1.60.

THE HUNTING WASPS. By J. Henri Fabre. 12mo. Bound in uniform style with the other books by the same author. In the same exquisite vein as "The Life of the Spider," "The Life of the Fly," etc. Send \$1.60.

SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. Illustrated. A study of a number of the schools of this country which are using advanced methods of experimenting with new ideas in the teaching and management of children. The practical methods are described and the spirit which informs them is analyzed and discussed. Send \$1.60.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE. By Charles Brodie Patterson. A discussion of harmony in music and color, and its influence on thought and character. \$1.60, postpaid.

THE FAITHFUL. By John Masfield. A three-act tragedy founded on a famous legend of Japan. \$1.35, postpaid.

INCOME. By Scott Nearing. An economic value is created amounting to, say, \$100. What part of that is returned to the laborer, what part to the manager, what part to the property owner? This problem the author discusses in detail, after which the other issues to which it leads are presented. Send \$1.25.

THE STOIC PHILOSOPHY. By Gilbert Murray. An account of the greatest system of organized thought that the mind of man had built up in the Graeco-Roman world before the coming of Christianity. Dr. Murray exercises his rare faculty for making himself clear and interesting. Send 82c.

A MESSAGE TO THE MIDDLE CLASS. By Seymour Dening. A clarion call so radical that it may well provoke a great tumult of discussion and quicken a deep and perhaps sinister impulse to act. Send 60c.

DRIFT AND MASTERY. An attempt to diagnose the current unrest. By Walter Lipmann. Send \$1.60.

FIRST AND LAST THINGS. By H. G. Wells. A confession of Faith and a Rule of Life. Send \$1.60.

THE SOCIALISTS AND THE WAR. By William English Walling. No Socialist can adequately discuss the war without the knowledge that this remarkable new book holds. 512 pages. Complete documentary statement of the position of the Socialists of all countries. Send \$1.50.

DREAMS AND MYTHS. By Dr. Karl Abraham. A lucid presentation of Freud's theory of dreams. A study in comparative mythology from the standpoint of dream psychology. Price, \$1.25.

WHAT WOMEN WANT. By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. \$1.35 net; postage, 10c.

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE? A collection of clever woman suffrage verses. The best since Mrs. Gilman. Geo. H. Doran Co. Send 75c.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A SUFFRAGETTE. By "Him." Illustrated by Mary Wilson Preston. Send 60c.

ON DREAMS. By Prof. Sigmund Freud. Authorized English translation by Dr. M. D. Eder. Introduction by Prof. W. Leslie Mackenzie. This classic now obtainable for \$1.10.

MODERN WOMEN. By Gustav Kobbe. Terse, pithy, highly dramatic studies in the overwrought feminism of the day. A clever book. Send \$1.10.

GOTHAM BOOK SOCIETY

Marlen E. Pew, Gen. Mgr., Dept. K, 142 West 23rd St., New York

"You Can Get Any Book on Any Subject"

THE SEXUAL QUESTION

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price \$5.50. *Now sent prepaid for \$1.60.* This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Ignorance Is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion? Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject tabooed among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public, the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every *professional man and woman*, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

GOTHAM BOOK SOCIETY, DEPT. 564.

General dealers in books, sent on mail order.

142 W. 23d St., New York City.

In answering this advertisement mention THE LITTLE REVIEW.

THE EGOIST

An Individualist Review

Subscribe to THE EGOIST and hear what you will get:

Editorials containing the most notable creative and critical philosophic matter appearing in England today.

Some of the newest and best experimental English and American poetry.

A page of current French poetry.

Reviews of only those books which are worth praise.

News of modern music, of new painting, of French literary and artistic life.

A series of translations of Greek and Latin poetry and prose, done by young modern poets (began September 1st, 1915).

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price—Fifteen cents a number

Yearly subscription, One Dollar Sixty Cents

Buy some of the back numbers. They are literature, not journalism.

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W. C.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

W.W. 18

APRIL, 1916

Four Poems:

Gone

Graves

Choice

Child of the Romans

Carl Sandburg

Portrait of Carl Sandburg by Elizabeth Buehrmann

Dreiser

Sherwood Anderson

To John Cowper Powys

Arthur Davidson Ficke

A Letter from London

Ezra Pound

A Sorrowful Demon

Alexander S. Kaun

The Poet Speaks

Margaret C. Anderson (Amy Lowell)

Poems:

Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne

The Cry

The Excuse

The Cross

What Then—?

R. G.

German Poetry

William Saphier

An Isaiah Without a Christ

Charles Zwaska

Announcements

Flamingo Dreams

Lupo de Brailo

New York Letter

Allan Ross Macdougall (Yvette Guilbert)

The Theatre "Overtures" &c

Book Discussion

The Reader Critic

Vers Libre Prize Contest

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher
Fine Arts Building
CHICAGO

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, Chicago

Margaret Sanger

Will speak at the Chicago Little Theatre

SUNDAY, APRIL 30, at 8:15

"The Child's Right Not to be Born"

Margaret Sanger

"Birth Control"

West Side Auditorium

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, at 8:15

MAURICE BROWN, CHAIRMAN

AUSPICES BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE

Taylor and Racine Avenue

Admission 25 cents

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III

APRIL, 1916

NO. 2

Four Poems

CARL SANDBURG

Gone

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer in our town.

Far off

Everybody loved her.

So we all love a wild girl keeping a hold

On a dream she wants.

Nobody knows now where Chick Lorimer went.

Nobody knows why she packed her trunk: a few old things

And is gone. . . .

Gone with her little chin

Thrust ahead of her

And her soft hair blowing careless

From under a wide hat,

Dancer, singer, a laughing passionate lover.

Were there ten men or a hundred hunting Chick?

Were there five men or fifty with aching hearts?

Everybody loved Chick Lorimer.

Nobody knows where she's gone.

Graves

I dreamed one man stood against a thousand,
 One man damned as a wrongheaded fool.
 One year and another he walked the streets,
 And a thousand shrugs and hoots
 Met him in the shoulders and mouths he passed.

He died alone
 And only the undertaker came to his funeral.

Flowers grow over his grave anod in the wind,
 And over the graves of the thousand, too,
 The flowers grow anod in the wind.

Flowers and the wind,
 Flowers anod over the graves of the dead,
 Petals of red, leaves of yellow, streaks of white,
 Masses of purple sagging . . .
 I love you and your great way of forgetting.

Choices

They offer you many things,
 I a few.

Moonlight on the play of fountains at night
 With water sparkling a drowsy monotone,
 Bare-shouldered, smiling women and talk
 And a cross-play of loves and adulteries
 And a fear of death

and a remembering of regrets:
 All this they offer you.

I come with:

salt and bread
 a terrible job of work
 and tireless war;

"Come and have now:

hunger
 danger
 and hate.



Carl Sandburg

From a silhouette photograph by Elizabeth Buehrmann

Child of the Romans

The dago shovelman sits by the railroad track
Eating a noon meal of bread and bologna.

A train whirls by and men and women at tables
Alive with red roses and yellow jonquils,
Eat steaks running with brown gravy,
Strawberries and cream, eclairs and coffee.

The dago shovelman finishes the dry bread and bologna,
Washes it down with a dipper from the water-boy
And goes back to the second half of a ten-hour day's work,
Keeping the road-bed so the roses and jonquils
Shake hardly at all in the cut glass vases
Standing slender on the tables in the dining cars.

Dreiser

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

*Heavy, heavy, hangs over thy head.
Fine, or Superfine.*

THEODORE DREISER is old—he is very, very old. I do not know how many years he has lived, perhaps thirty, perhaps fifty, but he is very old. Something gray and bleak and hurtful that has been in the world almost forever is personified in him.

When Dreiser is gone we shall write books, many of them. In the books we write there will be all of the qualities Dreiser lacks. We shall have a sense of humor, and everyone knows Dreiser has no sense of humor. More than that we shall have grace, lightness of touch, dreams of beauty bursting through the husks of life.

• Oh, we who follow him shall have many things that Dreiser does not have. That is a part of the wonder and the beauty of Dreiser, the things that others will have because of Dreiser.

When he was editor of *The Delineator*, Dreiser went one day, with a woman friend, to visit an orphans' asylum. The woman told me the story of that afternoon in the big, gray building with Dreiser, heavy and lumpy and old, sitting on a platform and watching the children—the terrible children—all in their little uniforms, trooping in.

"The tears ran down his cheeks and he shook his head," the woman said. That is a good picture of Dreiser. He is old and he does not know what to do with life, so he just tells about it as he sees it, simply and honestly. The tears run down his cheeks and he shakes his head.

Heavy, heavy, the feet of Theodore. How easy to pick his books to pieces, to laugh at him. Thump, thump, thump, here he comes, Dreiser, heavy and old.

The feet of Dreiser are making a path for us, the brutal heavy feet. They are tramping through the wilderness, making a path. Presently the path will be a street, with great arches overhead and delicately carved spires piercing the sky. Along the street will run children, shouting "Look at me"—forgetting the heavy feet of Dreiser.

The men who follow Dreiser will have much to do. Their road is long. But because of Dreiser, we, in America, will never have to face the road through the wilderness, the road that Dreiser faced.

*Heavy, heavy, hangs over thy head.
Fine or superfine.*

To John Cowper Powys, on His "Confessions"

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I.

Old salamander basking in the fire,
 Winking your lean tongue at a coal or two,
 Lolling amid the maelstroms of desire,
 And envying the lot of none or few—
 Old serpent alien to the human race,
 Immune to poison, apples, and the rest,
 Examining like a microbe each new face
 And pawing, passionless, each novel breast—
 Admirer of God and of the Devil,
 Hater of Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell,
 Skeptic of good, more skeptic yet of evil—
 Knowing the sick soul sounder than the well—
 We mortals send you greeting from afar—
 How very like a human being you are!

II.

Impenetrably isolate you stand,
 Tickling the world with a long-jointed straw.
 Lazy as Behemoth, your thoughts demand
 No cosmic plan to satisfy your maw;
 But as the little shining gnats buzz by
 You eat the brightest and spit out the rest,
 Then streak your front with ochre carefully
 And dance, a Malay with a tattooed breast.
 There are no sins, no virtues left for you,
 No strength, no weakness, no apostasy.
 You know the world, now old, was never new,
 And that its wisdom is a shameless lie.
 So in the dusk you sit you down to plan
 Some fresh confusion for the heart of man.

III.

Lover of Chaos and the Sacred Seven!
Scorner of Midas and St. Francis, too!
Wearied of earth, yet dubious of Heaven,
Fain of old follies and of pastures new—
Why should the great, whose spirits haunt the void
Between Orion and the Northern Wain,
Make you their mouthpiece? Why have they employed
So brassed a trumpet for so high a strain?
Perhaps, like you, they count it little worth
To pipe save for the piping; so they take
You weak, infirm, uncertain as the earth,
And down your tubes the thrill of music wake.
Well, God preserve you!—and the Devil damn!—
And nettles strew the bosom of Abraham!

A Letter from London

EZRA POUND

I SHOULD be very glad if someone in America could be made to realize the sinister bearing of the import duty on books. I have tried in vain to get some of my other correspondents to understand the effect of this iniquity . . . but apparently without success. It means insularity, stupidity, backing the printer against literature, commerce and obstruction against intelligence. I have spent myself on the topic so many times that I am not minded to write an elaborate denunciation until I know I am writing to someone capable of understanding and willing to take up the battle. Incidentally the life of a critical review depends a good deal on controversy and on having some issue worth fighting. Henry IV. did away with the black mediaevalism of an octroi on books, and the position of Paris is not without its debt to that intelligent act. No country that needs artificial aid in its competition with external intelligence is fit for any creature above the status of pig.

The tariff should be abolished not only for itself but because dishonest booksellers shelter themselves behind it and treble the price of foreign books, and because it keeps up the price of printing.

If there is one thing that we are all agreed upon: It is that the canned goods of Curtis and Company and Harper and Company and all the busi-

ness firms should be set apart from the art of letters, and the artist helped against the tradesman.

As a matter of fact a removal of the tariff wouldn't much hurt even publishers, as the foreign books we really want in America are the sort which the greed of American business publishers forbids their publishing . . . but that is no matter.

It affects every young writer in America, and every reader whether he wish merely to train his perceptions or whether he train them with a purpose, of, say, learning what has been done, what need not be repeated, what is worthy of repetition. There is now the hideous difficulty of getting a foreign book, and the prohibitive price of both foreign and domestic publications. I don't know that I need to go on with it.

Again and yet again it is preposterous that our generation of writers shouldn't have the facility in getting at contemporary work, which one would have in Paris or Moscow. It's bad enough for the American to struggle against the dead-hand of the past generation composed of clerks and parasites and against our appalling *decentralization*, i. e., lack of metropolises and centers, having full publishing facilities and communication with the outer world—(which last is being slowly repaired)—also our scarcity of people who know.

When all the world goes mad, one must accept madness as sanity, since sanity is, in the last analysis, nothing but the madness on which the whole world happens to agree.—*Bernard Shaw*, 1916.

A Sorrowful Demon^{*}

ALEXANDER S. KAUN

HOW he hates us, ordinary mortals! No, he seldom hates; he reserves his hatred for God, for life, for the universe. For us, weak bubbles driven on the surface by uncontrollable forces, he has only contempt. Yet, though hating and despising, he is infinitely dear to us: the thick melancholy vein that bulges across his wildcat forehead makes him almost human; the taut string of his remote harp vibrates at times with such yearning and pain that we feel nearly at home with that alien-on-earth, Mikhail Lermontov.¹ We are glad with a petty gladness whenever we discover in him this weakness, his humaneness; we chuckle at the comfortable feeling of being able to observe him on the level plane, freed from the necessity of throwing our heads far back in order to perceive him on the lonely peak. He is our brother, we boast; and we inflict on him the severest punishment for a genius—forgiveness.

But his contemporaries could not forgive him. A general sigh of relief echoed the official announcement of his death "in a fearful storm accompanied by thunder and lightning on the Beshta mountain in the Caucasus". "Bon voyage", exclaimed Nicholas I, rubbing his hands in glee over the departure of one of his most undesirable subjects, the uncompromising mutineer. The church refused to bury the arrogant denier. Society applauded Major Martinov whose bullet snapped the life of the unapproachable aristocrat, the mocker of customs and conventions, the maimer of feminine hearts, the careless, fearless duellist who played with life, his own or that of others, as with a valueless toy. The people—there was not such a thing in Russia of 1841.

Society organism cannot digest a foreign element. We are too local in our terrestrial standards to tolerate an individual who is made not of the same stuff that we are made of. Lermontov was a child of a different planet who fell upon our earth by some crude mistake, doomed to chafe twenty-six years among humans. As a child he protested against the fatal misplacement; he discharged his venom in demolishing flower-beds, in torturing animals with tears in his eyes, in brandishing his tiny fists against his grandmother, when he observed her mistreating the serfs. When he grew up—and he grew up early: at ten he loved a girl; at fifteen he conceived his

^{*}*A Hero of Our Time*, by M. Y. Lermontov. New York, Alfred A. Knopf.

greatest poems, *Mtzyri* and *Demon*—his protest had calmed down. He no longer wept or raged—he hated God and despised mankind. His contemporaries tell us that no one could stand his heavy penetrating look. Men hated and feared him; women hated and loved him, as they always do extraordinary things. Lermontov took revenge for his accidental association with mankind; he left behind him a long row of broken hearts and wounded ambitions. His rebellious spirit sought rest in chaos, in torturing others and himself, in creating around him an atmosphere of tragedy, in reckless fighting with the wild Caucasian mountaineers.

And he, the mutinous, seeks storm,
As if in storm he may find peace.

Pechorin, the hero of his autobiographical sketches collected in *A Hero of Our Time*, is the first Nietzschean in literature. His terse, unpretentious maxims and paradoxes have been re-echoed by Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Przybyszewski, and other writers of the superman-literature. As always is the case with deliberate or unconscious commentators, they liquefy the original. One carelessly dropped sentence of Lermontov is elaborated in tons of Dostoevsky's galling psychology, in mountains of Nietzsche's brain-splitting philosophy, in cognac-oceans of the vivisectionist-Przybyszewski. Pechorin does not talk much; he is too aristocratic for extravagance in words. Pechorin does not compromise; he is not made of that stuff. He neither repents nor seeks atonement; in his hatred for reality he does not erect a consoling phantom in the image of a Superman; he would dismiss with a contemptible shrug Falk's matrimonial and sexual tribulations. Pechorin is eternally alone. Those who approach him are scorched with his unhuman flame. Alone, in the steppe, after a mad ride which kills his horse, Pechorin hugs the soil and weeps "like a child". Like a child pressing to its mother's bosom, plaintively demanding the Why and the Wherefore of existence among strangers. Shall we chuckle at the suddenly-discovered weakness of our enemy? Or shall we modestly turn away our eyes from the stolen sight of a god in his nudity?

I once called Lermontov a sorrowful demon. Not a Lucifer, not a Mephistopheles, but a Russian demon, as the sculptor Antokolsky conceived him. Lermontov-Demon-Pechorin, a quaint superman, neither god nor devil, a pluralistic being, a combination of cruelty and compassion, of contempt and sympathy, of cynicism and sentimentalism, of the loftiest and the basest, of the unhuman and of the human-all-too-human. Dostoevsky?

The Poet Speaks

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

THERE are people in the world who like poetry if they know the poet. There are a good many people in Chicago just now who understand and enjoy Amy Lowell's poetry because she read it to them at the Little Theatre.

I know a poet who could make nothing of Vachel Lindsay's things until Lindsay chanted them to him one day. And I know another who said to me, when I remarked that I didn't like Alfred Kreymborg's verse, "Oh, but you would if you knew him." I am puzzled, because I know this man to be an intelligent being. And somehow I have always been under the naive impression that poetry was a matter of art.

But there are worse things. There is one type of person we always eject promptly from the office of THE LITTLE REVIEW. He is the person who says that Amy Lowell's poetry has no feeling in it. Now please listen: I want to quote you something. It is called *Vernal Equinox*, it was written by Miss Lowell, and it appeared in the September issue of *Poetry*; but I want to see it put down in these pages so that we may actually know it has been in THE LITTLE REVIEW:

The scent of hyacinths, like a pale mist, lies between me
and my book;
And the South Wind, washing through the room,
Makes the candles quiver;
My nerves sting at a spatter of rain on the shutter,
And I am uneasy at the bursting of green shoots
Outside, in the night.

Why are you not here to overpower me with your tense
and urgent love?

A poet whose new book will soon be talked of said to me, when I showed this to him, "Yes, it's very clever, but it has no feeling." He left the office gladly in three minutes.

Still there are worse things. *The Chicago Tribune* sent a reporter to the Little Theatre to hear Miss Lowell read and to record his impres-

sion of her work and personality for those who still peruse the newspapers. You may have seen the reporter's article. . . .

And still worse? . . . Lots of people have been splitting hairs over Amy Lowell's work, but no human being has been heard to remark: "A beautiful thing is happening in America. Amy Lowell is writing poetry for us."

Poems^{*}

ELIZABETH GIBSON CHEYNE

The Cry

Whenever there is silence around me,
 By day or by night,
 I am startled by the cry
 "Take me down from the cross!"
 The first time I heard it
 I went out and searched
 Till I found a man in the throes of crucifixion,
 And I said, "I will take you down,"
 And I tried to take the nails out of his feet,
 But he said "Let be;
 For I cannot be taken down
 Till every man, every woman, and every child
 Come together to take me down."
 And I said, "But I cannot bear your cry—
 What can I do?"
 And he said "Go about the world,
 Telling everyone you meet
 'There is a man upon the cross.'"

The Excuse

I go about the world
Telling all the rich,
And all the happy, and all the comfortable,
"There is a man upon the cross."
But they all say
"We are sure you are mistaken;
There was a man upon the cross
Two thousand years ago;
But he died, and was taken down
And was decently buried;
And a miracle happened,
So that he rose again
And ascended into Heaven,
And is happy evermore."
Still I go about the world saying
"There is a man upon the cross."

The Cross

Any groveller
May be straightened by a cross
If he lies down upon it at night,
And sleeps upon it with outstretched arms;
If he rises in the morning,
And shoulders it bravely,
Neither resenting it
Nor being ashamed of it,
He will find that he can bring his eyes
To look upon life
Instead of upon the grave,
And that he will even be able
To lift them to the stars;
And that he can live
On the levels he is able to look upon.

**I do not know whether these poems have been published elsewhere or not. They were read by Ellen Gates Starr in a mass meeting in Kent Theatre on the University of Chicago campus—a mass meeting in protest against police brutality during the garment strike.*

What Then—?

R. G.

THERE are signs of life at the Art Institute. In throwing out Charles Kinney, it stated the case against itself more emphatically than Kinney ever could have done. When an "institution" becomes violent over criticism, there is too much work for one reformer.

This seems to have been a season for things Art to be stating the case against themselves. At the last meeting of the Chicago Society of Artists, when there was a slight murmur of dissatisfaction with the management of the Institute, one of the older men quickly reminded the painters that they were but guests of the Institute—and there was silence. Art has come by hard ways, but never to worse than this:—the guest of the Corn Exchange Bank!

Again at a meeting for the formation of the new Arts Club, before the matter of the Club could be discussed there had to be a speech assuring the Art Institute that the artists would never, in any way, *ever* do anything on their own, but would always conform to the ideas of the directors of the Institute. But where they really proved themselves was at the annual dinner, at the opening of the Chicago Artists' Exhibition. Herded into a room they meekly submitted to oyster stew and a speech by a minister of the Gospel. Artists! That is their case as stated by themselves.

Kinney blames the directors *pro tem.*, and the Dean, for the "factory system" in the school. Knowing that all the small towns in the West and Middle West having any kind of an Art School pattern after the Art Institute, he is excited and fears the factory system will prevail everywhere. But he might have hope that here and there accidentally a few artists may get mixed up among the other students and frustrate this plan.

It would be interesting to know whether the administration by its methods has so completely discouraged artists that they no longer seek the Art Institute as a place of study, or whether the administration is simply changing its methods to meet the demands of the kind of student now attending the Institute.

This much is certain: no administration could take away every ancient prerogative of art students; lead them gently into organization; impose discipline upon them; and appoint God a chaperone over their play—in fact make a *crèche* of the school—if there were any of the stuff in them of which artists are made.

There always has been a fight on the part of the school to get what it wanted from the directors; but things can be done. Read the list of "illustrious names" of visiting instructors, years ago, and then compare the student roll of the same time. Once the Art Institute was an art school with art students, who were artists, who in spite of everything led the life of artists, knew the analogy between painting and the other Arts, swarmed to concerts and the theatres, and created their own atmosphere. That was the time when Bernhardt came to the school in her yellow-wheeled carriage and walked down a double line of quaking, adoring art students. And when Calvé came to sing. . . . How many students there now know these names, know anything beyond fashion drawing?

They have indicted themselves. If there were artists the Art Institute could seek exhibitions. If there were art students we could have an art school, not a "factory." And if the directors of the Art Institute and its patrons really wanted Art, and the directors would throw the Institute open to all kinds of exhibitions, we might even in time find Art.

German Poetry

WILLIAM SAPHIER

LEARNED essays on this or that poetry make little red devils dance in my brain and my right hand reach for a Japanese sword. They are invariably inferior to the spirit, and occupy only a small section of the horizon of their subject. I have translated these three poems because I felt that they were as good or better than the best things published in this country, and because so little is known of this kind of German poetry here. The first is by Julius Berstl and the second two are by Fritz Schnack. I know of many more, but I am unable to get their work just now. As you perhaps know, they are engaged at present in a different direction.

Highland

(From the German of Julius Berstl)

Early light reflexes climb with rose fingers up the cliffs.
The chilly valley slumbers and cowers in its white fog bed,
But nude and cool, unearthly fine and clear,
Glitter the glacier chains.

The morning wind faint-heartedly plays a lyre,
 No bird strikes screaming through the distance;
 It is as if the sound of a timid harp
 Spreads with bird-like wings
 Along the stone cliffs and over the valley.

And now, as if breathed by the fragrance and dew,
 Out of fog blossoms a wreath of meadows;
 Behind them blooms a crystal glacier blue,
 And a dream-laden delicate purple grey
 Plays all around the giant mountains.

Young Days

(From the German of Fritz Schnack)

Soft, delicate morning air ripplings
 Sway between the willow bushes
 Rustling, as if a woman in silk ruchings
 Passes over the meadows . . .
 Without end and blessedly far
 Purls the cajoling sweetness.
 O! how anxiously do I bear this air.
 Like chords from the cloudland
 Fall the deep shining days
 Resounding in my trembling hand.

One Morning

(From the German of Fritz Schnack)

The light,
 Flows spring-like out of the night,
 And the big splashing wave
 Spreads over the earth's surface . . .
 White villas glisten in the light
 Glowing all around with red roses;
 Laughing young beauty blooms
 On every threshold . . .

At a distance I stand and watch
 And think: whoever thus can build . . .
 And longingly go my way.

An Isaiah Without A Christ

And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of Man, prophesy, and say thou unto them that prophesy out of their own hearts, hear ye the word of the Lord; thus sayeth the Lord God: woe unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and have seen nothing. O Israel, thy prophets are like foxes in the desert.—Ezekiel 13:1-4.

CHARLES ZWASKA

I.

AND the youth returned to his village and found it vile. In the City he had seen visions of what a town might be . . . Nicholas Vachel Lindsay had been studying Art in Chicago and on his return to Springfield published, in the fall of 1910, *The Village Magazine*: a scattering of verse, prose, sketches, and ornamental designs and propaganda. "Talent for poetry, deftness in inscribing, and skill in mural painting were probably gifts of the same person", he tells us later, in speaking of the ancient Egyptians. "Let us go back"—the village must be redeemed. The first editorial in the magazine was *On Conversion*. The people of Springfield "should build them altars to the unknown God, the radiant one; He whom they radiantly worship should be declared unto them in His fullness." The next was *An Editorial on Beauty for the Village Pastor*—it expressed the belief that the Sunday-school, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Brotherhood, Anti-Saloon League, and the Woman's Aid were the forces that were to bring about beauty. Springfield was to be the new Athens! A broadside was distributed throughout the village: *The Soul of the City receives the gift of the Holy Spirit*:

Builders, toil on,
Make all complete.
Make Springfield wonderful
Make her renown
Worthy this day,
Till, at God's feet—
(*Etc., the poetry of the thing will not
be spoiled by omitting some lines here.*)

Heaven come down
 City, dead city,
 Arise from the dead.

Verses like the above aside, here was revealed to us a poet; the foundations were laid, it seemed, for a future. But the youth did dream and see visions. Much was said about Utopias and the New Jerusalem, and poetry languished in the youth that he might materialize some ultimate world state. The most inexcusable optimism of them all—"Rome was not built in a day." True, but it *was built*: not merely talked about or prophesied. And the youth remembered not that it hath been said in Isaiah: "For, behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind." Yet the youth remembered the former still and did say much about the recoming of those civilizations which had been, at last to stay forever! His day, or the great poet who proceeded him by but a few years, he seemed to notice not:

What do you think endures?
 Do you think a great city endures? . . .
 Away! these are not to be cherished in themselves,
 They fill their hour, the dancers dance, the musicians play for them,
 The show passes, all does well enough of course,
 All does very well till one flash of defiance . . .
 A great city is that which has the greatest men and women;
 If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

But the youth was at heart the poet, the dreamer, attempting to convince by arguments, similes, rhymes; not as the great Poet, by mere presence! Nor could he stand the offer of rough new prizes, preferring the smooth old prizes. He clung to the organizations of the day, and to augment their "influence toward the Millennium" he published *The Village Magazine*. That, gentle reader, was in 1910.

II.

In the year 1912 there went forth from Springfield this same lad. Into the West he went—through Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and into New Mexico. He went preaching a gospel,—his own "Gospel of Beauty." His sustenance he earned by reciting his own rhymes to those who were willing, in exchange, to give him bread. Thus did he make us uncomfortably imagine him a new John the Baptist, Francois Villon, or even Saint Frances of Assisi. . . . In the year 1914 his account of this adventure was published. Three rhymes, he claims, contained his "theory of American civilization." This is from one of them:

O you who lose the art of hope,
.
.
.
.
Turn to the little prairie towns,
Your high hope shall yet begin.
On every side awaits you there
Some gate where glory enters in.

And "At the end of the Road"—by faith and a study of the signs—he proclaimed the New Jerusalem for America, particularly for his home-village. . . . Now, there is a peculiar value attached to this journey—the influence on the poet, not the preacher's influence on the people. It was after this trip that we got *The Santa Fé Trail*, *The Fireman's Ball*, written in a style in which were later written *The Chinese Nightingale* and *The Congo*. And, because of the relation of its style to these, we even judge *I heard Emmanuel Singing* a good thing. This, then, is Lindsay's importance among us; his contribution of this style of vaudeville chanting. This is the poet. He does not count when writing *Galahad*, *Knight Who Perished*, *King Arthur's Men Have Come Again*, *Incense*, *Springfield Magical*, or declaring "by faith and a study of the signs."

III.

On November first, 1915, at Springfield, Illinois, Vachel Lindsay signed a book on *The Art of the Moving Picture*. The last chapter was called "The Acceptable Year of the Lord." From having seen forecasts in photoplay hieroglyphics the children in times-to-come can rise and say: "This day is the scripture fulfilled in your ears":

Scenario writers, producers, photoplay actors, endowers of exquisite films, sects using special motion pictures for a predetermined end, all you who are taking the work as a sacred trust, I bid you God-speed. Consider what it will do to your souls, if you are true to your trust . . . The record of your ripeness will be found in your craftsmanship. You will be God's thoroughbreds.

It has come then, this new weapon of men, and the face of the whole earth changes. In after centuries its beginning will be indeed remembered.

It has come, this new weapon of men, and by faith and a study of the signs we proclaim that it will go on and on in immemorial wonder.

This, then, is the prophecy, and thus has he proclaimed it: "By my hypothesis, Action pictures are sculpture-in-motion, Intimate Pictures are paintings-in-motion, Splendour Pictures are architecture-in-motion . . .

The rest of the work is a series of after thoughts and speculations not brought forward so dogmatically."

Now, the Arts are complete in themselves; they contain all. The moving picture has come to be a parasite on them.

Sculpture has become a vital thing to this age because of August Rodin. Muenier has moved us too. Also Monolo and Fagi. Now comes Lindsay: "I desire for the moving picture not the stillness but the majesty of sculpture . . . Not the mood of Venus de Milo, but let us turn to that sister of hers—the great Victory of Samothrace".

. . . I have seen much of Lindsay's advice followed word for word since this book of his was published. Tyrone Power in *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. Power's face and figure were more majestic on the stage than in this picture. There was a "sculpture-group," as you would call it, in this picture—a farmer and two squires on a hilltop. It was in silhouette, a *sketch* and not sculpture. The nearest I have seen to the majesty and immobility of sculpture, marble or otherwise, was the head of William S. Hart in *The Aryan*. The picture was shadowed so as to center on his poetic face, the fascination of which none but Forbes Robertson's has. Hart's face on the screen, his eyes looking into the eyes of you, at his throat a handkerchief of white—a bust by an artist indeed! But the shadows parted, and the hieroglyphic-crowded background came into view. Hart's head moved, became part of a *moving picture* and sculpture was no more. The moment was worth it—but it *moved* . . . "Moving pictures are pictures and not sculpture", says Lorado Taft in a public statement, objecting to Lindsay's phrase. "To a sculptor the one thing cherished as most essential to his art is its static quality, its look of absolute quiescence. It is the hint of eternity which marks and makes all monumental art" . . . Has Lindsay no feeling for sculpture?

Frank Lloyd Wright has models in plaster of some of his buildings—"modern" skyscrapers, hotels, and homes, growing, rising upward, white and beautiful. It was these works of architecture which called forth the phrase "flowers in stone". He alone, it seems, has made art of architecture in our day. He objects to Lindsay saying his art can be that of moving pictures; its very literalness, its actualness being the very negation of the soul and constitution of art. In *The Dumb Girl of Portici* the Smalleys, as inspired as any of the producers, used the entire Field Museum in Jackson Park, Chicago, as a background for a pageant of Italian royalty, of the middle ages. Insisting on architecture can spoil pictures. It did this one.

Painting-in-motion—rhythm. Rhythm seems alien to the application of the theory of jerky fade-away close-ups. "Intimate Dutch interior" scenes fading into the close-up and then back into the entire scene again. Intimate, friendly, and moving, but lacking in rhythm and the flow of nat-

uralness. Some think that "moving lines", made an art in themselves, will be an achievement of the moving film. Have you ever been struck dumb by the lines made by a dancer across the stage, the moving of life across life? I have seen it in the moving-picture only in the flight of gulls (unconscious actors) or in pictures of rivers and trees and the sea; in short—nature. But nature is nature. The painter's art! Botticelli's *Spring*, or *The Birth of Venus*—pictures containing the essence of rhythmic natural movement. Never yet have the movies given us this. If Lindsay must prophesy and "take the masses back to art" there *are* artists living to-day—who are for today. Lindsay seems to know nothing of them. His knowledge of painting seems to have stopped with his art school days. The later work of Jerome Blum, for example, has this movement, this rhythm, not only in composition and line but in the *color* as well. Reds and greens and blues that vibrate, paintings that live.

The rest of this might be entitled: "An open letter to Vachel Lindsay", for it is "not so dogmatically set forth" and is mere man-to-man talk.

I have seen most of your suggestions swallowed whole by moving-picture makers . . . Your hieroglyphics idea—well, James Oppenheim was an accomplice in that. "On Coming Forth by Day" or your suggestion to use the Book of the Dead—a Chicago woman, the patient, too-patient, beautifully reverent Lou Wall Moore has been working for years on an adaptation of one of the books which, when it does appear on the stage, will have more rhythm and terrible swiftness than ever your moving picture could, the splendor of color, space, height, distance, and most magical of all, the voice:

Priest: Men pass away since the time of Ra
And the youths come in their stead.
As Ra reappears every morning
And Tum sets in the west,
Men are begetting and women conceiving;
Each nostril inhales once the breeze of the dawn;
But all born of women go down to their places.

As for your "too ruthless a theory" of having silence in the theatre, or rather just the hum of conversation, let me tell you of the "midnight-movies" in our town: Can you imagine a crowd of people standing in line outside a theatre at one or a quarter after in the morning? And inside an audience—or optience?!—which for interest and variety can equal any of the moving-pictures shown or yet to be shown. I wish you could hear the ludicrous, cutting, knowing remarks made by these people about your pictures, when, after twelve-thirty the piano stops, and the oppressive

silence outweighs the interest of the picture. (The piano formerly stopped at eleven, but the management decided that the only way to maintain order was to keep the piano going.) Well, the silence never lasts: snoring, wheezing, roaring, shouting and laughing and calls for "Silence", "Wake up, the rest of us wanna sleep", "You're off key", or "What time shall I call, sir?" These people are here: business men; newsboys, hobos, drunks, who sleep here all night; salesmen; night clerks; telegraphers; bell-boys; hotel and restaurant maids; scrub-women; actors; vaudevillains; cabaret singers; pressmen; newspapermen; chauffeurs, teamsters; traveling men; gentlemen of leisure; painted youths and scented women. They "get" the psychology of the pictures. Helen's hazards call forth telegraph tappings to each other; close-ups showing jealousy, rage, or overdone emotion get "woof-woofs" and howls and hoots; the murder prevented "just in time" gets its sarcasms; and "immoral situations" their due appreciation. But—this, which seemed on the way to become our most individual phase of night-life, is passing. The jolly manager, who passed up and down the aisle like a hen among her brood, keeping us awake until one o'clock, has been replaced by a uniformed policeman; the council has legislated women out after two o'clock; and a "ride in the wagon" or ejection faces the one who would "get gay". Now, as a place of interest, it is passing in this day of short-lived gayety and censored originality. The Law, Lindsay, will not allow your plan to work. In the neighborhoods?—the audiences themselves do not know why they are there. Why disturb them?

Your educational film also I have seen applied. *Saved From the Flames* worked out in co-operation with the New York Fire department. It teaches a lesson. So does *The Human Cauldron*—your own phrase, I believe, taken from the first line of page forty-two, your book. This picture was done with the aid of the New York Police department. Both were stupid, inane in story and treatment, and on the whole a bore. Even Walthall couldn't save *The Raven* from cardboard clouds and angels and "visions".

Your scenario, the "second cousin to the dream that will one day come forth", seems quite symbolic of your prophecies. Pallas Athena, Jeanne D'Arc, and Our Lady Springfield; a treeless hill top in Washington Park: this then is the rank of the Goddesses. Springfield is to have secular priests and her patriots are irresolute! "Without prophecy there can be no fulfillment. Without Isaiah there can be no Christ".—A truly Christian interpretation of the Hebrew's great Isaiah, to whom Christ was but a desciple! But so you will have it . . . We need Isaiahs and John the Baptists, but they were prophets and fore-runners of a Christ, a personality—not a Utopia, World State or International Brotherhood. If you appear before us as an Isaiah we demand to hear of your Christ.

You recognize the demand of Confucius for rectification of names. Do you realize Nietzsche's transvaluations for our day? Faith as opposed to affirmation! Zarathustra has spoken! There is now the mountain peak—and you are still rhyming about a hill top.

Announcements

"The Weavers"

GERHARDT HAUPTMANN'S *Weavers* is coming to Chicago! It begins a limited engagement at the Princess Theatre Sunday night, April 2. If you don't go—well, we will pray for you.

It is to be the same production with which Emanuel Reicher stirred New York this winter. Mr. Reicher is no longer with the company, having finally given up the struggle of trying to make a financial success of art and truth. His stage director, Augustin Duncan, who is a man of vision and ability, has formed the actors into a co-operative company, and they have been struggling through various cities where their efforts have been intensely though not largely appreciated. This is to be expected; but surely in Chicago they ought to find an audience.

P. S.—Since I wrote the above *The Weavers* has opened, and I have heard how the first-night audience laughed where it should have applauded and guffawed when it should have recognized something fine.

Margaret Sanger in Chicago

THERE is an announcement on the cover page of two of Margaret Sanger's lectures in Chicago, and others may be arranged after she gets here. We have got into the habit of looking upon birth control as a thing in which everybody believes, and which almost everybody practices whether they believe in it or not. It seems quite superfluous to keep on talking about it. But then you remember that Emma Goldman has been arrested for talking about it, and that when her trial comes up—some time this month or in May—it is quite within the possibilities that she may spend a year in prison for her crime. That is something none of us could face without a kind of insanity. So please don't be content with merely

abusing the government: send your protests to the District Attorney and it may help a great deal.

Any one who wishes to arrange for further lectures by Mrs. Sanger may write to Fania Mindell, care THE LITTLE REVIEW.

The Rupert Brooke Memorial

IT has been decided to set up in Rugby Chapel, Engand, a memorial of Rupert Brooke in the form of a portrait-medallion in marble. The medallion will be the work of Professor J. Havard Thomas, and is to be based on the portrait by Schell. Contributions not exceeding five dollars may be sent to Maurice Browne, Chicago Treasurer, Rupert Brooke Memorial Fund, 434 Fine Arts Building, Michigan Avenue, and will be sent to England without deduction. Money left over after the completion of the medallion will be given to the Royal Literary Fund." Mr. Browne adds that the nickels and dimes of those who wish to make their offering, but cannot afford the larger sum, will be welcomed in the spirit of their giving; also that he believes there are many admirers of Rupert Brooke and his work in Chicago who will welcome the opportunity to pay in some measure their debt to the poet, particularly remembering that this city stimulated and interested him more than any other in America.

Jerome Blum's New Work

BEGINNING April 15 Mr. Blum will have a two-weeks' exhibit of paintings done on a recent trip through China and Japan, at O'Brien's Art Galleries, 334 South Michigan Avenue. At the same time Mrs. Blum will exhibit some Chinese and Japanese figures—and there is one especially that we prophesy will be talked of. It is of a weary-eyed Chinese philosopher, the art of which has been put into words by a painter: "He has seen everything, so he doesn't look any more; he has done everything—so he folds his hands."

The Vers Libre Prize Contest

TWO of the judges for our contest have been chosen. They will be Helen Hoyt and Zöe Aikens. The third will be announced in the next issue, and the contest will be continued until August 15, as it seems wiser not to close it before it has been fully heralded. All details will be found on page 40.

"A Lost Tune"

BETWEEN April 25 and May 7 Mr. Stanislaw Saukalski will give our soft teeth a chance to crack a hard nut at the Art Institute. The "Lost Tune" will lead the flaming lava of this young volcano. Will the readers of THE LITTLE REVIEW send in their impressions of this sculptor's work? We may print some of them.—
L. de B.

When You Buy Books—

WON'T readers remember to order their books through the Gotham Book Society? You can get any book you want from them, whether it is listed in their advertisement or not, and THE LITTLE REVIEW makes a percentage on the sales. Our margin of profit per book is small, but it all helps very much and the continuation of the magazine depends upon just such co-operation. We have two thousand subscribers. If each one of them would order one dollar's worth of books a month we should make about two hundred dollars out of it,—which would pay for two issues of the magazine and enable us to eat regularly besides. Will you please remember?

The Russian Literature Group

ALEXANDER KAUN'S next lecture on Russian Literature will be on Dostoévsky, and will be given April 16, at 8:30 P. M., in 612 Fine Arts Building. Mr. Kaun is becoming more interesting with each lecture—by which I mean that he is revealing more of Kaun the artist, and less of Kaun the professor.

Independent Society of Artists

THE first international exhibition of this new organization will be held on April 4 in the Ohio Building, Wabash Avenue and Congress Street, from three to seven P. M.

"Because of the War"—

PAPER is going up. We can't help looking ugly this month.

The Beautiful and the Terrible. Which is which will never be put into words. But I am free to tell myself; and let me but preserve the senses—my eyes, my ears, my touch, and all shall be well—all shall seem far more beautiful than terrible—*Gordon Craig*.

Only fanaticism is possible for phlegmatic natures.—*Nietzsche*.

Flamingo Dreams

LUPO DE BRAILA

A BURST of passion in a pagan god's eye was the sunrise as I saw it from the top of Mount Rose one morning last summer. Trembling and with squinting eyes I looked at the grand spectacle, fearing to go blind if I opened my eyes.

The sun stretched its arms and with flaming fingers lifted the bluish-grey blanket from the Nevada hills and the Truckee Valley. Feeling that the beauty of this moment could not be surpassed, I turned my face toward California and ran down the western side of Mount Rose.

One day last week when the massive shoulders of Jerome Blum stepped in between me and a canvas that had transformed his studio into a strange land for me, I wanted to hold his hands for fear the next canvas would take the joy produced by the one in front of me. He came back from an eight-months' trip through Japan and China recently, and he brought with him over twenty paintings with pulsating nature and unrestrained joy in every one of them. The rhythmic lines dance through the curling roofs and weird trees—and all of them are bathed in sunshine. At the same time they are a close study of this strange land, its people and their habits, by a forceful and unusual artist—a man who says “yes” to nature in no uncertain terms. His bold colors are handled in a most sensitive manner, and when I wanted to place him among the Chicago artists I found that he belongs to an entirely different class and could not even be compared to some of the vacillating and doubtful men who paint in this town.

He has a portrait of a Chinese girl in a green gown, and some scenes along a canal and in a Chinese garden, that have tempted my usually honest mind to some queer contemplations. I have found myself wandering to the windows and other unusual entrances to his studio, figuring out how one might find access to that place without a key and at a certain dark hour. I have only one hope left now of owning one in a figurative way, and it is that the trustees of the Art Institute may see the light and . . .

I hope Jerome Blum will not be compelled, like some of the best men this country has produced, to go to other shores to gain the recognition due a man of his ability. A few weeks ago I saw one of the older trustees spend considerable time before a canvas by a Boston painter that lacked all that goes to make a work of art,—a canvas on which the artist, with the aid of a pointed stick, had tried to prod his dead and

colorless paint into some kind of motion. In spite of this I still believe that they will rise to the high intellectual and artistic understanding that they are supposed to possess, but which they have failed to display up to the present, as far as modern art is concerned.

It is impossible for me to describe any of Blum's canvases except to say that they tear you away from the dirty grey and ill-smelling Chicago, to a country you have seen in your dreams as a child. We will have a chance to see this artist's work, beginning April fifteenth, at O'Brien's, on Michigan Boulevard.

Lucille Swan Blum will exhibit at the same time and place some very graceful Japanese dancers, Chinese children, Korean, Chinese, and Japanese mothers with their babies and other far-eastern types. Best of all is a Chinese philosopher, reduced almost to design to emphasize the idea of the age and wisdom of this people—folded hands, an emotionless face, all seeing eyes. . . .

In the end one experienceth nothing but himself.—*Nietzsche*.

New York Letter

(A scattering of words anent Washington Square, "Henry VIII", Yvette Guilbert, "The Merry Wives of Windsor", and sundry other things and people, as far as space and time allow.)

ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

FROM my garret window I look out on Washington Square. Snow and ice still lie there, and the trees are black and mean.

On the first page of his new book, *Moby Lane and Thereabouts*", Neil Lyons says: "Spring has many ushers, and is heralded by divers signs. Some people look for these signs among the hedgerows; others seek them in the sky, or listen for them in the night, whilst other people neither look or listen, but go smelling about, or stand upon hill-tops, tasting." My sign shall be, I think, the grimy trees of the Square. And sometimes as I sit here looking out on the icy barrenness I wonder if, when Spring's breath does touch the earth, whether flowers will come up—flowers that I long to see: crocuses, anemones, daffodils. It's all very well to see them in shop windows, but God! to see them come up out of the earth and unfold! But I fear our Square is too sophisticated. I know a man will come—a common tobacco-chewing man with a stunted soul who belongs to a Union and gets paid so much coin by the hour—and he will arrange squares, and oblongs, and diamond shaped plots of earth. Then will he proceed laboriously and without joy to stick tulips or some other straight official flower into these geometrical, soulless patterns. And throughout the year in the Square, nature will be kept in bounds and orders.

"Henry VIII"

It seems scarcely possible that Sir Herbert Tree would have the calm artistic audacity to come to this country and present his production of "Henry VIII" in the moth-eaten scenery and costumes that were used in the London production in the year 1910. Yet he did, and oh! the wearisome drab antiquity of it all! But the "People" liked it and gave the benighted actor-manager "one of the greatest premieres that New York has witnessed these many years".

Mention is made in the programme of "the inspiring aerchiological advice" of Percy Macquoid, R. I. The advice may have been quite inspiring. I do not doubt it. But the results of that advice! That medley of costumes! Those photo scenes of Windsor Castle and Blackfriars Hall and

Westminster Abbey! They were bad when first conceived and painted, and five years in a London storeroom has not improved them to any degree compatible with their presentation to an audience that has looked upon the work of Baskt, Urban, Jones, Sime, and Rothenstein.

And what can be said of the lighting? There was one comic spotlight that followed Sir Herbert (or ought I to say Wolsey? I hardly know; they were never quite distinct) around the stage like a little motherless puppy. Sometimes it went before, sometimes it frisked after, on the tail of his magnificent scarlet gown. It had a grand time! But it never seemed to be doing the thing it ought to be doing.

But let me not bore you as these things bored me. Pass we now to the acting. In London the honors of the play were carried off by Arthur Bouchier as Henry, and his wife, Violet Vanburgh, as Katherine. A repetition was performed here. Lyn Harding as Henry, and Edith Wynne Matheson as Katherine, carried every one before them. And Tree? Well, he had his moments. There was his superb entrance with the look he flashed at Buckingham: fine too was the acting in the scene of his downfall. Between these two highlights such ordinary acting has seldom been seen in a man of Tree's reputation. In a cold classic way Miss Matheson was splendid. I liked her much, and but for her some of the scenes in the play would have been colourless. There was the usual mob of supers who got caught in doorways and tripped over furniture, but on the whole they behaved as well as an ordinary stage manager can make such people behave.

Yvette Guilbert

Five years ago I saw Yvette Guilbert in London. I loved her all. Her red hair; the skinny arms of her, clothed in long black gloves; and her Gallic body with the low-necked white crinoline that gowned it. And how she sang!! And her acting! For five years I have carried the memory of her around with me, matching other people up with her but never finding her equal. On Sunday, March nineteenth, I saw her again. The black gloves and the white crinoline were gone, and she had grown a little stouter. The red hair was there, and the smile. Her voice had changed a bit and her personality had mellowed. She sang songs that were grave and moving, like Fiona Macleod's *Prayer of Women*, and others that were gay and jocular, like *The Curé Servant*. But whatever she sang—and I didn't know a word of what she sang—carried me away completely. Not a mood did I miss—not a suggestion of a mood. Perfect is her art. She has my adoration.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor"

The latest addition to the Shakespeare Festival that is being thrust upon the apathetic people of this place is the Hackett-Allen production of

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Three things can be said without any further comment. Joseph Urban did the stage settings. Richard Ordynski directed the production. Willy Pogany designed the costumes. Gordon Craig says somewhere that any medium is easier to work in than human beings. After seeing the work expended on *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by three geniuses, and watching the actors in that play, we understand completely.

Soulless New York

Witter Bynner, grown somber and blase,—the effect of living in soulless New York, he says—has become a sort of Greek Chorus to me. In various strophes with divers variations, in sundry public and private places, he chants the dismal fact that New York is soulless and that there is a danger of it robbing me of my joy in life. Not while its streets remain as they are will I lose the joy I possess! I cannot remember any city that I have been in where my sense of the comic has been tickled so often by happenings in the streets. So many comedies are enacted by the curbstone, so many quaintly funny things happen every hour on the streets, that it would be impossible for me to forget how jolly life really is. Of course I see tragedies too, but they seem to be there only for the purpose of balance!

For some time to come I'll Dalcroze down the avenues and numerical by-ways of this "soulless" city. And my smile will always be handy; and my whistle wet, ready to pipe *Gathering Peascods* or *The Parson's Farewell* or anything merry and bright to dance to.

To save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible. It is not drama they play, but pieces for the theatre. We should return to the Greeks, play in the open air; the drama dies of stalls and boxes and evening dress, and people who come to digest their dinner.—*Elenora Duse*.

The Theatre

"Overtones"

Alice Gertsenberg, who dramatized *Alice in Wonderland*, wrote *Overtones*, evidently as an experiment, and had it produced in New York. Now it is crowding vaudeville houses. As an experiment only is it important. Cyril Harcourt intends collaborating with Miss Gertsenberg to produce a three-act play on the same lines: characters being followed by their "real selves", veiled, with voices confused. A Shaw play might be done this way—it is a method effective for moralizing and bringing home a point. But why would Darling Dora need an overtone or an undertone; or Blanco Posnet or Fanny's Father? If there is any reason for the dramatic presentation of characters at all it is the drama of themselves—their actions and their thoughts as opposed to those of others . . . Imagine Rebecca West being followed through three acts by a "real self"; or Ulric Brendel—" . . . I am homesick for the mighty nothingness".

"The New Manner"

(Vague Questionings)

It evidently means—this phrase—"that which is *accepted* as new" . . . There are signs of our dangerously settling down to flat brilliant backgrounds, spots of vivid color, and much *mention* of "important as decoration". It seems an unhealthy acquiescence . . . "Is desire a thing of nothing, that a five-years' quest can make a parody of it? Your whole life is not too long, and then only at the very end will some small atom of what you have desired come to you."—Gordon Craig in his *Art of the Theatre*. It looks as if we are due for a period of the old, old, three-walled room with the new, new, "new" color . . . I don't believe we will find the future in Michael Carr's butterfly proscenium and moving-picture screen shadows; but, surely, it is not *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, or *Androcles and the Lion*, although Barker's *Midsummer Night's Dream* costumes are the most far-reaching originalities yet seen. Nor will it be like *A Pair of Silk Stockings*, *The Sabine Women*, *Overtones*, *The Charity that Began at Home*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, nor Urban and his present enormous New York output of "designs" and "folies". Our only light seems to come from Gordon Craig's work in Florence. "In his work is the incalculable element; the element that comes of itself and cannot be coaxed into coming". Or from Sam Hume's enthu-

Craig

siasm over the "Dome"; Reinhardt, of course, has almost acquired his permanent "angle of repose"—the newness of the American stage being, in fact, the Reinhardt of yesterday. If I had my way, I'd destroy all books about the theatre excepting those of Gordon Craig, for inspiration, or those of Arthur Symons for appreciation . . . Then, perhaps, we should begin to understand the Theatre.

Bernhardt on Reinhardt

Sarah Bernhardt has been playing a patriotic play, *Les Cathedrales*, in London. "It is such a great play I intend taking it into the provinces and then back to London again", she says. We have said it is a patriotic play; nothing more need be said. Bernhardt plays one of the seven cathedrals, *Strasburg*. In the interview, quoted above, given to the London magazine, *Drawing*, Bernhardt has also this to say: "And now, it seems to me that artists in the Allied Countries, and also authors, painters, composers, and all those concerned in the theatre have to bind themselves into a league for removing all traces of German nature and influence from our plays and theatres . . . Now the German showman Reinhardt flooded Paris and London with the Berliner deluge of the spectacular. He claims artistic superiority on the grounds of having introduced several novel trivialities. But to trace the real curve of truth I must say that he did nothing of the kind. He merely revived, in *Sumurun* and *Oedipus Rex*, certain outworn conventions which existed before his time! But he has not the honesty to acknowledge it." Later she does say something worth thinking over: "What he has done is to use Eastern methods for Western ideas when he should have used Eastern ideas for Western methods." Plagiarism is an irrelevant charge to bring against an artist, but acknowledging an artistic right to adaptation means expansion and, despite nationalism, a universal one-ness.

Book Discussion

"And Lesser Things"

"— and Other Poets", by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Very, very clever. The ultimate emptiness of cleverness. These parodies are "not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition",—the poet expects them to approach this "elevated and illuminating" standard; but they never reach satire, which is really the thing that is covered by the above quotation from Isaac Disraeli.

Untermeyer's verse, including *Challenge* and that so quantitatively

published in the magazines,—still speaking comparatively,—has the same relation to poetry as Urban's scenery for *The Follies* has to his Boston Opera settings; or of all of Urban's work to that of the numerous German poster school of five or eight years ago. Untermeyer is lenient in parodying poets of his own ilk—but it is easy to determine which of those he does not respect by his obvious, spiteful absurdities.

For years now newspaper paragraphers, "poets", and editors have been saying such things as "It is time we are getting ourselves talked about" when mentioning Ezra Pound. Untermeyer stoops to it; he is still the "once born" when being "critical" about Amy Lowell: "A blue herring sings". What he is really parodying here is his colleague Walt Mason's prose-printed jingles which are syndicated throughout newspaperdom; he is not giving a "critical exposition" of polyphonic prose. It will need a keener critic or poet than he to do it—or to produce a parody or satire whose art equals that of the thing satired—Masters's things for example. By ambling through thirty-seven lines Untermeyer imagines that he is being master of the situation as regards Masters. And the last line of the parody on James Oppenheim might very well have been written by Untermeyer himself as one of his own: "Clad in the dazzling splendor of my awakened self" . . . No matter what may have been your attitude toward the poets parodied these things leave your feelings unchanged—except that he makes more definite your attitude towards him.

Impartial and Otherwise

The Making of Germany, by Ferdinand Schevill. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Great Russia, by Charles Sarolea. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution, by Thorstein Veblen. New York: Macmillan.

These books are not war-literature—a compliment not often deserved in these days of ink-war demoralization. The lay, unbiased reader, who is inclined to learn facts rather than to find interpretations substantiating his prejudices, will enjoy the three books as a rare treat. They are very much unlike. Mr. Schevill is a historian par excellence, and lends a broad perspective to the related facts. He also lends a rich romantic flavor to his narrative, an emotional undercurrent—so unfrequent a feature with academic writers. His point of view may not be universally acceptable; even in history there are events and phenomena which belong to the autonomous region of taste and opinion. The scene of the triumphant Prussians solemnizing their victory in Versailles, for example, may arouse differing emotions and reflections. Mr. Schevill bows in reverence before the three

heroic figures of Emperor William ("not unlike the legendary Barbarossa"), Bismarck, and Moltke. We may likewise not share his enthusiasm for the German idea of State, as superior to Anglo-Saxon individualism. But we cannot help admiring the general brilliancy of the treatment of the gigantic subject, and if we are capable of getting instructed, our reading of the book will amply reward us.

M. Sarolea is a Belgian, hence pro-Ally and anti-German, hence unreservedly Russophil, hence not wholly impartial. It is a poor service to Russia, the unqualified praise of all her institutions and traits on the part of her friends. Exaggerated eulogy is apt to arouse suspicion. If M. Sarolea had interchanged his Mercurian sprightliness for Professor Veblen's solidity, both would have gained considerably. Mr. Veblen takes us as far back as the pre-historic Baltic tribes in order to prove his point of the peculiar aptitude of the Prussians for borrowing. He certainly succeeds in his attempt, but at the expense of the reader's patience and eye-sight which is subjected to the perusal of endless pages of miniature type. His scientific style is surcharged with profound sarcasm, and if you are fond of delicate subtleties the book will afford you "great sport." Schevill, historian; Sarolea, publicist; Veblen, economist—the common feature of the three, particularly of the first and of the last, is respect for the reader who is treated with facts and not with phantoms for the sake of argument.

K.

The Reader Critic

"SPIRITUAL ADVENTURES"

Anonymous:

At your suggestion I have begun to read Arthur Symons's "Spiritual Adventures." "Christian Trevelga" strikes me, as you predicted, most strongly so far. Symons is one of the subtlest of minds; everything he writes is worth reading. This is of his best certainly. What is one to make of him? I don't know. I don't know whether his kind of subtlety is of any earthly value, or whether it is as valuable as Shelley's. I can never give up faith in the human race quite as completely as he does, nor adopt his attitude of autocratic detachment; yet I never seem to have any real faith, either.—*Vae victis!*

He is removed from all sense of human values, and lost, always, in abstract patterns. This particular story is an extraordinary expression of him—of the prizes and peril of such a state. Oh, hell! what an insult is put upon us when we are invited to live, and to make such a choice.

Perhaps one makes it: then he is not happy until he has lost himself in an art that is "something more than an audible dramatization of human life." Perhaps he is right. But—

But—but—

Sometimes I *know* that for the greatest artist there would be no chasm between what the heart desires and what the mind constructs. Tell me how to do that in

poetry and I'll give you a dollar. Perhaps it can be done in music—I don't know. But in poetry the human heart and the mathematical soul are always fighting—and so far as I know they have not yet come to an agreement—not in English poetry, at least. The artist and the human being never get to be bedfellows. It's either sickening humanitarianism or stark designing—the second is the less painful.

Well!—I loathe the world, including Symons and all the arts.

Ezra Pound, London:

Thanks for the January-February issue. Your magazine seems to be looking up. A touch of light in Dawson and Seiffert—though THE LITTLE REVIEW seems to me rather scrappy and unselective. I thought you started out to prove Ficke's belief that the sonnet is "Gawd's own city." However, he seems to have abandoned that church. I still don't know whether you send me the magazine in order to encourage me in believing that my camp stool by Helicon is to be left free from tacks, or whether the paper is sent to convert me from error.

I am glad to see in it some mention of Eliot, who is really of interest.

The Egoist is about to publish Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" in volume form (since no grab-the-cash firm will take it) and do Lewis's "Tarr" as a serial. I think you will be interested in the two novels, and I hope you will draw attention to them, and to the sporting endeavor of *The Egoist* to do in this dark isle what the *Mercure* has so long done in France, i. e., publish books as well as a magazine.

Incidentally, Chicago should not depend on New York for its books.

Anonymous: Will you ask that Lollipop Vender man, in the March issue, what happened to his little dirigible? He was sailing along dropping bombs, hitting the mark every time, when something seemed to happen and he came limply wobbling down to—nothing.

I hope the last half of that article was not meant to be satire or wit or anything like that. He speaks with too much authority to have much sense of humor, and—ye gods!—the situation is far too desperate for wit—of that kind. Now there's Bartlett—read what he says of Bartlett! Haven't we answered all attacks for years with "There's Bartlett"? It was only intuition and self-preservation on our part at first, perhaps—but now hasn't Bartlett proved that he is a "real artist"? He is off to New York to live.

How he does wobble when he comes to his list of "able and honest".

Poor Parker! that he should have to go into the list of best men, too—that list! The man *can* paint—technic seems to be only a superstition now but it once had a place in Art. Parker has that at least. Wendt, Buehr, Ravlin, and Davis should be rescued from the "able and honest" before your critic collapses completely in referring to Clarkson and Oliver Dennet Grover as some of "their best men." Ask him anyway—what happened?

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

Why did not Sherwood Anderson write up "Vibrant Life" clean and true? Why did he not have the courage to paint every one of those emotions in clear color—to outline every one of those actions in the beauty of naturalness? Why does he artificialize everything? Is he afraid of the crouching tigers of conventional morality?

Why should not vibrant life assert itself after its kind, even in the presence of death? What desecration was there in this man and woman coming together in such presence, drawn by the invincible magnetism of sex? What of falsity to life was there in the lawyer's giving and answering the call of life as to this woman, even though he had a wife whom he loved?

Why conjure up an atmosphere of guilt that neither man nor woman felt? Why suggest such hair-bristling horror as to the accidental overturning of a dead man's body, any more than over the accidental upsetting of a vase, or a statue, in the course of a dance? Why such strained effort to make that specialized expression

of vibrant life which is the very pivotal centre of all life appear as the degradation of degradation, degrading everything else, even death?

Will you answer that there is an eternal and universal sense of the fitness of things with which every soul may be lightened that cometh into the world? Shall I not reply to you that this is a lie against life—that life is sacrificed every day to this lie? Shall I not say to you that vibrant life must not allow itself to be sacrificed to such lies—that vibrant life must create anew continually a sense of the fitness of things for itself and for its every new expression—that it must do this with authority, shaking itself bravely free from the clutch of the dead hand, whether as to traditions, standards, customs, morals, ideals or love even? Shall I not say to you that Life must assert its right to Live? Shall we not organize life on such basis?

REVIEWING "THE LITTLE REVIEW"

Virginia York in "The Richmond Evening Journal":

As we said a couple of months ago, THE LITTLE REVIEW, published in windy Chicago, is claimed by its editors and readers to be the very, very last word in prose and poetry. Also, it is the organ, the mouth organ, perhaps, of that unsustained tune known as "vers libre." In a criticism of some of the Review's lurid, foolish contents we poked a good deal of fun at the publication in general and one piece of loose, or free, verse in particular. This gem, entitled, "Cafe Sketches," by Arthur Davison Ficke, said, in part:

Presently persons will come out
And shake legs.
I do not want legs shaken.
I want immortal souls shaken unreasonably.
I want to see dawn spilled across the blackness
Like a scrambled egg on a skillet;
I want miracles, wonders.
Tidings out of deeps I do not know, . . .
But I have a horrible suspicion
That neither you
Nor your esteemed consort
Nor I myself
Can ever provide these simple things
For which I am so patiently waiting
Base people.
How I dislike you!

As we said a couple of months ago, "Maybe you think this is funny, but certainly it is not intended to be. Seriousness, thick, black, dense seriousness is the keynote of THE LITTLE REVIEW." However, the current issue of said magazine carries our editorial remarks in full, and with our hand on our heart we make a deep courtesy for the honor conferred upon us. Though we distinctly deplore the fact that absolutely no comment is made upon our criticism of THE LITTLE REVIEW and Mr. Ficke's remarkable "pome." It is as if we were taken by the editorial legs and shaken. And we do not want legs shaken. We are a lady. We would far rather have our immortal editorial soul shaken unreasonably and spilled across the literary blackness and blankness "like a scrambled egg on the skillet." Yet, we have a horrible idea "that neither you," nor our esteemed contemporary, "nor I myself," know what it is all about; but we do wish that Margaret Anderson and the other editors of "Le Revue Petite" had made a few caustic remarks on our feeble attempts to be funny. "Base people! How I dislike you!"

But to show that we can be generous and heap coals of fire upon the heads of our enemies, we propose to reproduce two short, sweet poems from this month's (beg pardon, the January-February issue, lately out, "on account of having no funds during January," as the Review editors admit) issue of THE LITTLE REVIEW. The first selection on our program, ladies and gentlemen, is by Harriet Dean and is called, "The Pillar," though much more effectively it might have been headed "The Pillow" or "The Hitching-Post." Here goes:

When your house grows too close for you,
 When the ceilings lower themselves, crushing you,
 There on the porch I shall wait,
 Outside your house.
 You shall lean against my straightness,
 And let night surge over you.

Now if it were only a nice slim lamp-post of a man giving such an invitation we should pray that the ceilings would descend, and should hasten to the porch—strangely enough on the outside of the house—and we should love to lean, and lean, and lean, surge what may.

The second, an "Asperity," by Mitchell Dawson, is labeled "Teresa," and madly singeth as follows:

"Do you remember Antonio—
 Swift-winged, green in the sun?
 Into the snap-dragon throat of desire
 Flew Antonio.
 Snap! . . .
 The skeleton of Antonio has made
 A good husband, a good provider."

La, la, la! At first we thought "Antonio" was a green dragon fly, but, finally, by exercising a bit of common sense, we know that Tony is a locust and left his "skeleton," or "shell," behind; and that Mrs. Tony must have subsisted on the "leavings."

Oh, this nut sundae, chocolate fudge, marshmallow whip vers libre poetry! Isn't it just too lovely? Snap! "Into the snap-dragon throat of desire, Flew Antonio." Honestly now, Tony, don't you wish the lady had kept her mouth shut?

We should like to comment upon these remarks, but surely they are too good to spoil.

A Boy, Chicago:

I am a boy sixteen years old, and one could not expect me to know much about poetry—especially free verse. But I have heard of your magazine as a magazine that was ready to print what all kinds of people thought. So I have written a little verse—it is not a poem—telling you something about what is going on inside my mind, for these matters trouble every boy's mind, although you may think that we are light-minded at my age.

BLINDNESS

I suppose I must be blind.
 People say continually that the world is a wicked place;
 I hear them talking about it all the time.
 They say our city streets reek
 With sin and sorrow
 And all manner of misery and filth,
 And yet I do not see any of it.
 I go up and down these streets every day
 And I see that they are ugly and that many people
 Are deformed and sick and hungry;
 But I close my eyes to it.
 I suppose somebody will call me cowardly, but what shall I do?
 I have no money to give the poor, and perhaps
 That is not getting at their real trouble anyway.
 I cannot heal the sick and deformed.
 I cannot make the streets cleaner.
 So I just think of other things.
 Of my books at home, or the tennis courts in the park,
 Or my pretty sister or anything.
 There is nothing wrong in my own world.
 I am happy. I like my school well enough.
 I have my boy friends, and they are healthy athletic boys.

All the girls I know are good girls,
With charming and high minds.
And yet it is true that many boys lie and steal,
And girls run away and are dragged into lives of shame.
Why do I not see it? Why do I not do anything?
Why am I so helpless, if I have any duty to others?

FROM "THE INTERSTATE MEDICAL JOURNAL"

A case in point showing how little has been achieved by our medical men who have gone among the people, torch in hand, to lead them to the Promised Land of happiness and content and physical and mental health has been well illustrated in a poem, recently published in *THE LITTLE REVIEW* (Chicago), wherein the authoress, Mary Aldis, unwittingly indicts the whole medical profession for still allowing the sale of a patent medicine to reduce obesity. The strange title of the poem in homely and unadorned "free verse" is "Ellie: The Tragic Tale of An Obese Girl."

Mrs. Aldis—thus runs the poem—had a manicurist who was "a great big lum-mox of a girl—a continent," with "silly bulging cheeks and puffy forehead," and who one day said to the poetess, weeping and distraught: "I'm so fat, so awful, awful fat! The boys won't look at me." She asked Mrs. Aldis for help and Mrs. Aldis suggested, "A doctor's vague advice to bant and exercise," and "Ellie and her woes passed from my mind. Until, as summer dawned again, I heard that she was dead." Mrs. Aldis went to the funeral and saw Ellie lying in her coffin and was told by Ellie's mother, "She must a made it [the dress] by herself, It's queer it fitted perfectly, An' her all thin like that." Later in the evening Mrs. Aldis received the following confidences from Ellie's mother: "'Twas the stuff she took that did it, I never knew till after she was dead, The bottles in the woodshed, hundreds of 'em, All labelled 'Caldwell's Great Obesity Cure Warranted Safe and Rapid.'"

To sermonize here, we have Mrs. Aldis, who we know to be a highly intelligent woman and one not only interested in the uplift of the drama but also in the uplift of the common (?) people, merely saying to a girl, who is wretchedly unhappy about her elephantine size: All that I can give you is a doctor's vague advice to bant and exercise. She might have given her Vance Thompson's epoch-making book "Eat and Grow Thin," or read chapters from it to the unhappy girl, thereby convincing her that starvation is unnecessary and also a patent medicine. But with a coldness that is most reprehensive, she gave "a doctor's vague advice to bant and exercise," and evidently Ellie would none of this. She might also have consulted the hundred and one doctors in Chicago or elsewhere who specialize in the reduction of fat, and who could have given her for "the continent" a diet chart or perhaps a pill to effect the desired change. But she did not think this necessary; she did not feel it her duty. But if we have only adverse criticism for Mrs. Aldis' uncharitable act, what direful words of commination should we not visit on the doctor who gave the "vague advice." In an age when the cult of slimness is uppermost in everybody's mind, is it possible that the doctor consulted by Mrs. Aldis was so untrue to his mission as a public benefactor that he gave only "vague advice," or is Mrs. Aldis maligning the whole medical profession and trying to show that by his "vague advice" the doctor was really responsible for Ellie's death by driving her into taking "the bottles in the woodshed, hundreds of 'em, All labelled 'Caldwell's Great Obesity Cure Warranted Safe and Rapid.'?"

The lesson contained in the poetic lines of Mrs. Aldis' little tragedy is a bitter one for all those medical men who have made strenuous efforts to let the public share their deep and vast knowledge without so much as asking for the slightest compensation. It shows beyond a doubt that not only are the Ellies of this world unwilling to imbibe science in a popular form, but also the Aldises of a much higher intelligence. It shows that the lure of patent medicine is a very strong one and that a doctor's "vague advice" cannot offset it. Strange, indeed, that a doctor's "vague advice" should be so inconsequential opposite so patently fraudulent a preparation as "Caldwell's Great Obesity Cure," but stranger still is what we are about to record—namely, the failure of our medical propagandists to combat in an intelligent way that most simple of all our metabolic disturbances—obesity!

A Vers Libre Prize Contest

THROUGH the generosity of a friend, THE LITTLE REVIEW is enabled to offer an unusual prize for poetry—possibly the first prize extended to free verse. The giver is “interested in all experiments, and has followed the poetry published in THE LITTLE REVIEW with keen appreciation and a growing admiration for the poetic form known as *vers libre*.”

The conditions are as follows:

Contributions must be received by August 15th.

They must not be longer than twenty-five lines.

They must be sent anonymously with stamps for return.

The name and address of the author must be fixed to the manuscript in a sealed envelope.

It should be borne in mind that free verse is wanted—verse having beauty of rhythm, not merely prose ‘separated’ into lines.

There will be three judges, the appointing of whom has been left to the editor of THE LITTLE REVIEW. (Their names will be given in the next issue, as we are hurrying this announcement to press without having had time to consult anyone.)

There will be two prizes of \$25 each. They are offered not as a first and second prize, but for “the two best short poems in free verse form.”

As there will probably be a large number of poems to read, we suggest that contributors adhere closely to the conditions of the contest.

THE EGOIST

An Individualist Review

In the APRIL NUMBER of THE EGOIST our new Serial Story:
"TARR," by MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS
opens with a long installment.

—:—

In the MAY NUMBER Miss DORA MARSDEN will resume her
Editorial Articles,

MR. EZRA POUND will start a series of translations of the
"DIALOGUES of FONTENELLE,"

and the first of a Series of

LETTERS of a 20th CENTURY ENGLISHWOMAN

will also appear. These Letters bear particularly upon the interests
and education of modern women.

—:—

MADAME CIOLKOWSKA will continue the "PARIS CHRONICLE"
and her new series of articles on "THE FRENCH
WORD IN MODERN PROSE."

Further prose contributors will include: H. S. WEAVER, RICHARD
Aldington (also poetry), A. W. G. RANDALL (studies in modern
German poetry), JOHN CURNOS, F. S. FLINT,
LEIGH HENRY (studies in contemporary
music), M. MONTAGU-NATHAN,
HUNTLY CARTER, MAR-
GARET STORM
JAMESON

and others.

THE EGOIST will also continue to publish regularly the work of *Young
English and American Poets*, and poems (in French)
by *Modern French Poets*.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price—Fifteen cents a number

Yearly subscription, One Dollar Sixty Cents

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W. C.

PIANO TRIUMPHANT



The artistic outgrowth
of forty-five years of
constant improvement—
a piano conceived to
better all that has
proven best in others.

GEO. P. BENT GRAND

Could you but compare it
with all others, artistically it
must be your choice. Each
day proves this more true.

Geo. P. Bent Grand, Style
"A"—a small Grand, built
for the home—your home.

GEO. P. BENT COMPANY

Manufacturers of Artistic Pianos
Retailers of Victrolas

214 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

BUY YOUR BOOKS HERE

If you wish to assist The Little Review without cost to yourself you may order books—any book—from the Gotham Book Society and The Little Review will be benefitted by the sales. By this method The Little Review hopes to help solve a sometimes perplexing business problem—whether the book you want is listed here or not the Gotham will supply your needs. Price the same, or in many instances much less, than were you to order direct from the publisher. All books are exactly as advertised. Send P. O. Money Order, check, draft or postage stamps. Order direct from the Gotham Book Society, 142 W. 23rd St., N. Y., Dept. K. Don't fail to mention Department K. Here are some suggestions of the books the Gotham Book Society is selling at publishers' prices. All prices cover postage charges.

POETRY AND DRAMA

SEVEN SHORT PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. Contains the following plays by the woman who holds one of the three places of most importance in the modern Celtic movement, and is chiefly responsible for the Irish theatrical development of recent years: "Spreading the News," "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Rialing of the Moon," "The Jackdaw," "The Workhouse Ward," "The Traveling Man," "The Gaol Gate," together with music for songs in the plays and explanatory notes. Send \$1.60.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE. By Anatole France. Translated by Curtis Hidden Page. Illustrated. Founded on the plot of an old but lost play mentioned by Rabelais. Sent 85c.

THE GARDENER. By Rabindranath Tagore. The famous collection of lyrics of love and life by the Nobel Prize man. Send \$1.35.

HOME OF MANY-COLORED GLASS. New Ed. of the Poems of Amy Lowell. Send \$1.35.

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY. By Edgar Lee Masters. Send \$1.35.

DREAMS AND DUST. A book of lyrics, ballads and other verse forms in which the major key is that of cheerfulness. Send \$1.28.

SOME IMAGIST POETS. An Anthology. The best recent work of Richard Aldington, "H. D.," John Gould, Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence and Amy Lowell. 83c, postpaid.

THE WAGES OF WAR. By J. Wiegand and Wilhelm Scharrelman. A play in three acts, dedicated to the Friends of Peace. Life in Russia during Russo-Japanese War. Translated by Amelia Von Ende. Send 95c.

THE DAWN (Les Aubees). A symbolic war play, by Emile Verhaeren, the poet of the Belgians. The author approaches life through the feelings and passions. Send \$1.10.

CHILD OF THE AMAZONS, and other Poems by Max Eastman. "Mr. Eastman has the gift of the singing line."—Vida D. Scudder. "A poet of beautiful form and feeling."—Wm. Marlon Reedy. Send \$1.10.

THE POET IN THE DESERT. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood. A series of rebel poems from the Great American Desert, dealing with Nature, Life and all phases of Revolutionary Thought. Octavo gray boards. Send \$1.10.

CHALLENGE. By Louis Untermeyer. "No other contemporary poet has more independently and imperiously voiced the dominant thought of the times."—Philadelphia North American. Send \$1.10.

ARROWS IN THE GALE. By Arturo Giovannitti, introduction by Helen Keller. This book contains the thrilling poem "The Cage." Send \$1.10.

SONGS FOR THE NEW AGE. By James Oppenheim. "A rousing volume, full of vehement protest and splendor." Beautifully bound. Send \$1.35.

AND PIPPA DANCES. By Gerhart Hauptmann. A mystical tale of the glassworks, in four acts. Translated by Mary Harned. Send 95c.

AGNES BERNAUER. By Frederick Hebbel. A tragedy in five acts. Life in Germany in 15th century. Translated by Louisa Pattie. Send 95c.

IN CHAINS ("Les Tenailles"). By Paul Hervieu. In three acts. A powerful arraignment of "Marriage a La Mode." Translated by Ysldor Askenasy. Send 95c.

SONGS OF LOVE AND REBELLION. Covington Hall's best and finest poems on Revolution, Love and Miscellaneous Visions. Send 56c.

RENAISSANCE. By Holger Drachman. A melodrama. Dealing with studio life in Venice, 16th century. Translated by Lee M. Hollander. Send 95c.

THE MADMAN DIVINE. By Jose Echegaray. Prose drama in four acts. Translated by Elizabeth Howard West. Send 95c.

TO THE STARS. By Leonid Andreyeff. Four acts. A glimpse of young Russia in the throes of the Revolution. Time: The Present. Translated by Dr. A. Goudiss. Send 95c.

PHANTASMS. By Roberto Bracco. A drama in four acts, translated by Dirce St. Cyr. Send 95c.

THE HIDDEN SPRING. By Roberto Bracco. A drama in four acts, translated by Dirce St. Cyr. Send 95c.

THE DRAMA LEAGUE SERIES. A series of modern plays, published for the Drama League of America. Attractively bound.

THE THIEF. By Henry Bernstein. (Just Out).

A FALSE SAINT. By Francois de Curel.

THE TRAIL OF THE TORCH. By Paul Hervieu.

MY LADY'S DRESS. By Edward Knoblauch.

A WOMAN'S WAY. By Thompson Buchanan.

THE APOSTLE. By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson.
Each of the above books 82c, postpaid.

DRAMATIC WORKS, VOLUME VI. By Gerhart Hauptmann. The sixth volume, containing three of Hauptmann's later plays. Send \$1.60.

THE DAWN (Les Aubes). A symbolic war play, by Emile Verhaeren, the poet of the Belgians. "The author approaches life through the feelings and passions. His dramas express the vitality and strenuousness of his people." Send \$1.10.

THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH. By Alfred A. Zimmern. Send \$3.00.

EURIPIDES: "Hippolytus," "Bacchae," Aristophanes' "Frogs." Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send \$1.75.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send 85c.

MEDEA. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send 85c.

ELECTRA. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Send 85c.

ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE. By Gilbert Murray. Send \$2.10.

EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE. By Gilbert Murray. Send 75c.

GENERAL

VAGRANT MEMORIES. By William Winter. Illustrated. The famous dramatic critic tells of his associations with the drama for two generations. Send \$3.25.

THE NEARING CASE. By Lightner Witmer. A complete account of the dismissal of Professor Nearing from the University of Pennsylvania, containing the indictment, the evidence, the arguments, the summing up and all the important papers in the case, with some indication of its importance to the question of free speech. 60c postpaid.

THE ART OF THE MOVING PICTURE. By Vachel Lindsay. Send \$1.60.

WRITING AND SELLING A PLAY. By Fanny Cannon. A practical book by a woman who is herself an actress, a playwright, a professional reader and critic of play manuscripts, and has also staged and directed plays. Send \$1.60.

GLIMPSES OF THE COSMOS. A Mental Autobiography. By Lester F. Ward. Vol. IV. The fourth in the series of eight volumes which will contain the collected essays of Dr. Ward. Send \$2.65.

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA is the cure for inefficiency. It is the handiest and cheapest form of modern collected knowledge, and should be in every classroom, every office, every home. Twelve volumes in box. Cloth. Send \$6.00. Three Other Styles of Binding. Mail your order today.

NIETZSCHE. By Dr. Georg Brandes, the discoverer of Nietzsche. Send \$1.25.

WAR AND CULTURE. By John Cowper Powys. Send 70c.

SHATTUCK'S PARLIAMENTARY ANSWERS. By Harriette R. Shattuck. Alphabetically arranged for all questions likely to arise in Women's organizations. 16mo. Cloth. 67c postpaid. Flexible Leather Edition. Full Gilt Edges. Net \$1.10 postpaid.

EAT AND GROW THIN. By Vance Thompson. A collection of the hitherto unpublished Mahdah menus and recipes for which Americans have been paying fifty-guinea fees to fashionable physicians in order to escape the tragedy of growing fat. Cloth. Send \$1.10.

FORTY THOUSAND QUOTATIONS. By Charles Noel Douglas. These 40,000 prose and poetical quotations are selected from standard authors of ancient and modern times, are classified according to subject, fill 2,000 pages, and are provided with a thumb index. \$3.15, postpaid.

THE CRY FOR JUSTICE. An anthology of the literature of social protest, edited by Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Jack London. "The work is world-literature, as well as the Gospel of a universal humanism." Contains the writings of philosophers, poets, novelists, social reformers, selected from twenty-five languages, covering a period of five thousand years. Inspiring to every thinking man and woman; a handbook of reference to all students of social conditions. 955 pages, including 32 illustrations. Cloth Binding, vellum cloth, price very low for so large a book. Send \$2.00. Three-quarter Leather Binding, a handsome and durable library style, specially suitable for presentation. Send \$3.50.

MY CHILDHOOD. By Maxim Gorky. The autobiography of the famous Russian novelist up to his seventeenth year. An astounding human document and an explanation (perhaps unconscious) of the Russian national character. Frontispiece portrait. 8vo. 308 pages. \$2.00 net, postage 10 cents. (Ready Oct. 14).

AFFIRMATIONS. By Havlock Ellis. A discussion of some of the fundamental questions of life and morality as expressed in, or suggested by, literature. The subjects of the five studies are Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova and St. Francis of Assisi. Send \$1.87.

LITERATURE

COMPLETE WORKS. Maurice Maeterlinck. The Essays, 10 vols., per vol., net \$1.75. The Plays, 8 vols., per vol., net \$1.50. Poems, 1 vol., net \$1.50. Volumes sold separately. In uniform style, 19 volumes. Limp green leather, flexible cover, thin paper, gilt top, 12mo. Postage added.

INTERPRETATIONS OF LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. A remarkable work. Lafcadio Hearn became as nearly Japanese as an Occidental can become. English literature is interpreted from a new angle in this book. Send \$6.50.

BERNARD SHAW: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. Send \$2.15.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: A Critical Study. By Una Taylor. 8vo. Send \$2.15.

W. B. YEATS: A Critical Study. By Forest Reid. Send \$2.15.

DEAD SOULS. Nikolai Gogol's great humorous classic translated from the Russian. Send \$1.25.

ENJOYMENT OF POETRY. By Max Eastman. "His book is a masterpiece," says J. B. Kerfoot in Life. By mail, \$1.35.

THE PATH OF GLORY. By Anatole France. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. An English edition of a remarkable book that M. Anatole France has written to be sold for the benefit of disabled soldiers. The original French is printed alongside the English translation. Send \$1.35.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE: A Profane Baccalaureate. By Seymour Denning. Takes up and treats with satire and with logical analysis such questions as: What is a college education? What is a college man? What is the aristocracy of intellect?—searching pitilessly into and through the whole question of collegiate training for life. Send \$1.10.

IVORY APES AND PEACOCKS. By James Huneker. A collection of essays in Mr. Huneker's well-known brilliant style, of which some are critical discussions upon the work and personality of Conrad, Whitman, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and the younger Russians, while others deal with music, art, and social topics. The title is borrowed from the manifest of Solomon's ship trading with Tarshish. Send \$1.60.

INTERPRETATIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. Two volumes. Mr. Hearn, who was at once a scholar, a genius, and a master of English style, interprets in this volume the literature of which he was a student, its masterpieces, and its masters, for the benefit, originally, of the race of his adoption. \$6.50, postpaid.

IDEALS AND REALITIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Prince Kropotkin. Send \$1.60.

VISIONS AND REVISIONS. By John Cowper Powys. A Book of Literary Devotions. Send \$2.10.

SIX FRENCH POETS. By Amy Lowell. First English book to contain a minute and careful study of Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. Send \$2.75.

LANDMARKS IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Maurice Baring. Intimate studies of Tolstoy, Turgenev, Gogol, Chekov, Dostoevsky. Send \$2.00.

FICTION

THE TURMOIL. By Booth Tarkington. A beautiful story of young love and modern business. Send \$1.45.
SET OF SIX. By Joseph Conrad. Short stories. Scribner. Send \$1.50.

AN ANARCHIST WOMAN. By H. Hapgood. This extraordinary novel points out the nature, the value and also the tragic limitations of the social rebel. Published at \$1.25 net; our price, 60c., postage paid.

THE HARBOR. By Ernest Poole. A novel of remarkable power and vision in which are depicted the great changes taking place in American life, business and ideals. Send \$1.60.

MAXIME GORKY. Twenty-six and One and other stories from the Vagabond Series. Published at \$1.25; our price 60c., postage paid.

SANINE. By Artzibashef. The sensational Russian novel now obtainable in English. Send \$1.45.

A FAR COUNTRY. Winston Churchill's new novel is another realistic and faithful picture of contemporary American life, and more daring than "The Inside of the Cup." Send \$1.60.

BOON—THE MIND OF THE RACE. Was it written by H. G. Wells? He now admits it may have been. It contains an "ambiguous introduction" by him. Anyhow it's a rollicking set of stories, written to delight you. Send \$1.45.

NEVER TOLD TALES. Presents in the form of fiction, in language which is simplicity itself, the disastrous results of sexual ignorance. The book is epoch-making; it has reached the ninth edition. It should be read by everyone, physician and layman, especially those contemplating marriage. Cloth. Send \$1.10.

PAN'S GARDEN. By Algernon Blackwood. Send \$1.60.

THE CROCK OF GOLD. By James Stephens. Send \$1.60.

THE INVISIBLE EVENT. By J. D. Beresford. Jacob Stahl, writer and weakling, splendidly finds himself in the love of a superb woman. Send \$1.45. The Jacob Stahl trilogy: "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," "A Candidate for Truth," "The Invisible Event." Three volumes, boxed. Send \$2.75.

OSCAR WILDE'S WORKS. Ravenna edition. Red limp leather. Sold separately. The books are: The Picture of Dorian Gray, Lord Arthur Saville's Crime, and the Portrait of Mr. W. H., The Duchess of Padua, Poems (including "The Sphinx," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and Uncollected Pieces), Lady Windermere's Fan, A Woman of No Importance, An Ideal Husband, The Importance of Being Earnest, A House of Pomegranates, Intentions, De Profundis and Prison Letters, Essays ("Historical Criticism," "English Renaissance," "London Models," "Poems in Prose"), Salome, La Sainte Courtisane. Send \$1.35 for each book.

THE RAT-PIT. By Patrick MacGill. A novel by the navy-poet who sprang suddenly into attention with his "Children of the Dead End." This story is mainly about a boarding house in Glasgow called "The Rat-Pit," and the very poor who are its frequenters. Send \$1.35.

THE AMETHYST RING. By Anatole France. Translated by H. Drillion. \$1.85 postpaid.

CRAINQUEBILLE. By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stevens. The story of a coterminizer who is turned from a dull-witted and inoffensive creature by the hounding of the police and the too rigorous measures of the law into a desperado. Send \$1.85.

VIOLETTE OF PERE LACHAISE. By Anna Strunsky Walling. Records the spiritual development of a gifted young woman who becomes an actress and devotes herself to the social revolution. Send \$1.10.

THE "GENIUS." By Theodore Dreiser. Send \$1.60.

JERUSALEM. By Selma Lagerlof. Translated by Velma Swanston. The scene is a little Swedish village whose inhabitants are bound in age-old custom and are asleep in their narrow provincial life. The story tells of their awakening, of the tremendous social and religious upheaval that takes place among them, and of the heights of self-sacrifice to which they mount. Send \$1.45.

BREAKING-POINT. By Michael Artzibashef. A comprehensive picture of modern Russian life by the author of "Sanina." Send \$1.35.

RUSSIAN SILHOUETTES. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. Stories which reveal the Russian mind, nature and civilization. Send \$1.47.

THE FREELANDS. By John Galsworthy. Gives a large and vivid presentation of English life under the stress of modern social conflict, centering upon a romance of boy-and-girl love—that theme in which Galsworthy excels all his contemporaries. Send \$1.45.

FIDELITY. Susan Glaspell's greatest novel. The author calls it "The story of a woman's love of what that love impels her to do—what it makes of her." Send \$1.45.

WOOD AND STONE. By John Cowper Powys. An Epoch Making Novel. Send \$1.60.

RED FLEECE. By Will Lexington Comfort. A story of the Russian revolutionists and the proletariat in general in the Great War, and how they risk execution by preaching peace even in the trenches. Exciting, understanding, and exhilaratingly true; for Comfort himself is soldier and revolutionist as well as artist. He is our American Artzibashef; one of the very few American masters of the "new fiction." Send \$1.35.

THE STAR ROVER. By Jack London. Frontispiece in colors by Jay Hambidge. A man unjustly accused of murder is sentenced to imprisonment and finally sent to execution, but proves the supremacy of mind over matter by succeeding, after long practice, in losing his spirit from his body and sending it on long quests through the universe, finally cheating the gallows in this way. Send \$1.60.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT. By H. G. Wells. Tells the story of the life of one man, with its many complications with the lives of others, both men and women of varied station, and his wanderings over many parts of the globe in his search for the best and noblest kind of life. \$1.60, postpaid.

SEXOLOGY

Here is the great sex book of the day: **FOREL'S THE SEXUAL QUESTION.** A scientific, psychological, hygienic, legal and sociological work for the cultured classes. By Europe's foremost nerve specialist. Chapter on "love and other irritations of the sexual appetite" a profound revelation of human emotions. Degeneracy exposed. Birth control discussed. Should be in the hands of all dealing with domestic relations. Medical edition \$5.50. Same book, cheaper binding, now \$1.60.

Painful childbirth in this age of scientific progress is unnecessary. **THE TRUTH ABOUT TWILIGHT SLEEP.** By Hanna Mon (Mrs. Ver Beck). Is a message to mothers by an American mother, presenting with authority and deep human interest the impartial and conclusive evidence of a personal investigation of the Freiburg method of painless childbirth. Send \$1.62.

FREUD'S THEORIES OF THE NEUROSES. By Dr. E. Hirschmann. A brief and clear summary of Freud's theories. Price, \$2.

PLAIN FACTS ABOUT A GREAT EVIL. By Christobel Pankhurst. One of the strongest and frankest books ever written, depicting the dangers of promiscuity in men. This book was once suppressed by Anthony Comstock. Send (paper) 60c., (cloth) \$1.10.

SEXUAL LIFE OF WOMAN. By Dr. E. Heinrich Klisch (Prague). An epitome of the subject. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators. Send \$5.50.

KRAFFT-EBING'S PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. Only authorized English translation of 12th German Edition. By F. J. Rebman. Sold only to physicians, jurists, clergymen and educators. Price, \$4.35. Special thin paper edition, \$1.60.

THE SMALL FAMILY SYSTEM: IS IT IMMORAL OR INJURIOUS? By Dr. C. V. Drysdale. The question of birth control cannot be intelligently discussed without knowledge of the facts and figures herein contained. \$1.10, postpaid.

MAN AND WOMAN. By Dr. Havelock Ellis, the foremost authority on sexual characteristics. A new (5th) edition. Send \$1.60.

A new book by Dr. Robinson: **THE LIMITATION OF OFFSPRING BY THE PREVENTION OF PREGNANCY.** The enormous benefits of the practice to individuals, society and the race pointed out and all objections answered. Send \$1.05.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW. By Margaret Sanger. Send 55 cents.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW. By Margaret Sanger. Send 30 cents.

THE THEORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Dr. C. Jung. A concise statement of the present aspects of the psychoanalytic hypotheses. Price, \$1.50.

SELECTED PAPERS ON HYSTERIA AND OTHER PSYCHONEUROSES. By Prof. S. Freud, M.D. A selection of some of the more important of Freud's writings. Send \$2.50.

THREE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SEXUAL THEORY. By John C. Van Dyke. Fully illustrated. New edition revised and rewritten. Send \$1.60.

THREE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SEXUAL THEORY. By Prof. Sigmund Freud. The psychology of psycho-sexual development. Price, \$2.

FUNCTIONAL PERIODICITY. An experimental study of the mental and motor abilities of women during menstruation by Leta Stetter Hollingworth. Cloth, \$1.15. Paper,

ART

MICHAEL ANGELO. By Romain Rolland. Twenty-two full-page illustrations. A critical and illuminating exposition of the genius of Michael Angelo. \$2.65, postpaid.

INTERIOR DECORATION: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Illustrated. \$3.25, postpaid.

THE BARBIZON PAINTERS. By Arthur Hoeber. One hundred illustrations in sepia, reproducing characteristic work of the school. \$1.50, postpaid.

THE BOOK OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE. By Arthur Elson. Illustrated. Gives in outline a general musical education, the evolution and history of music, the lives and works of the great composers, the various musical forms and their analysis, the instruments and their use, and several special topics. \$3.75, postpaid.

MODERN PAINTING: ITS TENDENCY AND MEANING. By Willard Huntington Wright, author of "What Nietzsche Taught," etc. Four color plates and 24 illustrations. "Modern Painting" gives—for the first time in any language—a clear, compact review of all the important activities of modern art which began with Delacroix and ended only with the war. Send \$2.75.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. By A. J. Anderson. Photogravure frontispiece and 16 illustrations in half-tone. Sets forth the great artist as a man so profoundly interested in and closely allied with every movement of his age that he might be called an incarnation of the Renaissance. \$3.95, postpaid.

THE COLOUR OF PARIS. By Lucien Descaves. Large 8vo. New edition, with 60 illustrations printed in four colors from paintings by the Japanese artist, Yoshio Markina. By the members of the Academy Concorde under the general editorship of M. Lucien Descaves. Send \$3.30.

SCIENCE AND SOCIOLOGY

CAUSES AND CURES OF CRIME. A popular study of criminology from the bio-social viewpoint. By Thomas Speed Miesby, former Pardon Attorney, State of Missouri, member American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, etc. 356 pages, with 100 original illustrations. Price, \$2.15, postpaid.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELAXATION. By G. T. W. Patrick. A notable and unusually interesting volume explaining the importance of sports, laughter, profanity, the use of alcohol and even war as furnishing needed relaxation to the higher nerve centres. Send 83c.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Dr. C. G. Jung, of the University of Zurich. Translated by Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D., of the Neurological Department of Cornell University and of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School. This remarkable work does for psychology what the theory of evolution did for biology; and promises an equally profound change in the thought of mankind. A very important book. Large 8vo. Send \$4.40.

SOCIALIZED GERMANY. By Frederic C. Howe, author of "The Modern City and Its Problems," etc., etc.; Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. "The real peril to the other powers of western civilization lies in the fact that Germany is more intelligently organized than the rest of the world." This book is a frank attempt to explain this efficiency. \$1.00, postpaid.

SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS OF TODAY. Illustrated. By T. W. Corbin. The modern uses of explosives, electricity, and the most interesting kinds of chemicals are revealed to young and old. Send \$1.60.

THE HUNTING WASPS. By J. Henri Fabre. 12mo. Bound in uniform style with the other books by the same author. In the same exquisite vein as "The Life of the Spider," "The Life of the Fly," etc. Send \$1.60.

SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. Illustrated. A study of a number of the schools of this country which are using advanced methods of experimenting with new ideas in the teaching and management of children. The practical methods are described and the spirit which informs them is analyzed and discussed. Send \$1.60.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE. By Charles Brodie Patterson. A discussion of harmony in music and color, and its influence on thought and character. \$1.60, postpaid.

THE FAITHFUL. By John Masefield. A three-act tragedy founded on a famous legend of Japan. \$1.35, postpaid.

INCOME. By Scott Nearing. An economic value is created amounting to, say, \$100. What part of that is returned to the laborer, what part to the manager, what part to the property owner? This problem the author discusses in detail, after which the other issues to which it leads are presented. Send \$1.25.

THE STOIC PHILOSOPHY. By Gilbert Murray. An account of the greatest system of organized thought that the mind of man had built up in the Graeco-Roman world before the coming of Christianity. Dr. Murray exercises his rare faculty for making himself clear and interesting. Send 82c.

A MESSAGE TO THE MIDDLE CLASS. By Seymour Deming. A clarion call so radical that it may well provoke a great tumult of discussion and outcries a deep and perhaps sinister impulse to act. Send 60c.

DRIFT AND MASTERY. An attempt to diagnose the current unrest. By Walter Lipmann. Send \$1.60.

FIRST AND LAST THINGS. By H. G. Wells. A confession of Faith and a Rule of Life. Send \$1.60.

THE SOCIALISTS AND THE WAR. By William English Walling. No Socialist can adequately discuss the war without the knowledge that this remarkable new book holds. 512 pages. Complete documentary statement of the position of the Socialists of all countries. Send \$1.50.

DREAMS AND MYTHS. By Dr. Karl Abraham. A lucid presentation of Freud's theory of dreams. A study in comparative mythology from the standpoint of dream psychology. Price, \$1.25.

WHAT WOMEN WANT. By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale. \$1.25 net; postage, 10c.

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE? A collection of clever woman suffrage verses. The best since Mrs. Gilman. Geo. H. Doran Co. Send 75c.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A SUFFRAGETTE. By "Hm." Illustrated by Mary Wilson Preston. Send 60c.

ON DREAMS. By Prof. Sigmund Freud. Authorized English translation by Dr. M. D. Eder. Introduction by Prof. W. Leslie Mackenzie. This classic now obtainable for \$1.10.

MODERN WOMEN. By Gustav Koble. Terse, pithy, highly dramatic studies in the overwrought feminism of the day. A clever book. Send \$1.10.

GOTHAM BOOK SOCIETY

Marlen E. Pew, Gen. Mgr., Dept. K, 142 West 23rd St., New York

"You Can Get Any Book on Any Subject"

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

Bynner 27
O'Sheel -
Kilmer -
Rice -

MAY, 1916

Jan. 17, 1916

Three Flesh-tints:

The Incense Burner
The Goldfish in a Bowl
A Nude

Ben Hecht Aldington 32
(free)

"The Compleat Amateur"

Harold Bauer

Three Japanese Paintings:

Arthur Davison Ficke

Dream of a Chinese Landscape
Dream of a Chinese Rock Promontory
The Golden Symphony

free

The Struggle

Sherwood Anderson

A Mischievous Rhapsody of the First Recurrence

Poems:

Daphne Carr

Welt Schmerz
Prisoners

Leo Ornstein

Margaret C. Anderson

Nocturne (from Paul Verlaine)

Clara Shanafelt

White Mists

M. C. A.

Letters from Prison

Emma Goldman

Off the Turnpike

Amy Lowell

Potatoes in a Cellar

R. G.

New York Letter

Allan Ross Macdougall

Amber Monochrome

Mark Turbyfill

Three Imagist Poets

John Gould Fletcher

Rossica

Alexander S. Kaun on Russian Writers

The Independent Exhibition

Lupo de Braila

The Reader Critic

Brahm. Symphony 4 p. 44

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher
Fine Arts Building
CHICAGO

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, Chicago

ART SCHOOL or ART FACTORY WHICH?

Charles A. Kinney's story of his fight for individual rights in the Art Institute:

A few of the topics Mr. Kinney will discuss:

The seven cases in the law courts—what they mean to students and faculty.

The Art Student Fellowship organization—why it was forced on the students of the Institute.

Why faculty members were forced to support it on penalty of losing their positions.

Organization and discipline, or art spirit? Which is most essential in an art school?

Student activities—shall the Dean or the students control them?

Art Schools—shall men trained in Business or men trained in Art control them?

What encouragement is there for sincere artists

When at least half the scholarships are awarded because of influence and favoritism rather than meritorious work?

When faculty members of the Institute have practically no independence?

Mr. Kinney's article will appear in the June issue of THE LITTLE REVIEW.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III

MAY, 1916

NO. 3

Three Flesh-tints

BEN HECHT

The Incense Burner

A bending flower rises from its mouth
And sways like the vein of a zephyr.
Threads of moonlight float entangled over it,
Delicate as the breath of a dying woman.
Souls come whispering from its ancient lips,
Laden with thin secrets,
And torn by the long nails of idiot Gods . . .
Pale dancers arise, whirling listlessly,
Expiring in a writhing languor.
Heavy-lidded eyes crawl out and open vacantly and close . . .
Dried whips of water break into blue wings.
A sleeping woman's arm reaches up and curves into a sigh
And scratches at the air with opalescent claws.
Dead pearls drift in a dead circle—till, quivering,
A slow finger rises, balancing a grey moon on its tip.
And then a severed face squeezes out and lolls to and fro,
Its washed purple lips leering with a grotesque sin.

The Goldfish in a Bowl

A tiny shimmering courtesan
Dressed in red spangles,
Weaves a monotonous thread of painted rubies
Through the stagnant curtains of her room.

Stifling under faint rags,
A dumb enchanted nightingale
Tosses in droll anguish,
Dreaming of the sapphire roses and the crystal fringe and the topaz silks
That were her lovers.

A Nude

The rich brocade of night,
Sewn with the red dust of roses
And the topaz breath of the sleeping sun
Hangs from the cool ivoried silk of her shoulders.

The winged beacons of her breasts
Gleam with golden moonlight.
And her eyes are like purple bosomed birds
That circle and beat against the azure gloom.

Her nakedness is an opal mirror,
Quivering with splintered images.
Her nakedness is a white kiss.
Burning on the shadowed lips of the night.
Her nakedness is the flowing of ghostly water
Under fierce moons—
The poplar silver of the wind that dances in the gardens at night.

Her nakedness is the golden fabric woven out of bloody grapes
And the dead mists of incense.

"The Compleat Amateur"

or

How Not to be An Artist

HAROLD BAUER

(No, I cannot write you an article. And I add to this the expression of my fervent hope that no Amateurs are going to be allowed to scribble for THE LITTLE REVIEW. Speaking as a subscriber, I haven't the least desire to read any of H. Bauer's clumsy attempts to express himself in a medium that is foreign to him. Let him stick to his business. . . . You must write the article you have in mind yourself. From the depths of your artistic intuitions draw forth the material and give away the secrets—which are no secrets. Moreover, don't confine yourself to music, much less to piano playing; take in the whole field of art and call it "The Compleat Amateur, or, How Not To Be an Artist." I suggest the following headings.—Extract from a letter of the Author.)

I. "Le Style fait l'homme"

If you want to become an author, give up your life to the study of calligraphy, if a painter, devote yourself to the manufacture of paints and brushes, if a composer, commit to memory the number of notes in every standard classical work, and if a singer or instrumentalist, spend your whole energy in the establishing of a "sound technical foundation." Emotional expression can then, if desired, be subsequently smeared like treacle on bread over all these different stylistic bases, this operation requiring neither skill nor expression.

II. "Means to an End"

The amateur must learn that technique represents an obstacle to be overcome and a set of tools to be acquired. It has nothing to do with expression. Only an imaginative artist like Maeterlinck would suggest that the road along which the student travels towards his destination is in reality a link, a connection joining one with the other—an umbilical cord partaking of the nature and attributes of both traveler and goal. To a perfectly rational person the road is merely a distance to be covered, a separation.

III. *Personality, or, as some authorities have it: Individuality*

This is the greatest asset of the Amateur. An artist is like everybody in the world. The book we read, the picture we see or the music

we hear which renders tangible our own dimly-felt thoughts and emotional stirrings shows that we are in reality one with the artist and with the universe of which these expressions are but reflections of unseen and unheard forces. An artist combines the power and responsibilities of the aristocrat with the feelings of an anarchist, he is the guardian of privilege and the destroyer of authority, the leveler of barriers and the creator of the superman, the leader and the servant of humanity and . . . the Arch Enemy of the Amateur! The artist is like all humanity, but the Amateur is not like the Artist. The Amateur must hang on for dear life to his precious soul and resist to the last gasp the incursions of any outside force in which he can trace the semblance of his own nature, for if anything gets in something may get out and he won't be able to sort himself out afterwards. Hence the Amateur must be an Individualist; otherwise he is doomed to extinction. The Amateur's business is to interpret the universe in terms eternally incomprehensible to anyone but himself, and to compromise with the necessity for intercourse with his fellow-creatures by the adoption of an artificial language which can convey thoughts and feelings of a superficial character, but nothing more.

The tale that points a moral, the picture that suggests a tale, and the music that evokes a picture; these are the vehicles for "personality" and your fine amateur must cultivate the pride that the realization of an exclusive understanding of these things gives. If Hamlet had been an amateur instead of being an artist he would never have suggested that a cloud was like a camel, a weasel, or a whale; he would have pointed out its resemblance to a mathematical calculation or a treatise on political economy, and Polonius would have been far more impressed—for this would have shown Great Individuality.

IV. *The Mission of Amateurism*

A true Amateur must learn the value of success, the immense importance of achievement, the inward meaning of gratified self-conceit. Praise from small minds represents the highest possible attainment of accomplished Amateurism. The object of Amateurishness is, like the puzzle pictures in the daily papers, to present a pretty little problem with a perfectly simple and obvious solution, thus giving effortless pleasure and satisfaction to all concerned.

The opportunities afforded by collective Amateurism for the repression of Art are invaluable and as the study of the subject is within the reach of all, including those who are congenitally afflicted with artistic talent, it devolves upon everyone who holds the opinion that this is the best of all possible worlds, to make it his life's occupation and aim to be a "compleat amateur".

Three Japanese Paintings

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I.

Dream of a Chinese Landscape
(*A Screen by Soga Shubun*)

Mists are rolling
Over the grey mountains,
Over the quiet waters
And marshy shores—
Rolling up into valleys
Where pagodas rise,—
Rolling over slopes
Along whose crests
Monasteries dream.
Wild geese soar
Above the marshes
In downward flight—
In flight from unknown shore
To unknown shore.
Over all
Mists are swaying.

The shadowy bridge
And wandering roadway,
The dark gnarled tree by the road
And the pale tree afar,
Are touched with doubtful mists
Or emergent from lifting mists,—
Trembling in mist; born of mist; shadows . . .
O mountains, shores, and streams!
Beautiful transient illusion!
Mortal world, dream world,
Vanishing into mist, into mist only!

II.

Dream of a Chinese Rock Promontory

(A Screen by Sesshu)

Across quiet waters, far off,
 Faint, misty mountains unfold in limitless ranges,
 Guarding some dream-world,—
 Some dim and tranquil world of golden pagodas,
 Lawns and pools, terraces and deep groves,
 Vermilion palaces, and peacock-haunted gardens.

But that is afar;
 And the quiet waters lie between.

Here at our feet
 Rises out of the quiet water
 Stormily, ridge by ridge,
 Buttress by buttress,
 Cliff beyond cliff beyond cliff,
 The jagged headland.

Here,
 Gigantic, primeval,
 Juts the grey promontory.
 It is bleaker than death, though temples deck it;
 Starker than ice, though pines bestrew it;
 Inhuman, though the village at its base
 Humanly nestles.

With writhing turrets,
 With dizzy gulfs,
 With winding abysses
 And cloven brinks,
 The rock rises
 In ripples, in waves, in spires—
 It rises fiercely, with an appalling passion,—
 An apparition of dark monstrous life,—
 And foaming up at last to its highest crest
 Stands frozen
 To freeze the blood of generations.

III.

The Golden Symphony
(A Screen by Sotatsu)

Golden clouds, and a golden bridge
Lifting in a great arc, swinging in a high arc,
Under clouds of gold, over clouds of gold,—
From the long slow curve of a golden shore
Across wide spaces of dark river! . . .
And behold! a drifting miracle—
Behold the long steady advancing prow
Of a golden boat, heavier than the sun,
Quiet upon the dark river; bearing two lovers
In robes of state, intricate, luminous,
Upon this dim river—where the great arc
Of the bridge from clouds into clouds
Swings, from golden shore to golden shore,
From the gold earth to the gold heaven.

The Struggle

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE story came to me from a woman, met on a train. The car was crowded, and I took the seat beside her. There was a man in the offing, who belonged with her,—a slender, girlish figure of a man, in a heavy brown canvas coat such as teamsters wear in the winter. He moved up and down in the aisle of the car, wanting my place by the woman's side, but I did not know that at the time.

The woman had a heavy face and a thick nose. Something had happened to her. She had been struck a blow or had a fall. Nature could never have made a nose so broad and thick and ugly. She talked to me in very good English. I suspect now that she was temporarily weary of the man in the brown canvas coat, that she had travelled with him for days, perhaps weeks, and was glad of the chance to spend a few hours in the company of some one else.

Everyone knows the feeling of a crowded train in the middle of the night. We ran along through western Iowa and eastern Nebraska. It

had rained for days and the fields were flooded. In the clear night the moon came out and the scene outside the car-window was strange and in an odd way very beautiful. You get the feeling: the black bare trees standing up in clusters as they do out in that country, the pools of water with the moon reflected and running quickly as it does when the train hurries along, the rattle of the car-trucks, the lights in isolated farm-houses, and occasionally the clustered lights of a town as the train rushed through it into the west.

The woman had just come out of war-ridden Poland, had got out of that stricken land with her husband by God knows what miracles of effort. She made me feel the war, that woman did, and she told me the tale that I want to tell to you.

I don't remember the beginning of our talk, nor can I tell you of how the strangeness of my mood grew to match her mood, until the story she told became a part of the mystery of the still night outside the car-window and very pregnant with meaning to me.

There was a company of Polish refugees moving along a road in Poland in charge of a German. The German was a man of perhaps fifty, with a beard. As I got him, he was much such a man as might be professor of foreign languages in a college in our country, say at Des Moines, Iowa, or Springfield, Ohio. He would be sturdy and strong of body and given to the eating of rather rank foods, as such men are. Also he would be a fellow of books and in his thinking inclined toward the ranker philosophies. He was dragged into the war because he was a German, and had steeped his soul in the German philosophy of might. Faintly, I fancy, there was another notion in his head that kept bothering him, and so to serve his government with a whole heart he read books that would re-establish his feeling for the strong, terrible thing for which he fought. Because he was past fifty he was not on the battle-line, but was in charge of the refugees, taking them out of their destroyed village to a camp near a railroad where they could be fed.

The refugees were peasants, all except the woman in the American train with me and her mother, an old woman of sixty-five. They had been small land-owners and the others in their party were women who had worked on their estate. Then there was the one man, my companion's lover, weak in body and with bad eyes.

Along a country road in Poland went this party in charge of the German, who tramped heavily along, urging them forward. He was brutal in his insistence, and the old woman of sixty-five, who was a kind of leader of the refugees, was almost equally brutal in her constant refusal to go forward. In the rainy night she stopped in the muddy road and her party gathered about her. Like a stubborn old horse she shook her head and muttered Polish words. "I want to be let alone, that's what I want. All I want in the world is to be let alone," she said, over and over; and then

the German came up, and putting his hand on her back pushed her along, so that their progress through the dismal night was a constant repetition of the stopping, her muttered words, and his pushing. They hated each other with whole-hearted hatred, that old Polish woman and the German.

The party came to a clump of trees on the bank of a shallow stream. The German took hold of the old woman's arm and dragged her through the stream while the others followed. Over and over she said the words: "I want to be let alone. All I want in the world is to be let alone."

In the clump of trees the German started a fire. With incredible efficiency he had it blazing high in a few minutes, taking the matches and even some bits of dry wood from a little rubber-lined pouch carried in his inside coat-pocket. Then he got out tobacco, and, sitting down on the protruding root of a tree, smoked, and stared at the refugees, clustered about the old woman on the opposite side of the fire.

The German went to sleep. That was what started his trouble. He slept for an hour, and when he awoke the refugees were gone. You can imagine him jumping up and tramping heavily back through the shallow stream and along the muddy road to gather his party together again. He would be angry through and through, but he would not be alarmed. It was only a matter, he knew, of going far enough back along the road, as one goes back along a road for strayed cattle.

And then, when the German came up to the party, he and the old woman began to fight. She stopped muttering the words about being let alone and sprang at him. One of her old hands gripped his beard and the other buried itself in the thick skin of his neck.

The struggle in the road lasted a long time. The German was tired and not as strong as he looked, and there was that faint thing in him that kept him from hitting the old woman with his fist. He took hold of her thin shoulders and pushed, and she pulled. The struggle was like a man trying to lift himself by his boot-straps. The two fought and were full of the determination that will not stop fighting, but they were not very strong physically.

And so their two souls began to struggle. The woman in the train made me understand that quite clearly, although it may be difficult to get the sense of it over to you. I had the night and the mystery of the moving train to help me. It was a physical thing, the fight of the two souls in the dim light of the rainy night on that deserted muddy road. The air was full of the struggle, and the refugees gathered about and stood shivering. They shivered with cold and weariness, of course, but also with something else. In the air, everywhere about them, they could feel the vague something going on. The woman said that she would gladly have given her life to have it stopped, or to have some one strike a light, and that her man felt the same way. It was like two winds struggling, she

said, like a soft yielding cloud become hard and trying vainly to push another cloud out of the sky.

Then the struggle ended and the old woman and the German fell down exhausted in the road. The refugees gathered about and waited. They thought something more was going to happen, knew in fact something more would happen. The feeling they had persisted, you see, and they huddled together and perhaps whimpered a little.

What happened is the whole point of the story. The woman in the train explained it very clearly. She said that the two souls, after struggling, went back into the two bodies, but that the soul of the old woman went into the body of the German and the soul of the German into the body of the old woman.

After that, of course, everything was quite simple. The German sat down by the road and began shaking his head and saying he wanted to be let alone, declared that all he wanted in the world was to be let alone, and the Polish woman took papers out of his pocket and began driving her companions back along the road, driving them harshly and brutally along, and when they grew weary pushing them with her hands.

There was more of the story after that. The woman's lover, who had been a school-teacher, took the papers and got out of the country, taking his sweetheart with him. But my mind has forgotten the details. I only remember the German sitting by the road and muttering that he wanted to be let alone, and the old tired mother-in-Poland saying the harsh words and forcing her weary companions to march through the night back into their own country.

The feeble and poor in spirit must not be allowed to judge life.—*Nietzsche*.

A Mischievous Rhapsody of the First Recurrence

I ZARATHUSTRA, declare myself! Ye have dulled me with priests; ye have sweetened me with girls; ye have betrayed me with envious anarchists.

Lo, I am not for the preacher, I am not for the woman, I am not for the oppressed! Ye say that by me ye shall save the world; I say that I shall destroy the world!

These things do I hold sacred—my strength, my lust, my joy. These ye shall feed, and die.

Too long have I stood silent in the cackle of my followers. Poultry after my corn! I have said, "Dost thou seek to multiply thyself? Find ciphers!"

I will give you a new law:—Love your enemy, for him ye may destroy. Fear your friend, for he shall steal your raiment.

Dost thou think that my aloofness is thy aloofness? Dost thou flutter upon a ridgepole because I stand upon a mountain? Fool, thou shalt starve unless thou peck the earth.

I say unto the preacher: Stick to the Nazarene; he hath deserved his Golgotha. But who shall make my words a law for me?

I say unto the woman: My scourge is yet upon thee. Dost thou set thyself against myself? I shall ravish thee when I desire thee. Who art thou to pretend manhood? Submit or deny thy life. Serve, or go barren into the earth.

I say unto the poor and lowly: I denied you my pity; now ye think to rob me of my scorn. Paltry ones! Shall I deny myself because of you? Lo, if I delight in riches, I shall take them. My life is not your life; my children are not your children. Cry not at my oppression; ye shall not move me. And if ye mock me with my own words, they shall scorch your tongues; ye shall go to a blacker oppression, ye shall find harder masters—yourselves!

And I say unto the priest, the woman, and the lowly: Touch me not; ye are my enemies! I have declared myself, and ye have not known me. I am life, I am splendor, I am eternity. Ye deny me as ye lay your hands upon me. Remain afar off; then may I be in you. I will keep you slaves; thus only shall I live.

Also sprach Zarathustra!

Poems

DAPHNE CARR

Welt Schmertz

I have crushed so many roses
That my hands
Drip with red fragrance.
But I would crush to death against my breast
The wind
That is raging drunk with the perfume of all flowers.

I have bathed in a hundred cool springs—
Still I am burning.
I would plunge into the ocean,
Diving down and down
To find myself
Freshly fluid
As a wave.

Prisoners

A wind runs through the room,
And leaps out of the window.
The white curtain springs after
Fluttering out.
But it is fastened tight inside.

My love kisses me
And goes
Waving good-bye
And laughing.
Am I also held fast in this room?

Leo Ornstein

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

NIETZSCHE thought Wagner was the artist of decadence; Arthur Symons thinks he was a unique genius. Nietzsche regarded him as the great corrupter of music:—"he has made music sick"; Symons says that to find a parallel for Wagner's achievement we must look back to the Greeks, to the age of Æschylus and Sophocles. Each one proved his point. It's a bit confusing, and you begin to wonder what Art is.

Have you ever found a definition of aesthetic values that will hold through the whole art miracle? I never have and never expect to. Even in Pater's *The School of Giorgione* you are merely told that since all art constantly aspires toward the condition of music, toward that perfect identification of matter and form, the chief function of aesthetic criticism is to estimate the degree in which all the arts approach to musical law. But musical law is constantly changing; and the criterion of the degree to which matter and form become identical will be a sort of sliding scale. And what every one wants to know is how to gauge that scale. Can you think of a single art judgment in the whole realm of aesthetics that you can use as an infallible touchstone; with which you can make a mediocre poet realize *why* his work is bad instead of good? You can make him realize, by the desperate wildness with which you shriek "It's not well done", that something is wrong; but to save your life you can't convince him that you are talking about anything except your own instinct—as you aren't; and of course he feels that his instinct may be just as good as yours—which of course it can't! Suppose you choose one of the best definitions ever thought of,—Mérimée's "all art is exaggeration *à propos*"; you find that you're just as badly off as before: by what standard is the *à propos* measured?

It was in this frame of mind that I heard Leo Ornstein's music. First he came one night and played for us alone, on our Mason and Hamlin, in a half light and an atmosphere of intense excitement. None of us had decided beforehand that we should want to laugh or hiss or throw things at him, as they did in London two years ago. We expected something beautiful and we got it. He played his *Impressions of the Thames*, which he afterward described as a river of "towers and turrets and stars, of dark rushing water, of bridges and buildings, of desolate muddy banks, and then something which you cannot bear to look at any longer." I can't "see"

music, so I only know that it was sound which interested and pleased and shook me. Then he played his *Funeral March*, which had something dark and vast in it; then some Ravel, the music of which interested me more than his playing of it; and finally the Schumann *Arabesque*, which he did so beautifully that I thought "Here is a man who plays just as he wants to, and probably comes nearer to what Schumann would have liked than all the strict interpreters with their flawless 'taste' have done." It seemed to me that Ornstein did what he did with it—stretched its slenderness to a lovelier curve—in the interest of the piano; and that is the very best thing anyone can do with written music for the piano, even if the pedagogues can't beat time to it.

So at the end I was beginning to think: perhaps this is the man who is to bring to the piano that something it still needs.

But the next morning, at his recital, I made an interesting discovery. Ornstein has brought nothing to the piano. He has brought something to the world of music: compositions which show that the piano music is more pliable than we had thought, and interpretations which show an exaggeration *à propos*. To the piano, as an instrument, he has brought what all the others have brought: virtuosity—and in this case a not exceptional virtuosity. This may sound like hair splitting, but it really is not.

Ornstein has done this: he has written some very interesting music, and he plays it as most composers of talent—perhaps of genius—would play their things if they had studied the piano as thoroughly as he. What is there in this to cause hysterics? The fact that it sounds different from the music you have been hearing? But that would seem to be a reason for interest, not merely for mirth. This reaction belongs in the same plane with patriotism and duty:—you laugh at what is strange, you love what is familiar, you obey what has been tested:—the three ready-made emotions, with which you can escape most effectively from art and life. So they howled at Ornstein. Two respectable women sitting near me, who would not have dared—what do I say? who would not have *been able*—to laugh at a minister's treatise on good and evil or a president's speech on loyalty to a flag, were so convulsed over Ornstein's *Impressions of the Thames* that they moved their seats to the rear of the theatre where they could not be watched,—where they could merely disturb the pianist by their audible snortings. The critics have done the same thing—laughed at Ornstein's own music and criticised scathingly his manner of playing familiar music. Ornstein's interest, I am sure, is chiefly in what he has to say, and second in the way he says it. He is a composer-virtuoso. I had hoped he would be a piano-lover. That is the kind of artist I am looking for with more interest than I have for anything else in this world.

As for Ornstein himself, I think he is a sincere person who means to

go on doing his work. I sometimes judge the sensitiveness of a nature by the intensity of expression that moves across the cheek-bones. You might look carefully at Ornstein's face instead of judging him by the fact that his hair falls into his eyes when he plays. Of course he has been indiscreet enough to mention that he does not like Beethoven. Why that is unforgivable I can't imagine. A man may surely like what he pleases. The high genius of a Mozart or a Haydn is a thing he feels intensely. He admires Chopin deeply as an artist who could do one thing very well and was content to let it go at that. Grieg he thinks is not a worthy mouthpiece for all that Norway has to give a musician. He loves Debussy, but thinks that Ravel is the greater man: "Debussy stands beside a pond and tells you beautifully of all he sees there; Ravel plunges into the pond and gives you the life of it." Stravinsky and Scriabine are the two he cares for most, as I remember. "Schönberg has worked out his theory before he has worked out his art." Something of that sort might apply to Ornstein himself, as in the case of his Chopin *Nocturne in E Flat*: I disliked his "exaggeration" in it as much as anything I have ever heard on a piano.

Oh, does no one realize what the unique beauty of a piano is, and that there are secrets of sound in it which have not yet been touched upon?

Nocturne

(From the French of Paul Verlaine)

CLARA SHANAFELT

Your soul is like a lovely garden place
Where masque and bergamasque move graciously,
Playing the lute and dancing, yet of face
Half sad beneath their guise of fantasy.

The while they sing in minor key
Love conquering, life opportune,
They seem to doubt their own felicity—
Their song floats faintly upward in the moon,

In the clear moonlight, sad and fair,
That makes birds dream where dim boughs sway,
And fountains sigh their rapture on the air
From marble pools—the tall slim fountain spray.

White Mists^{*}

There are grey stone rat-traps on the earth
Where human beings are put to die
By other human beings.
They die hour after hour, a million million times,
And still face death. . . .

There is blue air between the clouds and the earth
Which they once saw;
There are gold stars,
And suns that come up red,
And trees that turn to purple in the evening—
But they cannot remember. . . .

Now their days are bundles of soiled rags,
Their nights are stone. . . .
I dare not think of them:
It drives me toward the whiteness of insanity.

M. C. A.

**In the year of our Lord 1916 Emma Goldman was sent to jail for advocating that "women need not always keep their mouths shut and their wombs open." Some extracts from letters written during her fifteen-day sentence appear on the next page.*

Letters from Prison

EMMA GOLDMAN

*Queen's County Jail,
Long Island City, New York.*

April, 1916.

WHAT am I doing? I am watching human misery. There is no misery so appalling as imprisoned misery. It is so helpless, so humiliated.

Yes, I think the prisoners do love me, at least those who have been thrown in with me. It is so easy to get their love. The least bit of kindness moves them—they are so appreciative. But what can one do for them?

Do you remember that passage from Galsworthy's *Justice* in which some one says to Falder: "No one wishes you harm"? Therein lies the pathos. No one wishes these social victims harm. The Warden and Matron here are exceptionally kind. And yet the harm, the irreparable harm, is done by the very fact that human beings are locked up, robbed of their identity, their self-respect, their self-hood.

Oh, I am not sorry I was sentenced. In fact I am glad. I needed to get to these pariahs who are the butt of all the horrors. It would be well if every rebel were sent to prison for a time; it would fan his smouldering flame of hate of the things that make prisons possible. I am really glad.

. . . We are awakened at six and unlocked at seven in the morning. Then comes breakfast, of which I have so far eaten only oatmeal with what pretends to be milk. The coffee or tea I have not managed to get down. At seven-thirty we are taken out into the yard. I walk up and down like one possessed, to get the exercise. At eight-thirty we are back, and the women keep themselves busy scribbling; but my girls will not let me do that; I must talk to them. (The Warden, by the way, is reading my *Anarchism*, and the Matron my *Social Significance of the Modern Drama*). In fact, I seem to have more devotion here than on the outside. At eleven we have dinner, and at four in the afternoon supper—which I will describe to you when I come out. Then we are locked up until seven A. M.—fifteen hours, the hardest of all to bear. Do you remember the line in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*: "Each day a year whose days grow old"? To me it is "each night a year whose nights grow long". I have always loved the night, but jailed nights are ghastly things.

The lights are on until nine P. M., and we can read and write all day—which is a god-send. Also this prison is one of the cleanest in the country.

. . . What on earth have I done that people should go into such ecstasies? No one raves because you breathe; why rave if you take a determined stand when that means the very breath of life to you? Really I feel embarrassed with all the love and devotion and adulation for so little a thing, so infinitesimal compared with the truly heroic deeds of the great souls. My only consolation is that the fight is not at an end and that I may yet be called upon to do something really great. But for the present it is hardly worth the fuss.

Today is Sunday and we were taken out to the yard for a walk. It was a glorious day, marred only by the monotony of the stripes and the spiritless slouching figures. Yet the sky excluded no one; its glorious blue spread over them all, as if there were no sorrows in all the world and man was never cruel to his kind.

The days pass quickly between the study of my fellow prisoners, my letters, and other writing. The evenings are taken up with reading. But jailed nights are so oppressive. They lie like stone upon your heart. The thoughts, the sobs, the moans that emerge like pale shadows from every human soul. It is stifling. Yet people talk of hell. There is no more threatening thing in all the world than the hell of jailed nights.

Good morning. Another crazing night has gone. . . .

Off The Turnpike

AMY LOWELL

Good ev'nin', Mis' Priest.
I jest stepped in to tell you Good-bye.
Yes, it's all over,
All my things is packed
And every last one o' them boxes
Is on Bradley's team
Bein' hauled over to th' station.
No, I ain't goin' back agin.
I'm stoppin' over to French's fer to-night,
And goin' down fust train in th' mornin'.
Yes, it do seem kinder queer
Not to be goin' to see Cherry's Orchard no more,
But Land Sakes! When a change's comin',
Why, I allus say it can't come too quick.
Now, that's real kind of you,
Your doughnuts is always so tasty.
Yes, I'm goin' to Chicago,
To my niece,
She's married to a fine man, hardware business,
And doin' real well, she tells me.
Lizzie's be'n at me to go out ther fer the longest while.
She ain't got no kith nor kin to Chicago, you know.
She's rented me a real nice little flat,
Same house as hers,
And I'm goin' to try that city livin' folks say's so pleasant.
Oh, yes, he was real generous,
Paid me a sight of money fer the Orchard,
I told him 'twouldn't yield nothin' but stones,
But he ain't farmin' it.
Lor', no, Mis' Priest,
He's jest took it to set and look at the view.
Maybe he wouldn't be so stuck on the view
Ef he'd seed it every mornin' and night for forty year
Same's I have.
I dessay it's pretty enough,

But it's so pressed into me
I c'n see't with my eyes shet.
No. I ain't cold, Mis' Priest,
Don't shet th' door.
I'll be all right in a minit.
But I ain't a mite sorry to leave that view.
Well, maybe 'tis queer to feel so,
And maybe 't isn't.
My! But that tea's revivin'.
Old things ain't always pleasant things, Mis' Priest.
No, no, I don't cal'late on comin' back,
That's why I'd ruther be to Chicago,
Boston's too near.
It ain't cold, Mis' Priest,
It's jest my thoughts.
I ain't sick, only—
Mis' Priest, ef you've nothin' ter take yer time,
And have a mind to listen,
There's somethin' I'd like ter speak about.
I ain't never mentioned it,
But I'd like to tell yer 'fore I go.
Would yer mind lowerin' them shades,
Fall twilight's awful grey,
And that fire's real cosy with the shades drawd.
Well, I guess folks about here think I've be'n dret'ful unsociable.
You needn't say 'taint so, 'cause I know diff'rent.
And what's more, it's true.
Well, the reason is I've be'n scared o' my life.
Scared ev'ry minit o' th' time, fer eight year.
Eight mortal year it is, come next June.
It was on the eighteenth of June,
Six months after I'd buried my husband
That somethin' happened ter me.
Maybe yer'll mind that afore that
I was a cheery body.
Hiram was too,
Allus liked to ask a neighbor in,
And ev'n when he died,
Barrin' low sperrits, I warn't averse to seein' nobody.
But that eighteenth o' June changed ev'rythin'.
I was doin' most o' th' farmwork myself,
With jest a hired boy, Clarence King 'twas,
Comin' in fer an hour or two.

Well, that eighteenth June
I was goin' round,
Lockin' up and seein' to things 'fore I went to bed.
I was jest steppin' out to th' barn,
Goin' round outside 'stead of through the shed,
'Cause there was such a sight of moonlight
Somehow or another I thought 'twould be pretty outdoors.
I got settled for pretty things that night, I guess.
I ain't stuck on 'em no more.
Well, them laylock bushes side o' th' house
Was real lovely.
Glitt'rin' and shakin' in the moonlight,
And the smell o' them rose right up
And most took my breath away.
The colour o' the spikes was all faded out,
They never keep their colour when the moon's on 'em,
But that smell fair 'toxicated me.
I was allus partial to a sweet scent,
And I went close up t' th' bushes
So's to put my face right into a flower.
Mis' Priest, jest's I got breathin' in that laylock bloom
I saw, layin' right at my feet,
A man's hand!
It was as white's the side o' th' house,
And sparklin, like that lum'nous paint they put on gateposts.
I screamed right out,
I couldn't help it,
And I could hear my scream
Goin' over an' over
In that echo behind th' barn,
Hearin' it agin an' agin like that
Scared me so, I dar'sn't scream any more.
I jest stood there,
And looked at that hand.
I thought the echo'd begin to hammer like my heart,
But it didn't.
There was only th' wind,
Sighin' through the laylock leaves,
An' slappin' them up agin' the house.
Well, I guess I looked at that hand
Most ten minits,
An' it never moved,
Jest lay there white as white.

After a while I got to thingin', that o' course
'Twas some drunken tramp over from Redfield.
That calmed me some,
An' I commenced to think I'd better git him out
From under them laylocks.
I planned to drag him inter th' barn
An' lock him in ther' till Clarence come in th' mornin'.
I got so mad thinkin' o' that all-fired brazen tramp
Asleep in my laylocks,
I just stooped down and grabbed th' hand and give it an awful pull.
Then I bumped right down settin' on the ground.
Mis' Priest, ther' warn't no body come with the hand.
No, it ain't cold, it's jest that I can't bear thinkin' of it
Ev'n now.
I'll take a sip o' tea.
Thank you, Mis' Priest, that's better.
I'd ruther finish now I've begun.
Thank you, jest the same.
I dropped the hand's ef it'd be'n red hot
'Stead o' ice cold.
Fer a minit or two I jest laid on that grass
Pantin'.
Then I up and run to them laylocks
An' pulled 'em every which way.
True as I'm settin' here, Mis' Priest,
Ther' warn't nothin' ther'.
I peeked an' pryed all about 'em,
But ther' warn't no man ther'
Neither livin' nor dead.
But the hand was ther' all right,
Upside down, the way I'd dropped it,
And glist'ning fit to dazzle yer.
I don't know how I done it,
And I don't know why I done it,
But I wanted to get that dre'tful hand out o' sight.
I got in t' th' barn, somehow,
An' felt roun' till I got a spade.
I couldn't stop fer a lantern,
Besides, the moonlight was bright enough in all conscience.
Then I scooped that awful thing up in th' spade.
I had a sight o' trouble doin' it.
It slid off, and tipped over, and I couldn't bear
Ev'n to touch it with my foot to prop it,

But I done it somehow.
Then I carried it off behind the barn,
Clost to an old appletree
Where you couldn't see from the house,
An' I buried it,
Good an' deep.
I don't rec'lect nothin' more o' that night.
Clarence woke me up in th' mornin',
Hollerin' for me to come down and set th' milk.
When he'd gone
I stole roun' to the appletree
And seed the earth all newly turned
Where I left it in my hurry.
I did a heap o' gardenin'
That mornin'.
I couldn't cut no big sods
Fear Clarence would notice and ask me what I wanted 'em fer,
So I got teeny bits o' turf here and ther,'
And no one couldn't tell ther'd be'n any diggin'
When I got through.
They was awful days after that, Mis' Priest,
I used ter go every mornin' and poke about them bushes,
And up and down the fence,
Ter find the body that hand come off of.
But I couldn't never find nothin'.
I'd lay awake nights
Hearin' them laylocks blowin' and whiskin'.
Finally I had Clarence cut 'em down
An' make a big bonfire of 'em.
I told him the smell made me sick,
An' that warn't no lie,
I can't a' bear the smell on 'em now.
An no wonder, es you say.
I fretted somethin' awful about that hand.
I wondered could it be Hiram's,
But folks don't rob graveyards hereabouts.
Besides Hiram's hands warn't that awful, starin' white.
I give up seein' people,
I was afeared I'd say somethin'.
You know what folks thought of me
Better'n I do, I dessay,
But maybe now you'll see I couldn't do nothin' diff'rent.

But I stuck it out,
I warn't goin' to be downed
By no loose hand, no matter how it come ther'.
But that ain't the worst, Mis' Priest,
Not by a long way.
Two years ago Mr. Densmore made me an offer for Cherry's Orchard.
Well, I'd got used to th' thought of bein' sort o' blighted,
And I warn't scared no more.
Lived down my fear, I guess.
I'd kinder got used t' the thought o' that awful night,
And I didn't mope much about it.
Only I never went out o' doors by moonlight;
That stuck.
Well, when Mr. Densmore's offer come,
I started thinkin' about the place
An' all the things that had gone on ther'.
Thinks I, I guess I'll go and see where I put the hand.
I was foolhardy with the long time that had gone by.
I knew the place real well,
Fer I'd put it right in between two o' the apple-roots.
I don't know what possessed me, Mis' Priest,
But I kinder wanted to know
That the hand had been flesh and bone, anyway.
It had sorter bothered me, thinkin' I might ha' imagined it.
I took a mornin' when the sun was real pleasant and warm,
I guessed I wouldn't jump for a few old bones.
But I did jump, somethin' wicked.
Thar warn't no bones!
Thar warn't nothin'!
Not even the gold ring I minded bein' on the little finger.
I don't know ef there ever was anythin'.
I've worried myself sick over it.
I be'n diggin' and diggin' day in and day out
Till Clarence ketched me at it.
Oh, I knowed real well what you all thought,
An' I ain't sayin' you're not right,
But I ain't goin' to end in no country 'sylum
If I c'n help it.
The shiv'rin' fits come on me sudden like.
I know 'em, don't you trouble.
I've fretted considerable about the 'sylum,
I guess I be'n frettin' all the time I ain't be'n diggin'.
But anyhow I can't dig to Chicago, can I?

Thank you, Mis' Priest,
I'm better now. I only dropped in in passin'!
I'll jest be steppin' along to French's.
No, I won't be seein' nobody in the mornin',
It's a pretty early start.
Don't you stand ther', Mis' Priest,
The wind'll blow yer lamp out,
An' I c'n see easy, I got ahold o' the gate now.
I ain't a mite tired, thank you.
Goodnight.

Potatoes in a Cellar

R. G.

I AM not here to harry institutions, to prod up mummies swathed in red tape and embalmed in routine and respectability, nor am I here to bury the unburied dead.

People say, "Why do you jump on the Art Institute for becoming a trade school? It is only following the tendencies of the times. Art is like everything else." There you have it!—the whole trouble. There is no consciousness of art, no consciousness that art is beyond all these things—that it is as the sun to the earth, and if it were to fail us we should grow like potatoes in a deep cellar.

It is only when art students say, "This is not what we sought. Where shall we go, what shall we love, what do, to find what we sought?" that the Art Institute is brought into it, and then only to serve as an example of the lack of art consciousness everywhere, and to emphasize the fact that the artist has no place in this land of wasteful virtues.

An artist almost disgraces the family into which he is born, he is pitied a little by outsiders, he is left alone. At last, when he can stand it no longer, he breaks the parent heart, and goes out full of high hope to find his own kind and to keep his own faith. After a short time he finds the art school very much like a factory; he learns to do his piece, when he had thought to create a new beauty, and he finds, too, that he is still an out-cast for his beliefs and desires.

More than ninety-nine percent of the students who study art never qualify as artists. We are all born into the world creators. In the interval some wander into by-paths, play nicely upon the piano or violin, do art, or write poetry. Maiden aunts and fond grandmas proclaim them geniuses, all the time praying that they do not become artists. When love comes, they leave the by-paths to fall into lock step on the old worn way.

It is not what is accomplished on these journeys along the outposts of art, but it is the experience that counts. If they have met there one or two who stirred their senses with the impression of bearing a "fragile and mighty thing," who could rise above the earth and shout in a flame-light of joy, or fall upon the earth and moan with the dark trouble of Things; if they have caught from these a quickened sense of Life, and learned a broader observation and consciousness of beauty; even though they cannot create as the artist creates—still from this experience they should feel the power to create a new life for those whom they in their turn may meet. If they would so much as teach the children, not the old formidable "Fear God and keep his commandments," but rather

"Find in every foolish little thing that lives but a day
Eternal Beauty wandering on its way"

we should grow a race with a deep desire for the "free, unsullied things which never fail and never can decay."

The Artist knows as surely as though he walked with God upon those six days of creation that *this* He made and nothing more—but here He made all. Other men fill in the gap between what they are and what they feel they could be, what they long for and cannot find, what they attain and aspire to, with Religion. Then, walled in with the belief of finding completion in a future life, they live on unconscious of the passionate splendor and ecstasy of this life. The artist, realizing that here we must live our life and our immortality, cries out to men to know all, to feel all, to be all here, and he strives with his whole soul, gives up his life to show men what he has seen. But the turning of great wheels, the blasts of furnaces, and the straining of millions of human beings that a few may be comfortable, drown his voice. And because he does not take part in this great struggle for physical contentment, does not live the cramped, dwarfed life of society, there is no place for him in modern life. Even though the wisest seem deceived, still the artist must believe that a consciousness of Art will come, and that even the most stupid will sometime know that he must have Art before bread.

I know—for I have experienced it and perhaps experienced little else!—that art is of more value than truth.—*Nietzsche*.

New York Letter

ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

*(The Poetry Society of America Meets and I Attend, Taking
with Me a Sense of Humor.)*

THERE is, in this city, a Poetry Society. Once a month they gather together at a handsome club to talk and be talked to. Once a year they foregather at a grand hotel for a handsome dinner and some more talk.

I am inquisitive, God help me! He and good training have made me so. To gratify my curiosity concerning the makers of American poetry, I asked Master Witter Bynner, one of their band, to take me to their monthly meeting at the National Arts Club. I ache still from suppressed laughter. (Dear sense of humor, what would I do without you when I visit the habitations of the pretentious and the congregation of the hum-bugs?)

It is the custom of this body of—of—the word I want will come to me later. It is their custom, I say, to ask for unpublished verse to be read aloud to the assemblage. The reader of the evening was Witter Bynner. Now Mr Bynner is a poet with a fine, vibrant voice and a rare appreciation for pause and effect, but when he read the verse of those anonymous poets such feeling did he put into them that his legs quivered and showed great emotion. That distressed and distracted me.

After each poem was read it was criticized by the audience. Criticism of a certain type is the easiest thing in the world. That type, that petty, empty, wordy type, was present in all its glory. Its chief exponent was one Shaemas O'Sheel, a wordy fellow loving the sound of his own voice and giving vent to many empty phrases with much gusto and argumentative fervor. Mr O'Sheel once wrote and had published in a book this plaintive thing:

My song is such a little thing
Oh, such a little thing!
It is not loud; it is not long,
And wherefor should I sing?

Echo answers, Wherefor?

Another fellow who fancied himself as critic was a youth named Joyce Kilmer. Perhaps you have heard of him. He is the author of charming conceits, in verse, on trees and delicatessen stores. He has also written some sweet roundels and ballades. Incidentally he is a

member of the staff of *The New York Times*. Occasionally he makes excursions to Women's Clubs and other intellectual organizations to tell them all he knows about poetry. God save him! And God save me from ever hearing another night of such criticism from ponderous youths and knowing old maids!

After the reading of the poems, and the stupid remarks that followed the reading, there came what was called the "social intermission". During this time insipid punch and silly little biscuits were served to as many of the mob as could grab them, and a noise as of a host of parrots in a small place filled the room. (Curious what bad punch will do to good, respectable people!) Following the excitement of the jabber and the near-wine the audience settled down to be sobered up by the reading of two seeming epics by Cale Young Rice. Mr Rice is dull—oh, very dull he is. Not only so, but his verse is—I won't say; and he reads it with the voice of the spirit of a one-time virtuous Methodist minister chanting a prayer in the coolest part of Hell.

So he read his dreary interminable poems. So I had visions of all the precious Sundays my Presbyterian parents had forced me to waste. That vision passed and I still heard the whining drone. Back to my mind again where I had vicious thoughts of the tortures I would like to play upon bad poets who write bad verse and read it with bad accent and bad voice to good harmless people. By the time I had thought out and perfected a most amazing and subtle form of torture for such disturbers of human happiness, the dismal noise had stopped. Some day . . .

After the effort of the Rice man, Laurence Houseman read some of his fanciful poems. They were welcome. A Spring wind among the reeds after a prolonged dull thaw.

Poetry flourishes in America.

The poets are paid well by the Magazines; and strange women dine and wine them and pay them sweet homage.

The majority own and sport dress suits. They are eminently decent and respectable.

Poetry readings are now a well-attended form of afternoon time-killing.

Poetry flourishes.

THE PASSING OF FORBES-ROBERTSON

The stops are in. The organ is closed. For forty years it has "discoursed much excellent sweet music." Now the organist is weary, and would fain rest. He has played many things and played them well. A gentle sweet melody like *Mice and Men* was made more sweet by his playing; and even if he did sometimes play a popular tune like *The Third*

Floor Back were we not the more thrilled and moved when we heard the beauty of his playing of the symphony of *Hamlet*?

On Saturday, April 22, I watched, now from the wings, now from a side box, the last public performance of this artist's *Hamlet*. Oh that I could write as well as I feel; that my words had the strength and the bursting keenness of my emotions. Then might I tell something.

Have you seen the sudden brilliant leap of a flame sometimes before it finally goes out? There was the same sort of spurt in that past performance. I had seen Robertson play *Hamlet* a year ago; in Brooklyn a week before I had watched him wearily play his part, and by the comparison I understood the effort involved in the brilliancy of his playing that day. There was a heart-bursting poignancy about his swan song. I cried with the Queen: "Oh *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!" And when at the end of it all he sat there on the throne of Denmark with that unforgettable look, purged from all the suffering and weariness; and when they bore him off to the music of Tchaikovsky's *Dead March*, what could a feeling mortal do but—but—I cannot tell what I did.

"The rest is silence."

"Good night, sweet prince."

Amber Monochrome

MARK TURBYFILL

I pass

Outside into the amber night.

A lamp within

Prints shadow-flowers

On the stiffness of an amber screen.

My dream is like that—

An amber scheme

Straining through cold, stiff screens.

Three Imagist Poets

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

I.

THE question is being asked, re-asked and debated, What is Imagism? The fact that this question is constantly raised anew proves that it is not an academic one. For if we are to see clearly the underlying principles of the new poetry, and to understand the relationship of the group which call themselves the Imagists to those principles, we must first disassociate Imagism, strictly speaking, from all that body of verse now being produced in the free-verse forms. As a critic not long ago pointed out, *vers libre* and Imagism are not to be confused. *Vers libre* can be produced and has been produced which is not Imagistic, but realistic, symbolistic, or merely dull. Imagism is an attitude of mind which can appear just as well under the guise of metre and rhyme, or prose, as in verse itself. What, then, is Imagism?

Briefly, the doctrine we call Imagism has four cardinal points or principles. The first of these concerns presentation of the subject. The Imagist aims to present his subject as an image; that is to say, he presents the sum-total of the emotions in any given subject in such a way that the reader experiences the self-same emotions from them. To do this it is necessary for the Imagist to regard his subject-matter from its most imaginative aspect, and to present it visually. For the reader, not having experienced the emotion which moved the author to create his poem, is incapable of grasping that emotion save through a direct and complete appeal to his imagination through his higher senses of sight and hearing. By stimulating these senses, through appropriate choice of words, the Imagist aims to arouse the reader to such a pitch that the reader re-creates imaginatively for himself the emotional complex which gave birth to the poem. Imagism is, therefore, first of all a means of arousing the emotions through the imagination. The Imagists must therefore be sharply distinguished from the realistic school, and also from the symbolists of the nineteenth century, from which latter they have, in some sense, derived. Through the constant insistence on emotion as the underlying essence of poetry, the Imagists approach closely to the Elizabethans of the sixteenth and the early romantics of the nineteenth century.

The second principle of Imagism concerns style. The Imagists desire to accomplish that renovation of the English language which is always periodically necessary if good poetry is to continue to be created in it. The

Imagists have certain prejudices against inversions, clichés, journalese, high-falutin bombast, literary jargon, messy padding with adjectives. Each word must be an exact word, that is to say the sole word necessary for its particular place and purpose in the poem. This careful consideration for style relates the Imagists to the classicists of the eighteenth century, who undoubtedly rescued the English language from the absurdities of the "metaphysical" school. The Imagists also insist on it as a useful check to too great an exuberance of imagination.

The third principle of Imagism concerns form. The rhythmical form of the poem should not be a mere empty pattern, but should follow, as far as possible, the ebb and flow of the emotion throughout the poem. It should be an integral part of the poem itself, as indissoluble from it as the substance of the words themselves. Therefore the Imagists hold that the theory and practice of *vers libre* is necessary, although they do not go so far as to demand it in every case, or to say that rhyme and metre have not their uses. In their desire to create a full emotional range of rhythmical nuances, inclusive of both rhyme and metre as well as freer rhythmical figures, the Imagists derive direct from the first great romantic poets of England—Blake and Coleridge.

The last principle of Imagism concerns the attitude of the artist to life. The artist should realize that if he is not to be the slave of life he must not attempt to be its judge. He must not obtrude his petty personal judgments and vanities between the reader and the subject he writes about. He must not, in short, moralise about life, or gush over it, or make others feel anything else except what he has felt about it. In this respect the Imagist poets are in very firm reaction against the sentimental and pious optimism of the mid-nineteenth century, against the equally sentimental and fallacious aestheticism of the eighties and nineties, and—it may be added—against a good deal of the wishy-washy suggestiveness and sex-obsession that seems to be getting the upper hand of so many writers of today. The Imagist does not weight the balance, either for "morality" or "immorality": he states, and lets the reader draw his own conclusion.

With these four principles in mind, we may now ask ourselves how the Imagists have carried them into practice. For practice is, after all, the supreme test of any theory of art. There are signs that Imagism is getting itself taken more seriously, not as a mere passing fad, but as something that has at least established certain guide-posts and land-marks for future poets, who wish to renew the traditions of good writing. I maintain that it has done more. It has permitted three poets, at least, to start from the same principles and to produce among them a very respectable body of poetry, which in each case is filled with the individual flavour of the personality who wrote it. That the Imagist principles should display such applicability and elasticity is, I maintain, very remarkable. We shall now see who these three poets are.

II.

Mr Richard Aldington, the first of the three to be considered, has recently brought together some thirty of his poems in a small volume, entitled *Images*. That this selection does not represent all of Mr Aldington's work, must be apparent to all who are familiar with it. His long poem, *Childhood*, is not here; nor is his other long poem on the war, which surely deserves mention as being one of the few really humorous war poems ever written. To come to the shorter pieces, surely all admirers of Mr Aldington's talent must deplore the absence of *Daisy*, *Round Pond* and *The Poplar*—the latter one of the most beautiful poems he has ever written. But whether Mr Aldington has omitted these pieces from a too severe critical judgment, or whether because they seem to interfere with the unity of his book, the fact remains that they were omitted, but that enough is left to give nearly all sides of his achievement.

Mr Aldington is a sophisticated, a cultivated, even a bookish poet. He has translated Anyte of Tegea, the Latin Poets of the Renaissance, and even that astounding farrago of poetry and buffoonery called *Les Chansons de Maldoror*. Recently he has given us, in the columns of *The Egoist*, a glimpse at his library which ranges from Euripides, via Apuleius, Hooker and Crowley, to Ford Madox Hueffer! "And is it for this I have laboured?" he cries. "To be the object of derision of some bibliophile looking at his books as cynically and disgustedly as I look at mine?"

No, it is not for this. It is for a handful of strange and satisfying poems that Mr Aldington has laboured. Every artist knows that it takes a great deal of life, an immense amount of experience and appreciation, to make even a little art. Life is like a many-faceted prism. We must walk around it, observe it on every side, see it not as we ourselves would care to see it, but as others have seen it, before we can induce it to show a new side to our efforts, to cast a few rays which it has not already cast before. Matthew Arnold, who was one of the few English critics able to look at literature from the standpoint of its historical development, declared that poetry was a criticism of life. And so it is. The task of a modern poet is not to shut his eyes to the past, but to see the work of the generations that preceded him as an uncompleted structure, the living intention of whose builders is again born in him, and seeks fruition in the additions he can make to it. In this sense Mr Aldington is a modern poet. He is a poet for the well-read, intelligent, cultivated man or woman.

The first poem of his I can remember seeing in print was the one entitled *Choricos*:

The ancient songs
Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and withered wreaths
Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and wings,

10 75-6
ms
p 44

Symbols of ancient songs,
Mournfully passing
Down to the great white surges
Watched by none—

And we turn from the Kyprian's breasts,
And we turn from thee,
Phoibos Apollon—
And we turn from the fiery day,
And the lips that were over-sweet;
For silently,
Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,
With purple robe,
Searing the grass as with a sudden flame,
Death,
Thou hast come upon us.

O Death,
Thou art the silence of beauty,
And we look no more for the morning,
We yearn no more for the sun—
We kneel before thee;
And thou, leaning towards us,
Caressingly layest upon us
Flowers from thy thin cold hands,
And smiling as a chaste woman,
Knowing love in her heart,
Thou seelest our eyes
And the illimitable quietude
Comes gently upon us.

There is nothing in all the literature I know which can be safely set beside this poem (of which I have only quoted a few fragments) except a few lines of Leopardi:

In te, Morte, si pose
Nostra ignuda natura;
Lieto, no, ma sicura
Del antico dolor.

Other than that, it is unique. And since it is the fashion to despise a poet because he does not write of aeroplanes and locomotives and socialism, but of the eternal verities of life, death, beauty, irony, let us first of all brush away the shallow assumption that Mr Aldington is an imitator of the classics and that all his work seems a derivation from the Greek.

The mood of the poem from which I have just quoted is not a mood which can be found in any Greek poet, or which any Greek would ever have understood. I have quoted enough to show what that mood is. It is a mood of mutability, of the sadness that arises in us when we see the insta-

bility of all earthly things. The first Occidental poet who ever expressed this mood, to my knowledge, was François Villon. In the East, of course, it was felt and expressed much earlier. For one must have seen kingdoms pass away and empires crumble to the dust and "the owl sing his watch-song from the towers of Afrasiab" before one can feel this mood, which Mr Aldington has here so beautifully and poignantly expressed.

Throughout his poetry Mr Aldington has frequently given us this emotion of a civilized man, a modern, brought face to face with some beautiful fragment of the past. Thus he cries to a Greek marble:

I am thy brother,
Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not.

Surely no one would contend that a Greek could ever have said this! And in some quite recent poems we have the same feeling applied to the Renaissance, and even to modernity:

I turn the page and read:
"I dream of silent verses where the rhyme
Glides noiseless as an oar."

The heavy, musty air, the black desks,
The bent heads and the rustling noises
Vanish—
The sun hangs in the cobalt sky
The boat drifts over the bare shallows—
The oleanders drop their rosy petals on the lawns
And the swallows dive and swirl and whistle
About the cleft battlements of Can Grande's castle.

Or take this:

London, (May, 1915)
Glittering leaves
Dance in a squall:
Above them, bleak immovable clouds.

A church spire
Holds up a little brass cock
To peck at the blue wheat fields—

A pear tree, a broken white pyramid,
In a dingy garden, troubles one
With ecstasy—
And I am tormented,
Obsessed,
Along all this beauty,
With a vision of ruins,
Of walls tumbling into clay.

Such a poet is not what we vulgarly choose to call an optimist. No! Let us admit once for all, Mr Aldington is a pessimist. (So, by the way, were Sophocles and Leopardi and Shakespeare when he wrote *King Lear*, and Mr Thomas Hardy, to mention only a few; but I have never heard they were worse poets for it.) At times he gives us a very bitter dose indeed to swallow, as in his *Childhood*, *Cinema Exit*, or *In the Tube*. Yet he is not devoid of humour, playful and fantastic. Witness *The Faun Sees Snow for the First Time*, the *Interlude*, the *Evening* (a beautiful grotesque which I am tempted to quote), or for a grimmer note the conclusion of *Lesbia*. He will not admit that life is altogether without compensations. Herein he is honest. He even admits sentiment as a compensation, and he treats it delicately, fastidiously, with an unexpected touch of purely fourteenth-century feeling in the following piece:

After Two Years.

She is all so slight,
And tender and white,
As a May morning.

She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
To hear her sing.

It is God's will
That I shall love her still
As he loves Mary,
And night and day,
I will go forth to pray
That she love me.

She is as gold:
Lovely, and far more cold.
Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
God has done well to me.

Altogether an unusual poet. One who never takes up the pen except when he has something individual to say, and whose utterance is at times so varied as to make him almost bafflingly individual. But not a Greek, although he has written finely on Greek themes. A modern? Yes; and not only a modern but, au fond, a Romantic. Remember the conclusion of the beautiful *Night Piece*:

"Very faint and shrill and far away the whistle sounds—more like a wild bird than ever. And all my unsatisfied desires and empty wishes and vague yearnings are set aching by that thin tremulous whistle—the post-horn of the Coach of Romance."

(For lack of space, Mr Fletcher's article will be
concluded in the June issue.)

Rossica

ALEXANDER S. KAUN

IT IS still on—the Russian invasion.

Across the ocean the triumphant Prussian drives a hedge into the heart of Russia. With blood and iron and fire Efficiency celebrates its victory over Nihilism.

And we, the neutrals, the note-writers, attempt to thwart the grand march of Efficiency by delivering shells to the port of Vladivostok. Shells that do not always explode, despite their "moderate" prices.

In exchange we are getting thoughts, ideas. Unobstructed by Krupps or U's or Zeppelins, they invade our peaceful shores, and intend to stay.

Woe to the Chambers and Herricks and Pooles and Dreisers and McCutcheons and other best sellers! The enemy is raining in torrents, in avalanches. What if the good, good public will be forced to taste the new food. What if after having tasted it they will rebel and demand real meat thereafter, rejecting as indigestible the canned affairs and the oleomargarine surrogates. What if . . .

No danger, I am assured by my friend who has great faith in the uncorruptible taste of the American public.

Surely no one will accuse the American publishers of being pure idealists or Ford-like fanatics who are ready to squander their hard dollars for propaganda purposes. Surely those gentlemen know their market and adjust the supply to the demand. The extraordinary deluge of Russian literature is evidently a paying proposition.

It is gratifying. We need the injection of new blood into our anemic literature.

New blood. Not even Gogol is too old for us. No matter that he died in 1852. His *Dead Souls*, *Tarass Bulba*, and just published stories¹ belong to the category of works that do not age in spite of their technical flaws. If you use this perspective, *The Mantle* will loom up as the peak of Russian realism. "We have all come out of *The Mantle*", admitted Gogol's disciple, Dostoevsky. If in that tale we recognize the forerunner of the relentless soul-vivisectionists of the later days, we get in the other stories a glimpse of the mystic Gogol, the poet of Goyaesque witches and devils. Do not read *Viy* before bed-time lest you go through a heavy nightmare.

It is an enormous leap from Gogol to Korolenko², Gorky³, and Kuprin⁴. These are living authors, although they belong rather to the

past century in their motives and modes. Vladimir Korolenko is a writer whose very name causes the heart of every Russian to beat with emotion. Not for the greatness of his art: as an artist he ranks among the lesser. It is the charm of his personality that places him far above all his colleagues. His long years of exile in Siberia, his never-flagging championship of the oppressed classes and races, his tireless encouragement of the young beginners, and his smile, the deep, broad smile that flows like a sunny stream through his writings, have endeared him to his countrymen beyond parallel. Korolenko is the bridge between the heroic, idealistic seventies and the ultra-individualistic moderns. His stories are not idylls, yet they smile; he deals with tragedies, describes horrifying situations, but he bears no ill feeling for the universe, he loves it with all its evils and follies, loves it with that keen understanding which spells forgiveness. Gorky tells us that he owes to Korolenko not only his discovery and introduction to the public, but also his style. I seldom trust an author's self-criticism. Gorky differs from his alleged teacher in his style as well as in his philosophy. Korolenko is gentle, mild, refined, loving, forgiving. Gorky is rude, loud, hating, revenging. Both have known misery and hardships, both have rubbed shoulders with the humiliated and down-trodden. But Korolenko came out of the crucible with a radiant smile, with universal compassion and sympathy. Gorky neither forgets or forgives. His body and soul shriek out vengeance for man enslaved, maimed, bestialized. Korolenko and his "disciple" both exalt human personality, but the first does so indiscriminatingly, wholesalely, while Gorky glorifies only the strong, proclaims the "beauty of power", and scorns the weak worms, the lazy adders who are content to stagnate in the mire. Gorky's philosophy may appeal to us who have drunk from the waters of Zarathustra, but Korolenko's art is purer, free from preaching, and hence more convincing.

Alexander Kuprin has been hailed as an anarchist, a free-love preacher, a social reformer, a cynic, a retrograde, and what not. He may be all these, or none, or more. Of all the Russian writers he is the only true, unaffected Dionysian. His love for women, for wine, for horses, for nature—in a word, for life, is spontaneous and elemental. None of the hectic morbidity of the consumptive Artzibashev. Kuprin is a healthy

¹*The Mantle and other stories*, by Nikolai Gogol. New York: Frederic A. Stokes.

²*Makar's Dream and other stories*, by V. Korolenko. New York: Duffield.

³*Twenty-six Men and a Girl*, by M. Gorky. New York: Frederic A. Stokes.

⁴*The Duel*, by A. Kuprin. New York: Macmillan.

⁴*The River of Life*, by A. Kuprin. Boston: John W. Luce.

artist with an enormous eye. He sees to the bottom the mind of man and animal, of the thief and the intellectual, of the empty military officer and of the street-woman, of the artist and of the gambler, and he makes us see what he sees with a cheerful gracefulness, with no other purpose but the presentation of his sweet-heart, life. His novel, *The Duel*, stirred Russian society as a vigorous indictment of militarism, a picture of the dehumanizing garrison life. Kuprin guffawed at that accusation over a glass of vodka, as he is usually drawn by cartoonists. Far be it from him to advocate or condemn. He rejoices in all his heroes, whether they be garrison dummies, or artistic pickpockets (*The Outrage*), or Japanese spies (*Captain Ribnikov*), or petty philistines (*The River of Life*). He floats upon the "river of life", observes, absorbs, delights, and chuckles at the very fact of his existence. "Even if I were to fall under a railway train, and were left lying on the line with broken and bleeding limbs, and any one were to ask me if life were beautiful, I should none the less, and even by summoning my last remains of strength, answer enthusiastically, 'Ah, yes, even now life is glorious!'" (*The Duel*).

From the charming, lithe, joyous Kuprin I pass reluctantly to a book on the lugubrious "cruel genius", Dostoevsky⁵. It is deplorable that the publisher who has given us the excellent translation of Dostoevsky by Constance Garnett should throw on the market such a mediocrity as Mr. Soloviev's work, as if there were not excellent books on the novelist written by Merezhkovsky, Volynsky, Vladimir Solovyov, Veresayev! Mr. Soloviev presents the accepted view of Dostoevsky as the preacher of repentance and atonement, the retrograde, the pillar of church and autocracy. Superficially, the view appears to be correct. Dig deeper into the chaotic, epileptical soul of the author of *Crime and Punishment*, gaze into the abysses of the dual characters of Raskolnikov, Prince Myshkin, Stavrogin, Svidrigailov, the Karamazovs, fling your imagination into the hellish crater of the novelist's mind, and Mr. Soloviev's symmetrical structure evaporates like mist. Again I ask, Why are such useless school-exercises reproduced by intelligent publishers? Why should such a fine translator as Mr. Hogarth waste his energy on puerilities?

The same Whys can be applied to another recent publication⁶, Doroshevich's impressions. Doroshevich is the most popular journalist in Russia, a witty, entertaining *feuilletonist*, who employs an original staccato rhythm. But there is no reason under the sun to translate his reportorial impressions of the war fugitives, written for a Moscow daily paper. Their value is purely local. How can we be interested in the management of the

⁵*Dostoevsky*, by Evgenii Soloviev. New York: Macmillan.

⁶*The Way of the Cross*, by Doroshevich. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Russian relief-points, or their mismanagement? True, at times Doroshevich flashes brilliant impressionistic colors, as in describing the fugitives' bonfires in the forest. But the rare gems do not justify the journalistic heap.

I am uneasy about these fallacies of the publishers. Few though they are, they may serve the part of a spoonful of vinegar in a pot of honey.

The Independent Exhibition

LUPO DE BRAILA

THE rich aunt with whose aid the Chicago Society of Artists has managed, up to the present, to check all artistic impulses in this city, has lost her magic attraction and power. Her golden smiles and soft pillows have failed lately to captivate and hold. There is a new breed of young artists. They seem to be an energetic lot, and decline to live in the future of promises; and, what is more horrible, they decline to flirt with the rich aunt through the aid of the honorable society.

For many years she was the bubbling liquid within the life-giving bottle. The magic corkscrew was in the safe, the combination known to the initiated few. According to these few, young artists had to go through a certain process of taming and self-effacement before they were gradually given the secret. A certain amount of artistic ignorance plus an ability to pull strings was required of every aspirant. A soft backbone bent by many kicks was also one of the main requirements. "Don't knock, you'll break the magic bottle" was their watchword. If you dared to ask questions concerning the sacred duty of the initiated few, you aroused a hatred that took years to melt,—a hatred that seemed impossible in such delicate souls. The few artists who refused to be tamed left the city and have settled in other parts.

And the philanthropic aunt, like all true philanthropists, acquired all she could get and paid the minimum price. The paying was usually accompanied by a lot of pompous actions and was supposed to be received like a first-class iron cross by a common soldier. You see, the young talented artist was actually compelled to bribe the art patron to get to the secret of the combination, and was compelled to listen to all kinds of insults besides. Here are a favorite few: "I have discovered him"; "I helped him to get where he is now"; "If it were not for me...." The artist was also used as a rare orchid at their dinner tables and as Chinese embroi-

dery at unusual occasions. I know one of these patrons who even resorted to threats, when a young and independent sculptor refused to be "discovered." And such creatures pose as art patrons and connoisseurs, and hold the combination to the life-giving bottle of this city.

As a matter of fact, almost all the prestige and almost all the artistic knowledge possessed by these same patrons was given them by their so-called proteges at starvation prices. However, the patrons are hardly to be blamed for this state of affairs. They were made by well-meaning but mediocre artists whose highest ambitions were foggy imitations of a certain kind of realism practiced abroad when my grandmother's dolls used up most of her time. The saddest or funniest side of this spectacle is that the patrons have, for the last few years, advanced in understanding beyond the possibilities of the artists who have made them. As you can easily see, a most discouraging and impossible state of affairs. It reached its climax at the last Chicago Artists' exhibition, when those in control, to use a popular saying, rubbed it in. It was a show of the aged and crippled, and prizes were awarded on the basis of an Old-Age Benefit. It was a slow sickness and positive in retarding all artistic endeavor in this city.

But like a clear and promising path in this dark jungle comes the first International Exhibition of Independent Artists. It is a jury-free exhibition, and every man is allowed to hang two paintings, provided he pays for the space. And it was a strong indictment against the old order. It showed how thoroughly it has managed to kill all originality and individuality in the younger artists. In spite of the fact that it was a jury-free exhibition you could easily see that almost everyone had painted with this little thought in the back of his head: This must please Messrs. Albright, Juergens, and Company. To pick out the few who made a good showing this time would be unfair to the rest. The whole show was conceived and arranged in six weeks, and to me it was more interesting and held more promise than any other show held in this city.

It is a young oak whose knotty branches, like playful fists, shoot in unexpected directions. It grows up near a grey solemn mausoleum. The mausoleum acts as if it does not notice the sturdy youngster; but it knows in its heart, if it has one, that it will soon be hidden in the shadow of this tree's branches. Virile roots will crack the walls and decay will be the deserved fate.

The Reader Critic

SHE IS NO FRIEND OF OURS!

Arthur Davison Ficke, Davenport, Iowa:

Will you be so kind as to ask your friend, "Virginia York", to refrain from re-misprinting for a third time, a bit hacked from my *Café Sketches*? If she finds the poem so interesting, why does she not print it in its entirety, and correctly? Then perhaps her readers could decide just where the joke lies—in the light of "Virginia York's" Olympian pronouncement that "maybe you think this is funny, but certainly it is not intended to be." Just because a little learning would be dangerous for her, I shall never disclose to her what the poem *was* intended to be. Besides, she wouldn't believe me; for her, a thing has to be either *Lear* or *Charley's Aunt*, evidently.

I have harbored doubts as to the value of *vers libre*; but now they are gone. For I see that it does shut out a certain type of mind.

Harriet Dean's *Pillar* is admirable! Also Sandburg's four.

Tell your "sixteen year old boy" that his poem is damn interesting—but to cut out the "only sixteen" and "one could not expect me to know much about poetry" stuff. At sixteen most of us had read all the poetry in existence, and were busy writing epics that were to re-make the world. Tell him to stop being a sixteen-year-old worm, and to get up on his hind legs and bite the stars. Tell him to write arrogantly of this "charming" world he sees. It's time enough to be humble when one is old.

THE PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

Daphne and Michael Carr, Columbia, Missouri:

We have been greatly enraged by reading Mr Charles Zwaska's article, *An Isaiah without a Christ*, in the April number of THE LITTLE REVIEW. It reminds us of a review of the same book in *Judge*. It ran something like this: "Vachel Lindsey has out a new book on the Art of the Moving Picture. It might be all right, but for the fact that the movie can never be Art." In just the same sententious way Mr Zwaska seems to be peeved that Lindsay should suggest the possibility of art in a thing which is at present clumsily done. Some one has said that when Miriam led the women of Israel to a dance of rejoicing, all of the women who were too fat or too stiff to dance stood back and deplored the immodesty of their nimble sisters. Perhaps Mr Zwaska is too fat, or too stiff, or too old. I don't know: may be he is so young that he still creeps and doesn't think of dancing. For Lindsay has sung out humanly and delightfully a more acceptable ideal of democracy than any American has yet sung. The rest of us would-be artists are creating things that can appeal to a small number. Lindsay is chanting to all America, and all America is listening—we, the artists, as well as the littlest country school-boy.

"Says the swift black horse
To the swift white horse:
'There goes the alarm

There goes the alarm.
 They are hitched, they are off,
 They are gone in a flash,
 And they strain at the driver's iron arm."

We shout it when the fire-engines fly down the street. We croon the moon poems together in the evenings, and we chant *The Santa Fé Trail* as we tramp across country.

Mr Zwaska seems to catch a glimmering of the fact that Lindsay is a rhyming poet, because he is singing to all the people. Why does he not apply this a little farther? Lindsay's message, as I catch it, is this:

The Moving Picture has in it possibilities of a great art. Furthermore, it is for all America, for every farm boy, for every little dish-washer as well as for every millionaire. Let us make this art as perfect, as inspiring, as possible, since it has a wider influence, be it good, bad, or indifferent, than any other art in the history of humanity. The exquisite Parthenon, Sophocles's tragedies performed in the theater of Dionysus, were for the Athenians, and for such as could reach Athens. Fortunately, that included a large percentage of the Greeks. But how many Americans, proportionately, can see such wonders as New York has to offer?

When a moving-picture as perfect as the Parthenon has been produced there need be no soul in America who has not seen it.

This being the ideal, we proceed toward its realization. Lindsay points out some means of attaining beauty in the moving-pictures. The producers can, he says, learn from the painters beauties of composition, of symbolism, of mood. Beautiful sculpture can teach the rhythm, the speed, the grace of motion. And architecture will help to interpret big social emotions, such as patriotism and religion in terms of crowds, pageantlike, of landscapes, and, upon occasion, of architecture itself.

But here Mr Zwaska objects. He says that Lindsay is making the moving-picture a parasite on the other arts. I am not going to quote Noah Webster, or Dr Johnson, but it is generally understood that a parasite is an organism that steals its life from its host, weakening the host thereby. Has Mr Lorado Taft, or Mr Frank Lloyd Wright, or Mr Jerome Blum, been robbed of any tittle of artistic ideas, or of artistic technique, or of admiration by Lindsay's book, or by the producers who have tried so ineffectually to follow his suggestions? I don't want to quibble with metaphors, but if horticulture is to be the basis of them I should rather say that Lindsay proposes to burbank a wonderful new nectarine art by crossing painting, sculpture, architecture, and pantomime.

At present the difficulty is that there is no one in the producing field with the artistic training, and feeling, and the burning genius withal to produce a wonderful film. Max Reinhardt or Gordon Craig could do it, but even they would be working against the difficulties of a new medium. D'Annunzio did pretty well with *Cabiria* but— Have you ever read Aeschylus' *Suppliants*? It was the first and afterwards came *Electra* and *Œdipus*.

Well, along in his article Mr Zwaska grows boisterous at Lindsay who has, supposedly working on a suggestion from his friend, James Oppenheim, spoken of the possibility of a highly symbolic film production of *The Book of the Dead*. And this because Mrs Moore of Chicago, has worked out beautiful dances, and costumes and libretto for a stage production of the wonderful Nile and Sun myth. Bless Mrs Lou Wall Moore! We love her and her devotion. We have been wonder-struck by the loveliness of her Egyptian costume designs. When she does produce *The Book of the Dead* we will, Fate permitting, make a pilgrimage from this movie-ridden Missouri town to see it wherever it may be. And I know that we will be re-

joiced to be able to do so. But I am sure that dear Mrs Moore would be the last person to object to a film production of *The Book of the Dead*, IF the production be a beautiful one. For, as Lindsay iterates and reiterates, the stage and the moving-pictures *MUST* be different. Mrs Moore's production will have "the splendor of color, space, height, distance, and most magical of all, the voice." And the worthy moving-picture production, when it arrives, will have, in black-and-white symphony, the infinite depths of the sky, waving palm branches, the width of the desert, and above all, beautifully controlled actors, streaming hundreds, directed and co-ordinated as was the Diaghileff corps-de-ballet. And this beauty will travel all over the country, touching, among others, this drama-starved town of Missouri, where we suffer for want of visual beauty.

Mr Zwaska deplores the lack of composition—"moving lines" he calls it—in the moving pictures. He says that he has seen it "only in the flight of gulls (unconscious actors) or in pictures of rivers and trees, and the sea; in short—Nature. But Nature is Nature" wailed Mr Zwaska. And pray, why pervert the facts you bring forth? If the cinematograph can record the beautiful motion of the birds, can it not equally well record the beautiful motion of humans when the producer has learned to direct his actors as M. Fokine directs his dancers? *There* is room for Art.

Why—why, in the name of all that is lovely, must people howl at any expression of belief in possibilities of a new art? The moving-picture is Shakespearean, Hugoesque, Zolaesque, in its method. We see through it not only Antony and Cleopatra, but the two great hungry struggling groups that each impersonates. We see not only the typical coal-miner and his typical sorrows; we see the mass of his comrades under the same oppression, the same evil conditions. We see better, because more swiftly, than Hugo could paint it with his wonderful vocabulary, Notre Dame de Paris, the symbol, the social motif which embodies in a unity all that the story tries to show of the beauty, the horror, the fate, and the aspirations of the pre-Renaissance, an ever-present condition behind the actors. Are such possibilities to be shoved aside and denied a place among the arts where pageantry is admitted? Is the fact that thousands of bad, atrociously bad, films are turned out to discredit the few well-constructed, symbolic film-plays? Look at our abominable American poster-makers. Does this discredit Mr Blum, whose praises we hear sung?

There is one really vital criticism in Mr Zwaska's hectic article. That is, upon Lindsay's "too ruthless a theory" of no music in the movie theater. From the first we shied at that. We are surprised at the author of poems to be read aloud. Another of our admirable country-men, who qualifies not only as a sociologist, but as a philosopher and a poet, has his say on the subject quite incidentally. I speak of Max Eastman, who, in his *Enjoyment of Poetry*, says, "I have yet to find one in which the reality of the pictures is not enhanced with the beating of an old piano. Nobody notices the piano, nobody remembers what the piano plays, or how badly, but there it is, always keeping up a metre." The audiences' "voluntary mind is on the canvas but the music slips all the deeper into their beings, and it makes them live the pictures." I can well believe Mr Zwaska's account of the after-midnight picture show. Granted that most picture-show music is terrible, that the electric piano is agonizing, that it is deeply shocking to hear the *Miserere* when sweet Mary Pickford is acting the Un Bel Di Vedremo scene in *Butterfly*, the music is far less dreadful than silence, and we talk through it all the same. I do not know a possible remedy, but it is worth the thought of every person inter-

ested or disgusted. This is merely one of Vachel Lindsay's acknowledged "paw paws."

So here we are at the end of our wrath. And here's a cheer and a hearty greeting for Lindsay, who is scaling the Pike's Peak of idealism. And here's congratulations to Mr Zwaska for directing a few more telescopes at him.

FOR THE BRAHIMINS.

A Poet, Chicago:

I am sick of hearing Chicago audiences go into raptures over Brahms. Here is my impression of him as I listened to the last concert of the Chicago Symphony: *Symphony No. 4, E Minor, Opus 98.*

First Movement:

Milk and Liver.

Second Movement:

Bed-bugs crawling over the body of a fat burgher. Occasionally he snorts sonorously ('cellos).

Third Movement:

Ten-ton joviality—beer, cheese, saurkraut, ham. Grazioso—Ach, du lieber Augustine! The end suggests his Academic:

Fourth Movement:

- a. Hungarian dancing—(Brahms' only successful field).
- b. Falls into pompernickel sentimentalism.
- c. The German policeman (trombones).
- d. More liver.
- e. Gas.

Yours Sylph-fully:

Please let me "register" my appreciation of your April number. I read the extract from *The Interstate Medical Journal* with intense purposefulness, have ordered Vance Thompson's "epoch-making book, *Eat and Grow Thin*", and begin to feel that I am getting even more than I subscribed for.

Incidentally, didn't you love Carl Sandburg's *Gone*? Chick Lorimer! What a name! It makes one almost sorry to be "respectable", somehow—it's so full of gayety and courage!

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of August 24, 1912

of.....*THE LITTLE REVIEW*.....published...monthly...at...*Chicago, Ill.*.....
for.....*April 1st*.....*1916*.
Editor,.....*Margaret C. Anderson, 83½ Fine Arts Building, Chicago*.....
Managing Editor,.....*Same*.....
Business Manager,.....*Same*.....
Publisher,.....*Same*.....
Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.)
.....*Margaret C. Anderson*.....
.....*83½ Fine Arts Building, Chicago*.....
Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:.....*None*.....
.....*MARGARET C. ANDERSON,*
Sworn to and subscribed before me this.....*31st*.....day of.....*March, 1916.*
.....*MITCHELL DAWSON, Notary Public.*
(My commission expires.....*December 20, 1917.*)

THE FLAME

A JOURNAL FOR THE NEW AGE
Irwin Granich and Van K. Allison, Editors.

3 Bellingham Place, Boston, Mass.

"The Flame" is to be a monthly journal of revolution, soon to take life. It is to burn against oppression and authority everywhere, and is to be as pure and merciless as the flower of light after which it is named.

We want you to help us make "The Flame." It is not to be one of those vehicles for the delivery of the vast thoughts of an unrecognized "genius," but a little forum where every revolutionist of high heart and purpose can speak. We can pay nothing, of course. Cartoons, poems, stories, sketches, tracts, philosophies, news reports—all will be welcomed.

No creed or philosophy will be barred from our columns if only its devotee writes in a beautiful and furious and yes-saying gesture. The editorials will be flavored by the anarchy of the publishers.

THE DRAMA For May Offers Two Plays

REMY DE GOURMONT, whose dramatic work has never been accessible in English. The translation has been made by the celebrated Imagist poet, **RICHARD ALDINGTON**, who contributes also a skillful critique of de Gourmont's work. The plays are printed by an authorization given a few weeks before the playwright's death.

Among the other articles is one by Alexander Bakshy, an associate of the Russian producer, Meyerhold, on **The Cinematograph as Art**. In this the author shows that the great field open to the "movies" has not even been discovered by the film producer of today.

Mr. Charles Lemmi contributes a brilliant discussion of **The Italian Stage of Today**, not so much a study of the individual plays as an attempt to analyze and explain the forces in the present-day Italian theatre.

The Hull House Players, an organization of more than local fame, is the subject of a brief history by the founder and director, Laura Dainty Pelham.

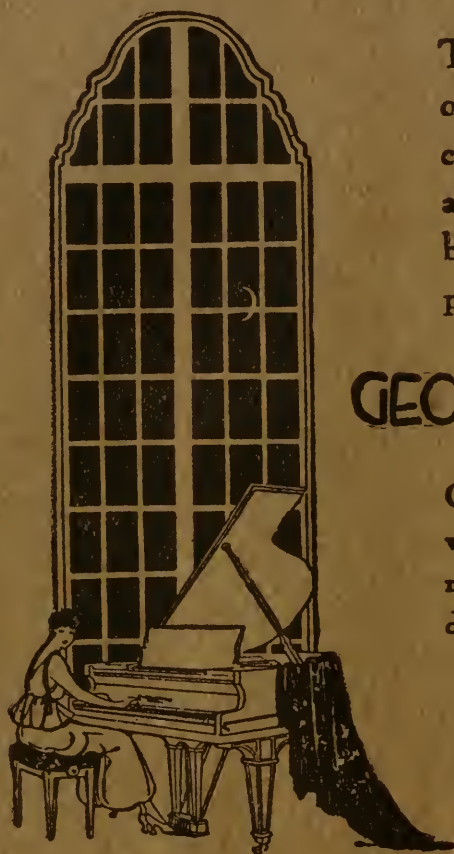
Many other articles on the current problems of the drama, reviews and bibliographies complete the number.

736 Marquette Building
CHICAGO

Three Dollars Per Year

Two Dollars Per Year to Members of The Drama League of America
Seventy-five Cents Per Copy

PIANO TRIUMPHANT



The artistic outgrowth
of forty-five years of
constant improvement—
a piano conceived to
better all that has
proven best in others.

GEO. P. BENT GRAND

Could you but compare it
with all others, artistically it
must be your choice. Each
day proves this more true.

Geo. P. Bent Grand, Style
"A"—a small Grand, built
for the home—your home.

GEO. P. BENT COMPANY

Manufacturers of Artistic Pianos
Retailers of Victrolas

214 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature

Drama

Music

Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

JUNE-JULY, 1916

Malmaison

The Philosopher

Song of the Killing of Liars

Mlle. Poetry Meets Me at the Church

Silhouettes

Our Migratory Address

Psycho-Analysis

A Dyptich:

Wonder Song

Scorn

The Deeper Scorn

Hokku

Poems:

Thin Day

The Rose Jar

The Irish Revolutionists

Bring Out Your Dead:

Braithewaite's Death-Cart

Tree's "Merchant of Venice"

Some Imagist Poets, 1916

Three Imagist Poets

The Reader Critic

A Vers Libre Prize Contest

Amy Lowell

Sherwood Anderson

Richard Hunt

Roscoe Brink

Harriet Dean

Florence Kiper Frank

Skipwith Cannell

Edgar Lee Masters

Mark Turbyfill

Padraic Colum

Mitchell Dawson

Rollo Peters

Mary Aldis

John Gould Fletcher

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher

Montgomery Block

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, San Francisco, Cal.

THE NEW POETRY SERIES

A successful attempt to give the best of contemporary verse a wide reading in its own generation.

NEW VOLUMES NOW READY

SOME IMAGIST POETS, 1916

A new collection of the work of this interesting group of poets—Richard Aldington, "H. D.," John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and Amy Lowell—showing increased scope and power and confirming their important position in modern poetry. The volume includes Miss Lowell's "Patterns" and "Spring Day," and Mr. Fletcher's Arizona poems.

GOBLINS AND PAGODAS

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

This volume includes "Ghosts of an Old House" and ten "Symphonies", interpreting in terms of color the inner life of a poet. In originality of conception, in sheer tonal beauty, and in the subtlety with which moods are evoked, these poems mark a distinct advance in the development of the art of poetry.

ROADS

By GRACE FALLOW NORTON

The author of "The Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's" writes in the old metres but with all the artistic vitality of the newer school of poets. The poems of this volume represent the best work she has yet done.

URNS AND MOVIES

By CONRAD AIKEN

"Most remarkable of all recent free verse."—Reedy's St. Louis Mirror.

A SONG OF THE GUNS

By GILBERT FRANKAU

Wonderfully vivid pictures of modern war written to the roar of guns on the western front by a son of Frank Danby, the novelist. These are the war poems the world has been waiting for.

IDOLS

By WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG

Contains many interesting experiments in new metres and reflective verse of much beauty as well as novel and effective renderings of Mallarmé's "Afternoon of a Faun," and of Dante's Fifth Canto.

Each 75 cents Net, except "A Song of the Guns," which is 50 cents Net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

At All Bookstores

4 Park Street, Boston

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III

JUNE-JULY, 1916

NO. 4

Malmaison

AMY LOWELL

I

HOW the slates of the roof sparkle in the sun, over there, over there, beyond the high wall! How quietly the Seine runs in loops and windings, over there, over there, sliding through the green countryside! Like ships of the line, stately with canvas, the tall clouds pass along the sky, over the glittering roof, over the trees, over the looped and curving river. A breeze quivers through the linden trees. Roses bloom at Malmaison. Roses! Roses! But the road is dusty. Already the Citoyenne Beauharnais wearies of her walk. Her skin is chalked and powdered with dust, she smells dust, and behind the wall are roses! Roses with smooth open petals, poised above rippling leaves . . . Roses . . . They have told her so. The Citoyenne Beauharnais shrugs her shoulders and makes a little face. She must mend her pace if she would be back in time for dinner. Roses indeed! The guillotine more likely.

The tiered clouds float over Malmaison, and the slate roof sparkles in the sun.

II

Gallop! Gallop! The General brooks no delay. Make way, good people, and scatter out of his path, you, and your hens, and your dogs, and your children. The General is returned from Egypt, and is come in a calèche and four to visit his new property. Throw open the gates, you, Porter of Malmaison. Pull off your cap, my man, this is your master, the husband of Madame. Faster! Faster! A jèrk and a jingle and they are arrived, he and she. Madame has red eyes. Fi! It is for joy at her husband's return. Learn your place, Porter. A gentleman here for two months? Fi! Fi, then! Since when have you taken to gossiping? Madame may have a brother, I suppose. That—all green, and red, and glitter, with flesh as dark as ebony—that is a slave; a blood-thirsty, stabbing, slashing heathen, come from the hot countries to cure your tongue of idle whispering.

A fine afternoon it is, with tall bright clouds sailing over the trees.

"Bonaparte, mon ami, the trees are golden like my star, the star I pinned to your destiny when I married you. The gypsy, you remember her prophecy. My dear friend, not here, the servants are watching; send them away, and that flashing splendour, Roustan. Superb—Imperial, but . . . My dear, your arm is trembling; I faint to feel it touching me! No, no, Bonaparte, not that—spare me that—did we not bury that last night! You hurt me, my friend, you are so hot and strong. Not long, Dear, no, thank God, not long."

The looped river runs saffron, for the sun is setting. It is getting dark. Dark. Darker. In the moonlight, the slate roof shines palely milky white.

The roses have faded at Malmaison, nipped by the frost. What need for roses? Smooth, open petals—her arms. Fragrant, outcurved petals—her breasts. He rises like a sun above her, stooping to touch the petals, press them wider. Eagles. Bees. What are they to open roses! A little shivering breeze runs through the linden trees, and the tiered clouds blow across the sky like ships of the line, stately with canvas.

III

The gates stand wide at Malmaison, stand wide all day. The gravel of the avenue glints under the continual rolling of wheels. An officer gallops up with his sabre clicking; a mameluke gallops down with his charger kicking. Valets-de-pied run about in ones, and twos, and groups, like swirled blown leaves. Tramp! Tramp! The guard is changing, and the grenadiers off duty lounge out of sight, ranging along the roads toward Paris.

The slate roof sparkles in the sun, but it sparkles milkily, vaguely, the great glass-houses put out its shining. Glass, stone and onyx now for the sun's mirror. Much has come to pass at Malmaison. New rocks and fountains, blocks of carven marble, fluted pillars uprearing antique temples, vases and urns in unexpected places, bridges of stone, bridges of wood, arbours and statues, and a flood of flowers everywhere, new flowers, rare flowers, parterre after parterre of flowers. Indeed, the roses bloom at Malmaison. It is youth, youth untrammelled and advancing, trundling a country ahead of it as though it were a hoop. Laughter, and spur janglings in tessellated vestibules. Tripping of clocked and embroidered stockings in little low-heeled shoes over smooth grassplots. India muslins spangled with silver patterns slide through trees—mingle—separate—white day-fireflies flashing moon-brilliance in the shade of foliage.

"The kangeroos! I vow, Captain, I must see the kangeroos."

"As you please, dear Lady, but I recommend the shady linden alley and feeding the cockatoos."

"They say that Madame Bonaparte's breed of sheep is the best in all France."

"And, oh, have you seen the enchanting little cedar she planted when the First Consul sent home the news of the victory of Merengo?"

Picking, choosing, the chattering company flits to and fro. Over the trees the great clouds go, tiered, stately, like ships of the line bright with canvas.

Prisoner's-base, and its swooping, veering, racing, giggling, bumping. The First Consul runs plump into M. de Beauharnais and falls. But he picks himself up smartly, and starts after M. Isabey. Too late, M. Le Premier Consul, Mademoiselle Hortense is out after you. Quickly, my dear Sir! Stir your short legs, she is swift and eager, and as graceful as her mother. She is there, that other, playing too, but lightly, warily, bearing herself with care, rather floating out upon the air than running, never far from goal. She is there, borne up above her guests as something indefinably fair, a rose above periwinkles. A blown rose, smooth as satin, reflexed, one loosened petal hanging back and down. A rose that undulates languorously as the breeze takes it, resting upon its leaves in a faintness of perfume.

There are rumours about the First Consul. Malmaison is full of women, and Paris is only two leagues distant. Madame Bonaparte stands on the wooden bridge at sunset, and watches a black swan pushing the pink and silver water in front of him as he swims, crinkling its smoothness into pleats of changing colour with his breast. Madame Bonaparte presses against the parapet of the bridge, and the crushed roses at her belt melt, petal by petal, into the pink water.

IV

A vile day, Porter. But keep your wits about you. The Empress will soon be here. Queer, without the Emperor! It is indeed, but best not consider that. Scratch your head and prick up your ears. Divorce is not for you to debate about. She is late? Ah, well, the roads are muddy. The rain spears are as sharp as whetted knives. They dart down and down, edged and shining. Clop-trop! Clop-trop! A carriage grows out of the mist. Hist, Porter. You can keep on your hat. It is only Her Majesty's dogs and her parrot. Clop-trop! The Ladies in Waiting, Porter. Clop-trop! It is Her Majesty. At least, I suppose it is, but the blinds are drawn.

"In all the years I have served Her Majesty she never before passed the gate without giving me a smile!"

"You're a droll fellow, to expect the Empress to put out her head in the pouring rain and salute you. She has affairs of her own to think about."

Clang the gate, no need for further waiting, nobody else will be coming to Malmaison tonight.

White under her veil, drained and shaking, the woman crosses the antechamber. Empress! Empress! Foolish splendour, perished to dust. Ashes of roses, ashes of youth. Empress forsooth!

Over the glass domes of the hot houses drenches the rain. Behind her a clock ticks—ticks again. The sound knocks upon her thought with the echoing shudder of hollow vases. She places her hands on her ears, but the minutes pass, knocking. Tears in Malmaison. And years to come each knocking by, minute after minute. Years, many years, and tears, and cold pouring rain.

"I feel as though I had died, and the only sensation I have is that I am no more."

Rain! Heavy, thudding rain!

V

The roses bloom at Malmaison. And not only roses. Tulips, myrtles, geraniums, camellias, rhododendrons, dahlias, double hyacinths. All the year through, under glass, under the sky, flowers bud, expand, die, and give way to others, always others. From distant countries they have been brought, and taught to live in the cool temperateness of France. There is the *Bonapartea* from Peru; the *Napoleone Impériale*; the *Josephinia Imperatrix*, a pearl-white flower, purple-shadowed, the calix pricked out with crimson points. Malmaison wears its flowers as a lady wears her gems, flauntingly, assertively. Malmaison decks herself to hide the hollow within.

The glass-houses grow and grow and every year fling up hotter reflexions to the sailing sun.

The cost runs into millions, but a woman must have something to console herself for a broken heart. One can play backgammon and patience, and then patience and backgammon, and stake gold Napoleons on each game won. Sport truly! It is an unruly spirit which could ask better. With her jewels, her laces, her shawls; her two hundred and twenty dresses, her fichus, her veils; her pictures, her busts, her birds. It is absurd that she cannot be happy. The Emperor smarts under the thought of her ingratitude. What could he do more? And yet she spends, spends as never before. It is ridiculous. Can she not enjoy life at a smaller figure? Was ever monarch plagued with so extravagant an ex-wife? She owes her chocolate-merchant, her candle-merchant, her sweetmeat purveyor; her grocer, her butcher, her poulterer; her architect, and the shopkeeper who sells her rouge; her perfumer, her dressmaker, her merchant of shoes. She owes for fans, plants, engravings, and chairs. She owes masons and carpenters, vintners, lingères. The lady's affairs are in sad confusion.

And why? Why?

Can a river flow when the spring is dry?

Night. The Empress sits alone, and the clock ticks, one after one. The clock nicks off the edges of her life. She is chipped like an old bit of china; she is frayed like a garment of last year's wearing. She is soft, crinkled, like a fading rose. And each minute flows by brushing against her, shearing off another and another petal. The Empress crushes her breasts with her hands, and weeps. And the tall clouds sail over Malmaison like a procession of stately ships bound for the moon.

Scarlet, clear-blue, purple epaulettes with gold. It is a parade of soldiers sweeping up the avenue. Eight horses, eight Imperial harnesses, four caparisoned postillions, a carriage with the Emperor's arms on the panels. Ho, Porter, pop out your eyes, and no wonder. Where else under the Heavens could you see such splendour!

They sit on a stone seat. The little man in the green coat of a colonel of Chasseurs, and the lady, beautiful as a satin seedpod, and as pale. The house has memories. The satin seedpod holds his germs of Empire. We will stay here, under the blue sky and the turreted white clouds. She draws him; he feels her faded loveliness urge him to replenish it. Her soft transparent texture woos his nervous fingering. He speaks to her of debts, of resignation; of her children, and his; he promises that she shall see the King of Rome; he says some harsh things and some pleasant. But she is there, close to him, rose

toned to amber, white shot with violet, pungent to his nostrils as embalmed rose-leaves in a twilight room.

Suddenly the Emperor calls his carriage and rolls away across the looping Seine.

VI

Crystal-blue brightness over the glass-houses. Crystal-blue streaks and ripples over the lake: A macaw on a gilded perch screams; they have forgotten to take out his dinner. The windows shake. Boom! Boom! It is the rumbling of Prussian cannon beyond Pecq. Roses bloom at Malmaison. Roses! Roses! Swimming above their leaves, rotting beneath them. Fallen flowers strew the unraked walks. Fallen flowers for a fallen Emperor! The General in charge of him draws back and watches. Snatches of music—snarling, sneering music of bagpipes. They say a Scotch regiment is besieging St. Denis. The Emperor wipes his face, or is it his eyes? His tired eyes which see nowhere the grace they long for. Josephine! Somebody asks him a question, he does not answer, somebody else does that. There are voices, but one voice he does not hear, and yet he hears it all the time. Josephine! The Emperor puts up his hand to screen his face. The white light of a bright cloud spears sharply through the linden trees. "Vive l'Empereur!" There are troops passing beyond the wall, troops which sing and call. Boom! A pink rose is jarred off its stem and falls at the Emperor's feet.

"Very well, I go." Where! Does it matter? There is no sword to clatter. Nothing but soft brushing gravel and a gate which shuts with a click.

"Quick, fellow, don't spare your horses."

A whip cracks, wheels turn, why burn one's eyes following a fleck of dust.

VII

Over the slate roof tall clouds, like ships of the line, pass along the sky. The glass-houses glitter splotchily, for many of their lights are broken. Roses bloom, fiery cinders quenching under damp weeds. Wreckage and misery, and a trailing of petty deeds smearing over old recollections.

The musty rooms are empty and their shutters are closed, only in the gallery there is a stuffed black swan, covered with dust. When you touch it the feathers come off and float softly to the ground. Through a chink in the shutters one can see the stately clouds crossing the sky toward the Roman arches of the Marley Aqueduct.

The Philosopher

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

HE was an old man with a white beard and huge nose and hands. Long before the time during which we will know him he was a doctor, and drove a jaded white horse from house to house through the streets of Winesburg, Ohio. Later he married a girl who had money. She had been left a large fertile farm when her father died. The girl was quiet, tall, and dark, and to many people she seemed very beautiful. Everyone in Winesburg wondered why she married the doctor. Within a year after the marriage she died.

The knuckles of the doctor's hands were extraordinarily large. When the hands were closed they looked like clusters of unpainted wooden balls as large as walnuts fastened together by steel rods. He smoked a cob pipe, and after his wife's death sat all day in his empty office close by a window that was covered with cobwebs. He never opened the window. Once, on a hot day in August, he tried but found it stuck fast, and after that he forgot all about it.

Winesburg had forgotten the old man, but in Doctor Reefy there were the seeds of something. Alone in his musty office in the Heffner block, above the Paris Dry Goods Company's store, he worked ceaselessly, building up something that he himself destroyed. Little pyramids of truth he erected and after erecting knocked them down again that he might have the truths to erect other pyramids.

Doctor Reefy was a tall man who had worn one suit of clothes for ten years. It was frayed at the sleeves and little holes had appeared at the knees and elbows. In the office he wore also a linen duster with huge pockets into which he continually stuffed scraps of paper. After some weeks the scraps of paper became little hard round balls and when the pockets were filled with these he dumped them out upon the floor. For ten years he had but one friend, another old man named John Spaniard, who owned a tree nursery. Sometimes in a playful mood old Doctor Reefy took from his pockets a handful of the paper balls and threw them at the nurseryman. "That is to confound you, you blithering old sentimentalist," he cried, shaking with laughter.

The story of Doctor Reefy and of his courtship of the tall dark girl, who became his wife and left her money to him, is a very curious story. It is delicious like the twisted little apples that grow in the orchards of Winesburg. In the fall one walks in the orchards and the

ground is hard with frost underfoot. The apples have been taken from the trees by the pickers. They have been put in barrels and shipped to the cities where they will be eaten in apartments that are filled with books, magazines, furniture and people. On the trees are only a few knarled apples that the pickers have rejected. They look like the knuckles of Doctor Reefy's hands. One nibbles at them and they are delicious. Into a little round place at the side of the apple has been gathered all its sweetness. One runs from tree to tree over the frosted ground picking the knarled, twisted apples and filling his pockets with them. Only the few know the sweetness of the twisted apples.

The girl and Doctor Reefy began their courtship on a summer afternoon. He was forty-five then and already he had begun the practice of filling his pockets with the scraps of paper that became hard balls and were thrown away. The habit had been formed as he sat in his buggy behind the jaded gray horse and went slowly along country roads. On the papers were written thoughts, ends of thoughts, beginnings of thoughts.

One by one the mind of Doctor Reefy had made the thoughts. Out of many of them he formed a truth that rose gigantic in his mind. The truth clouded the world. It became terrible and then faded away and the little thoughts began again.

The tall dark girl came to see Doctor Reefy because she was going to have a child and had become frightened. She was in that condition because of a series of circumstances also curious.

The death of her father and mother and the rich acres of land that had come down to her had set a train of suitors on her heels. For two years she saw suitors almost every evening. With the exception of two they were all alike. They talked to her of passion and there was a strained eager quality in their voices and in their eyes when they looked at her. The two who were different were much unlike the others. One of them, a slender young man with white hands, the son of a jeweler in Winesburg, talked continually of virginity. When he was with her he was never off the subject. The other, a black-haired boy with large ears, said nothing at all, but always managed to get her into the darkness where he began to kiss her.

For a time the tall dark girl thought she would marry the jeweler's son. For hours she sat in silence listening as he talked, and then she began to be afraid of something. Beneath his talk of virginity she began to think there was a lust greater than in all of the others. At times it seemed to her that as he talked he was holding her body in his hands. She imagined him turning it slowly about in the white hands and staring at it. At night she dreamed that he had bitten into her body and that his jaws were dripping. She had the dream three times, then she became pregnant by the one who said nothing at all, but who

in the moment of his passion actually did bite her shoulder so that for days the marks of his teeth showed.

After the tall dark girl came to know Doctor Reefy it seemed to her that she never wanted to leave him again. She went into his office in the morning and without her saying anything he seemed to know what had happened to her.

In the office of the doctor there was a woman, the wife of the man who kept the bookstore in Winesburg. Like all old-fashioned country practitioners Doctor Reefy pulled teeth, and the woman who waited held a handkerchief to her teeth and groaned. Her husband was with her and when the tooth was taken out they both screamed and blood ran down on the woman's white dress. The tall dark girl did not pay any attention. When the woman and the man had gone the doctor smiled. "I will take you driving into the country with me," he said.

For several weeks the tall dark girl and the doctor were together almost every day. The condition that had brought her to him passed in an illness, but she was like one who has discovered the sweetness of the twisted apples and could not again get her mind fixed again upon the round perfect fruit that is eaten in the apartments. In the fall after the beginning of her acquaintanceship with him she married Doctor Reefy and in the following spring she died. During the winter he read to her all the odds and ends of thoughts he had scribbled on the bits of paper. After he had read them he laughed and stuffed them away in his pockets to become round hard balls.

Song of the Killing of Liars

RICHARD HUNT

My hands have grown strong
Wanting to clutch throats.
I have looked about me, Love,
And you are the only one
I do not want to kill.

They tried to kill me
When I was young and helpless:
They almost did for me,
And I cannot forgive them.

Whom shall I choke first?—
The minister who told me a piece of bread
Was Christ's body to be chewed weepingly?
Or my father who nearly frightened me to death
Because I dreamed about a girl?
Then there is my old teacher
Who made me write five hundred times,
"A man's first duty is to his flag."

Liars!

First I will insult them
And strip them naked of their lies:
Then I will choke them dead,
And burn their institutions.

There will be nothing left
But the clean earth and some children—
Our child, Love, and a child for it to mate with.
The air they breathe will be pure
For the lies will be all dead.

Mlle. Poetry Meets Me at the Church

ROSCOE WILLIAM BRINK

TO a New York poetry society one night with a friend of a friend. . . . I had always wanted to see that society. Long have I listened in awe to the unutterable rhythms of the city itself: the daily ictus of the workward crowds in the morning, the beat again in the homeward evening, lyric activity of the weeks rising to a crest like an Elizabethan sonnet to end in a Saturday-Sunday couplet of application to the heart of man, involved quatrains of the seasons, free verse epochs and tensions, years and decades. As I listened to these bigger canticles of New York City I have wanted to see its poetry society, fancying it some homely cricket on its communal hearth—my pleasant heart-warming dream. You see, also, besides listening in on this great, loud city voice, I once wanted to write poetry myself—but that was long ago before, under penalty of death by starvation, they took me and put me to work and rediscovered *vers libre*.

As I sat beside the friend of a friend, gazing in glad surmise at an elegant assembly of ladies and gentlemen, the poetry society meeting came to order. Not since I was fourteen-fifteen, and went to prayer-meeting because the girl I adored would be there, have I experienced such emotions as I experienced then.

I don't suppose you know my particular old white church prayer-meeting. I used to go, rain or shine, every Friday night, and sit where I could watch the door admit the pretty upward toss of curls of my affections' desire. Sometimes she didn't come and didn't come. The opening hymn would be sung and I would hear it not, for my eyes were upon the door. Another hymn and the preacher would begin to speak with a gentle, gushing, splashing sound at the mouth, but the door would remain closed; and knotted, stifling disappointment he clutching at my throat. Another hymn, and the discussion would be thrown open to the congregation. Well, the door was stolid; I would slide back from the edge of my chair and breathe thickly of the resisting air. So late, she would not come now. To be sure, the congregation was some comfort: there were the frisky young lady and the frisky middle-aged lady who would pop to their feet with a squeal of enthusiasm, the deacons and the elders, the sincere girls, the succinct young men with a duty to perform, the conservatives and the infirm—all of them to speak. There came one night when there was rejoicing in heaven's hour. Somebody had sent a check to pay for a new coat of white paint for the church. The

treasurer arose from his chair and lifted up the check for all to see. Then were hymns and glad talks with God and with woman and man. The banks next day refused to honor the check.

In the New York poetry society meeting appeared no novelty for me. I had been there before, so it seemed. Then, as of old, the meeting-room was more charming, the congregation more elegant, but the same, even to the frisky ones, with an exception in the authors' literary agent I saw just a few feet from me. Otherwise the same—a prayer-meeting, the great American habit, a community impulse boiled down to four-square-wallsful.

As the meeting progressed I knew I had been there before. Absently I looked toward the door for the pretty upward toss of curls again, but I caught myself in time. Notices were read—again I looked toward the door, and stopped. Jokes were made about vers libre; several very interesting recitations were given; restlessly my eyes wandered doorward again. One always forms such bad habits when he is young. Poems now were being read, and criticized. But I had given up; I was looking toward the door and willing to acknowledge it. But she for whom I looked, came not. Then the leader with pleasure read a list of several new members—one of them with the name of a certain rich person, a name I had often seen associated with the millions of commerce but never with the measures of verse. An uncrushed sigh of self-congratulation went up over the room. I took my last look at the stolid door, slid back from the edge of my chair; gave up. I knew She would not come. My heart beat as of old, whimsically and sadly. She would not come.

I took my friend of a friend by the hand and sidled out of the room into the night. A few corners away we came upon a news-stand, full of magazines, upon every magazine a cover, upon every cover a girl, one and the same forever and ever. "If She had come, would She have been so grown that She would have looked like them?" I asked.

"Who come?" asked my friend of a friend.

"The Spirit of Poetry," says I. "She hadda right, you know."

American modernity, I bless thee through closed teeth—get thee to thy praper-meetings or some Billy Sunday will Carl Sanburg thee.

Silhouettes

HARRIET DEAN

Barn-Yarding

I CANNOT joyously write little things. Perhaps that is why I write none at all. The little people about me fill me with disgust. They are cocksure bantam hens, loose and fertile, laying egg-thoughts carelessly. The crack of shells is loud, but tiny wet chicks roll out, smaller than the rest. God forbid that I am of the same breed! If I must linger in the barn-yard for a few days, studying the swagger of these hens and silently measuring my own, may I in the end fly away to my mountain-top—alone in the night. Strut, if I must, but quite alone.

Their voices are splinters of sound which prick my desolation to shreds. My one great fear is that clumsily they may stumble against my loneliness. What matter if the tongue be unknown to me! These tone arrows beat at my door like undesired rain; they hurl themselves against my tissue walls until I shall go mad with their urgency.

The only true friendliness near me is the blank brick wall of the house next door. I wrap myself in its unresponsiveness and stop up my ears with its cold silence that I may have courage to go on with my work.

Flame curtains flap in my grate and send grey indistinctness shivering and stumbling over my walls.

A dusty mirror in a lonely house waits. . . .

Departure

"And now you, too, must go," she said to me; I who had already gone, silently, tenderly lest my steps break the stairs of her heart.

Announcements

The Migratory Magazine

WE have been invited to spend the summer in San Francisco, so we decided to carry THE LITTLE REVIEW along and publish it there until October or November. Then we shall go back to Chicago for a couple of months, and by the first of the year we plan to establish ourselves in New York, where all good things seem to turn at last. Our travels have been so exciting that it was impossible to get out a June issue on the way. (In all honesty I should add that the chronic low state of the treasury had even more to do with it.) So we have combined the June and July issues, as we did last year. Subscriptions will be extended accordingly.

Charles Kinney's Article

MR. KINNEY'S exposure of conditions at the Chicago Art Institute, which was advertised in the last issue, has not come in time to go in. The court procedures have taken much of Mr. Kinney's time. It will be published in the August issue.

Psycho-Analysis

Some Random Thoughts Thereon

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

WHY not history rewritten from the researches of the Freudians? We have our economic determinism; why not our psycho-sexual? The tendencies of the individual studied in their relations to world-breaking and world-making! Hannibal and his mother, Queen Elizabeth and her nurse, Frederick the Great and the Oedipus complex!

The priest of the future will be the Inspired Physician. All tendencies seem so to point. The Christian Scientist and New Thought healers are vague and emotional answers to this social demand, the psycho-analytic physician a more sophisticated and precise one. The functions of those who now minister separately to soul and to body will, as in primitive society, again be united. The modern medicine-man shall be the priest of the new order!

To the adolescent, the value of the Inspired Physician can scarcely be over-stated. Jeanne D'Orge has thus written of the sixteen-year-old period:

I wish there were Someone
Who would hear confession:
Not a priest—I do not want to be told of my sins;
Not a mother—I do not want to give sorrow;
Not a friend—she would not know enough;
Not a lover—he would be too partial;
Not God—he is far away;
But Someone that should be friend, lover, mother, priest, God
all in one,
And a Stranger besides—who would not condemn nor interfere,
Who when everything is said from beginning to end
Would show the reason of it all
And tell you to go ahead
And work it out your own way.

What of the functions of the physician-priest in marriage! The possibilities are, to say the least, interesting. As substitute for the churchly bunk talked at the average churchly ceremony, an intimate tete-a-tete between, say, the Inspired Physician and the woman. It might do much to validate the "sacredness" of wedlock. And, incidentally, I wonder what data the Freudians are going to contribute during the next ten years to feminism. Ellis states that sexual normality isn't possible to determine because there isn't enough material by which to base a norm. Especially, says he, is this true of the sexual psychology of women. Valuable, then, will be the testimony of those who have been hearing confessions!

One of the most powerful functions of the Catholic Church united with modern scientific research! I wonder if the need for the confessional isn't eternal.

Amazing, isn't it, that the most remarkable contributions to the study of personality come out of the modern Prussianized Teutonic empires? On the one hand men mowed down by the socialized thousands; on the other this incredibly patient and exhaustive searching into the bewildering complexities of the individual soul.

Break through the crust of any man as he thinks he is, and you are plunged into currents undreamed of. And isn't one amazed at how much alike we all of us are—and how different!

The Freudian searching into motives is the accredited material of the novelist; the use of dream symbols the very stuff of the poet. The successful psycho-analytic physician ought to combine the adroitness of the fictionist with the imagination of the versifier.

From the standpoint of medical technique Freud and Jung may have diverged importantly—philosophically the younger man builds on the Freudian researches and there is no break in the continuity. Freud is perhaps more valuable to the physician; to the layman Jung opens up a realm of speculation and discovery more fascinating than that of Darwinism.

The old sweet mythos, as friend Browning says, has been rediscovered. We are more wonderful than we thought. We are carrying about in our compassed personalities all dreams and imaginings. What avails the modernity of elevators and skyscrapers! You, betrousered one, walking Michigan Avenue—in your psyche are the ancient Hindus and the dancing sun-worshippers. You with the hand-bag and that

1916 model frock, do you truly think you are thinking in terms of American asphalted Chicago? Indeed! It was the symbolism of the Eleusinian mysteries that was used in the image which flashed into your mind just then. How was it recreated? Heaven knows—or Dr. Jung! And in your dreams, when the censor is quite off guard—how did you, prosaic being, become suddenly the wildest of poets?

The average man—by that I mean the average man of cultivation—is not at all cognizant yet of the large significance of the psycho-analytic studies. He thinks them some libidinous sex-stuff come out of Germany, or perhaps one of the many new methods to be tried on the insane and the neurotic. Their immense import for the normal (whatever *he* is!) he has not yet understood. It will take perhaps another five years for the discoveries of psycho-analysis to penetrate the popular consciousness. Perhaps less—for some Augustus Thomas (God save us from such!) may before then write a play about it.

A Dyptich

SKIPWITH CANNELL

Wonder Song

No man who borrows
Should return the exact debt;
Let him return more,
Or let him return less.

I borrowed twelve dollars
From a rich uncle of mine;
I paid him back a hundred's worth of poetry.

He is not satisfied,
I am not forgotten.

I borrowed from a stranger
An old coat full of lice;
The cloth became strong serge,
The lice became buttons.

The stranger
Wanted his old coat back again,
He got an old joke instead
And went away laughing.

I gave my God some second-hand prayers,
Prayers that were used and fingered and worn;
In return He gave me
My heart's desire.

I gave my God all the love that's in me . . .
He put it in His pocket,
Absently,
With talk of the weather:
He's a wise God, knowing His own worth.

No one who borrows
Should make exact payment;
If he does as I say
He'll be remembered forever.

Scorn

I will not lay bricks for the homes of other men;
I prefer to fell trees in the forest,
To fell them and let them lie.
If I go to the forests, I will starve;
If I lay bricks for those others,
They will feed me soup and black bread and onions.

I will fell trees
Angrily,
And I will let them lie.

The Deeper Scorn

I will lay many bricks:
And that I may lay them better,
I will take their bread and their soup . . .
Courteously returning thanks
For the wages they offer . . .

I will lay many bricks,
And in a straight row,
As befits one who has knowledge of his freedom.

Hokku

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I lift my eyes from the humus
Up the sea-green stalk to the flower.
The base of the petals is red as blood;
But I cannot see the line that divides
The rim of the petals from the sun light.

Poems

MARK TURBYFILL

Thin Day

Bright, alert,
Arise these wild blue buds
Above this crystal jar.

But they have no soul.
And bear no sweetness
On their lips.

Oh pity of azure days
Like these blue flowers!
We cannot endure in their thinness:
Our hearts sink
Through their petal-gauze.

The Rose Jar

O Earth,
You have brought me out too soon!

He whom I love
Still clings upon the branch,
Firm, a slender bud.
But you have spread me wide.

Take these broken leaves,
Now fallen from the core.
(O Earth,
You have brought me out too soon!)
Drop them into your Jar
For him who shall surely pass this way,
At last!

The Irish Revolutionists

PADRAIC COLUM

THE British Government, which was quite willing to exploit the sympathy felt here on the premature death of the young English poet, Rupert Brooke, shot to death three Irish poets, Padraic Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, and Joseph Plunkett.

Not only in Ireland, but the whole world is at a loss by the extinction of these three brave, honorable, and distinguished lives.

The English illustrated journals that have just come to New York enable us to estimate by a contrast the world's loss. They have published the photographs of the Irish revolutionary leaders; and with them they have published the photograph of the man who ordered their execution, General Maxwell. On one side they give you intellectual and spiritual faces—the faces of men who liberate the world. On the other side they give you a heavy, non-intellectual, non-spiritual face—the face of a man who could never liberate himself.

The vision and the aspiration of Pearse, MacDonagh, and Plunkett is on record for the world to know. A man cannot lie when he speaks of his vision or his aspiration in poetry. We know what Padraic Pearse thought of personal life. He has recorded it in his poem *To Death*, which has been translated from the Irish:

I have not gathered gold;
The fame that I won perished;
In love I found but sorrow
That withered my life.

Of wealth or of glory
I shall leave nothing behind me
(I think it, O God, enough!)
But my name in the heart of a child.

And what vision of life had Thomas MacDonagh? We know, for it is in his poem *Wishes For My Son*:

But I found no enemy,
No man in a world of wrong,
That Christ's word of Charity
Did not render clean and strong—

Who was I to judge my kind,
Blindest groper of the blind?

God to you may give the sight
And the clear undoubting strength
Wars to knit for single right,
Freedom's war to knit at length;
And to win, through wrath and strife,
To the sequel of my life.

But for you, so small and young,
Born of Saint Cecilia's Day,
I in more harmonious song
Now for nearer joys should pray—
Simple joys: the natural growth
Of your childhood and your youth,
Courage, innocence, and truth:

These for you, so small and young,
In your hand and heart and tongue.

And we know the vision of life that Joseph Plunkett had—it was the same vision that the great mystics and the great religious had. It is in his poem *I See His Blood Upon the Roses*:

I see his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice—and carved by his power
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

These three men had a vision for their country that could not be expressed in a proclamation, no matter how nobly worded that proclamation might be.

Padraic Pearse gave all his thought and all his effort to bring back a chivalry to Ireland—the Heroic Age of Celtic History, when, as he said, “the greatest honor was for the hero with the most child-like heart, for the King who had the largest pity, and for the poet who visioned the truest image of beauty. The first thing you saw when you entered his school in Cullenswood House was a fresco representing the boy Cuchullain taking arms. The Druid has warned him that the youth who takes arms that day will make his name famous, but will have a short life. And written round the fresco, in the old Irish words, was Cuchullain’s answer, “I care not if my life have only the span of a day and a night if my deeds be spoken of by the men of Ireland.” This was the spirit that Padraic Pearse sought to kindle in his boys—this was the spirit that he tried to bring back again into Ireland.

Thomas MacDonagh strove to create an Ireland that would be free as his intelligence was free, as eager for deeds as he himself was eager. Those who knew MacDonagh in his literary expression thought of him as a poet with a tendency towards abstractions, as a scholar with a bent towards philology. Those who knew him intimately knew him as a man who was the best of comrades. And they knew that there was something in MacDonagh that he never expressed. What was fundamental in him was an eager search for the thing to which he could give the whole devotion of his life. He found it in his vision of the Irish Republic.

Joseph Mary Plunkett strove to bring back the spirit and the defiance of the martyrs. He came of a family whose name has been in Irish history for six hundred years. The proudest memory of his people was the memory of martyrdom. The last priest martyred in England—the Venerable Oliver Plunkett—was of his blood.

These men, with their comrades—the good and brave Connolly, who gave all of his will and all of his ability to the workers of Ireland, the upright Eamonn Ceant, the soldierly O’Rahilly, the adventurous MacBride, Shaun MacDermott, “kindly Irish of the Irish,” and the others—have done a great thing for our country at this great moment of history.

They have made Ireland not a British question but a European question.

They have shown us that the country should be redeemed by the heroic spirit as well as by the political intelligence.

They have belittled danger and death for generations of Irish nationalists.

Bring Out Your Dead

Braithwaite's Death-Cart

*The Poetry Review of America, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

THE plague being upon us—God knows whence it came—the plague being upon us, poisoning men and women, and turning them into minor and sub-minor poets, and catching some in their youth so that they can never become men and women—the plague being upon us, I suppose there must be men brave enough to fashion death-carts for the corpses. It is a sanitary precaution. The more carts the better. The builders should be commended; the drivers medalled and ultimately pensioned. We should not bother much about the wheels—how they bang and rattle. Let the corpses leer and quarrel. But keep the carts well burdened and speed them to the pyres of oblivion.

This is not criticism, but the exaggeration of bitterness; and you, Mr. Braithwaite, should not complain if our lips writhe back at the cup which you have held out to us and if our tongues are twisted to a sincerity that sounds like malice. When *Contemporary Verse* issued from Philadelphia like an ancient tumbril reconstructed by children we laughed and said, "God speed you while you last." But when rumors came of a new poetry magazine in Boston we waited with the wonderful hope of eager youth. Ah, the new Poetry Review! The new Poetry Review! And what have you done? You have given us the old doll without even new tinsel. Do you wonder that I would smash your doll and tear its frayed and tawdry clothing?

"To serve the art we all love," you say. Does Benjamin R. C. Low serve it with sentimental buncombe like *Jack O'Dreams*? Does Amelia Josephine Burr serve it with a library tragedy like *Vengeance*? And you, Mr. Braithwaite, do you serve it by writing a muddled article on *The Substance of Poetry*? The bad grammar and proofreading can be forgiven, but who can cleave his way through the jungle of incoherent thought? And I may add seriously that Mr. Edwin F. Edgett, with his puerile remarks about Shakespeare, sounds very much like your younger brother.

There is the beginning of service in the competently written criticisms by Messrs. Untermeyer, O'Brien and Colum, and especially in the tantalizing quotations in fine print from Donald Evan's new book *Two*

Deaths in the Bronx. Amy Lowell contributes a short story in her recent colloquial vein and Sara Teasdale a sincere lyric.

If live men and women have been sand-bagged and put in the death-cart, let them awake and revive the corpses of their companions. Let them turn the cart into a tally-ho and gallop on with daring and exuberance, cracking a whip at critics.

I do not know your age, Mr. Braithwaite, but I feel that I have the wisdom of greater youth. You have not quite killed hope in me, for I know your true devotion to your work. What will you give us in the forthcoming numbers of your magazine?

MITCHELL DAWSON.

Herbert Tree's "*Merchant of Venice*"

Could I invent some acid, bitter-stinging speech, some new tongue far beyond English in sharpness, I might begin to describe the spectacle of incredible vulgarity—of miserable intent and culmination—which is to be viewed upon the New Amsterdam stage this month. English shrinks—becomes the prattled language of babes—at thought of it.

Is the great wind which has blown the dust from the theatres of Germany, bearing Craig and Reinhart and Barker upon its back, echoing even here in America, to be completely discounted, silenced, by this vulgarian, this souless, thoughtless, casual, shambling buffoon?

To *The Merchant of Venice*—a rambling, untidy comedy at best, a play for reading, or only to be played by a man of genius—he brings a graceless cast, a marvelous pot-pourri of music (tom-toms for "Mor-rocco" and Spanish jingles for "Arragon"), a quite distended and "improved" version of the original play, himself (God save us), and a theory of decoration quite incomprehensibly fearful. Brown palaces shaking to the conversation of the players—brown palaces with hangings of decayed green, a sham, paper Venice, elaborately stenciled, a Portia in landlady's pink, a Jessica (a spirited Cockney girl) in Turkish costume, roysterers garbed with all the delicate art of Timbuctoo, a Shylock in old dressing gown. No detail, no fragment of the picture of vulgarity is lacking—from red-plush curtains to modern rattle-jacks for the Carnival, from mouthed speeches to maudlin groupings—a complete whole.

This to an apparently delighted audience, to a receptive press.

Barker departed from America, a semi-success, embittered towards us. *The Weavers*, finely played and brilliantly produced, clung to the shadow of an audience at the Garden Theatre, got as far as Chicago and failed completely there. The two great things in the theatre of the past year trodden out of sight of the easy public at the absurd and dolorous prancing, at the loud cajoling of popularity of bourgeois neighbor Tree.

How long is the theatre to cling to ragged precedent; to these mournful gentlemen of a dusty yesterday, raving through their paper and lattice Venices, showing us their entrail-colored Belmonts, barring sun and light and poetry and singing from the song-starved people of America?

ROLLO PETERS.

Some Imagist Poets, 1916*

MARY ALDIS

IT is a matter of speculation why six poets of widely dissimilar viewpoints, if similar technique, should chose to band themselves together to publish in a yearly anthology selections from their works.

An examination into the prefaces and poems of the three anthologies sent forth by the Imagists and a study of various articles on the subject by individual members of the group fail to give adequate explanation.

The principle tenets of Imagism, i. e., clear presentation, the abolishing of outworn phrases and extra adjectives, the necessity of rhythm in all poetry, the absence of reflective comment, are those common to most of the modern serious writers of verse; and although the Imagists have done well to lay fresh emphasis on the difficulty and desirability of putting these tenets into practice, this hardly constitutes a new school. As for a definite understanding of the term Imagism, God help the man who thinks he can explain to another its meaning.

The Imagists, all six of them (there were more in the first anthology, but seemingly some fell from grace), write poetry. That they choose to employ a sub-title need not concern us; nor does their exposition of certain theoretical ideals. What does concern us is the quality of the poems they write. If it seems well to these six poets to publish together a collection of chosen poems, let us pay our seventy-five cents for the modest green paper volume, to read and re-read those that please us best; or, let us go our way untroubled, giving our affection to safe and sure collections—Rittenhouse, Braithwaite, or even good Edmund Clarence Stedman.

**Some Imagist Poets, 1916: An Annual Anthology.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

There is a patient note discernible in the preface of this third volume which seems to say, "Once again we will endeavor to make clear what we are trying to do. Kindly make an effort to understand." One may question the desirability of any preface, but it is not surprising that the Imagists wish to make clear their aims and purposes. One wonders at the breath expended in attacks on them. There are disadvantages in this banding together: if one of the group makes a mis-step the whole six are anathematized; but, after all, it is quite futile, this effort to kill by ridicule. Denunciation, however fierce, has never yet crushed anything which had in it the living flame of beauty, as much Imagist poetry has.

Miss Amy Lowell is represented in this 1916 Anthology by three poems. The first is her *Patterns*, named by Braithwaite as the first of the five best poems of 1915. It is difficult to quote, as the poem must be taken in its entirety to appreciate its beauty. Here are the first two stanzas:

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whale-bone and brocade.

Studying it again one finds new beauties—the delicacy of the occasional rhyme, used as a musician uses the flute in an orchestra, the curious "pattern" of the rhythm, which cannot be defined and yet fits the theme with inimitable grace; the unforgettable picture of the garden with its stiff paths, its white fountain, its carelessly gorgeous flowers, and the woman walking down the path with slow and stately tread. Her head is straight and high, pink and silver is her stiff brocaded gown, yet one knows that underneath it throbs a human heart for which there is no place in the pattern. Here is certainly a new way of conveying emotion. We are stirred by the passion of the poem up to its terrible climax—"Christ! what are patterns for?"

A masterpiece this poem, one to learn and repeat and make one's own. There follows by Miss Lowell *A Spring Day* in polyphonic prose, a series of word pictures scintillating with color and dancing light. The day has five color divisions: the Bath, where "little spots of sunshine lie on the surface of the water and dance, and their reflections wobble deliciously over the ceiling"; the Breakfast Table, where golden coffee, yellow butter and silver and white make another symphony. Then comes the Walk, with more color, from boys with black and red, amber and blue marbles, "spitting crimson" when they are hit, to a man's hat careering down the street in front of white dust "jarring the sunlight into spokes of rose-color and green." Next comes Midday and Afternoon, then Night and Sleep, "Wrap me close, sheets of lavender. Pour your blue and purple dreams into my ears. . . . Pale blue lavender, you are the color of the sky when it is fresh-washed and fair."

Miss Lowell also includes her amazing paraphrase of Stravinsky's *Grotesques*, too amazing for an unmusical person's comment.

Richard Aldington has seven poems. The finest is a short Elizabethan lyric named *After Two Years*. It is a lovely bit, but why it should be published in an "Imagist" collection no man may say. Its delicate beauty is indefinable.

After Two Years

She is all so slight
And tender and white
As a May morning.
She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
To hear her sing.

It is God's will
That I shall love her still
As He loves Mary.
And night and day
I will go forth to pray
That she loves me.

She is as gold
Lovely, and far, more cold.
Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
God has done well to me.

Aldington's *Eros and Psyche* has both beauty and distinction, but no one of the seven poems by him can compare with his *Choricos* in the Anthology of 1915. That is an achievement not easily repeated.

Perhaps H. D. is the purest Imagist of the group. To the uninitiated she is the most obscure because the most abstract. She loves the sea and high, windy places and her poems catch something of the freshness one feels standing on a headland, beaten and buffeted by the wind and the salt spray. Nature is to her as a living presence, sometimes gentle, more often cruel. She vibrates to beauty as sensitively as a Greek dryad, and in reading her poems one has a curious sense of a worshipper offering incense to the gods. Here are some lines from the last one of the four poems she contributes. It is called *Temple—The Cliff*:

High—high and no hill-goat
Tramples—no mountain-sheep
Has set foot on your fine grass.
You lift, you are the world-edge,
Pillar for the sky-arch.

The world heaved—
We are next to the sky.
Over us, sea-hawks shout,
Gulls sweep past.
The terrible breakers are silent.

Shall I hurl myself from here,
Shall I leap and be nearer you?
Shall I drop, beloved, beloved,

Over me the wind swirls.
I have stood on your portal
And I know—
You are further than this,
Still further on another cliff.

In their passion for clearness, for the exact word, Imagists often use certain words which sound ugly. In this poem of fourteen stanzas the word "lurch" occurs three times. It is not a pretty word, it does not suggest a graceful action, yet apparently no other will do.

John Gould Fletcher is, first of all, pictorial. His conception of Imagism differs slightly, it would seem, from his confreres. His imagination is so strong he sees significance in every changing image of this changing world. His rhythm is so vague that sometimes it is hardly discoverable. His poetry could be printed about as well in block as in line, as doubtless he would admit. He loves color—revels, glories, riots in color; and he has a way of seeing resemblances to dragons and serpents and other ungodly things in the simplest of natural phenomena—trees or clouds or rain or even sunrise. His vocabulary is astonishing. He plunges into a sea of words and plays with them, tossing them up like jewels to sparkle in the sun, or burying them in pits to see if they will still shine. He loves words, caresses them with a lover's touch, kisses them for luck, and then hurls them together in such an

incredible combination that the critics blink. A serious workman withal, with much to say seething in his mind and a determination to say it in his own way. There is perhaps no line in the six poems in this Anthology equal to the much-quoted "Vermillion pavilion against a jade balustrade." *The Mexican Quarter* is a poem of forty-two lines wherein is depicted and symbolized the very spirit of Mexican life and love. It ends with an unexpected little lyric. One can almost hear the twang of the guitar. Here is Fletcher's picture of *An Unquiet Street*:

By day and night this street is not still:
Omnibuses with red tail-lamps,
Taxicabs with shiny eyes,
Rumble, shunning its ugliness.
It is corrugated with wheel-ruts,
It is dented and pockmarked with traffic,
It has no time for sleep.
It heaves its old scarred countenance
Skyward between the buildings
And never says a word.

On rainy nights
It dully gleams
Like the cold tarnished scales of a snake:
And over it hang arc-lamps,
Blue-white death-lilies on black stems.

I think only a poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling could see in our municipal arc lamps "blue-white death-lilies on black stems," but I am going to look more carefully after this.

F. S. Flint has given us more beauty in his earlier work, notably in *London My Beautiful* and *The Swan*, than is to be found here, save perhaps in *Chalfont Saint Giles*, which has simplicity and dignified stateliness. It is a picture of village folk gravely filing into church, past ivy and lilac, as the bell rings. The sadness of England in war-time is in the picture. Here are two stanzas:

Walk quietly
along the mossy paths;
the stones of the humble dead
are hidden behind the blue mantle
of their forget-me-nots;
and before one grave so hidden
a widow kneels, with head bowed,
and the crape falling
over her shoulders.

The bells for evening church are ringing,
and the people come gravely
and with red, sun-burnt faces
through the gates in the wall.

D. H. Lawrence contributes what may be considered, except for *Patterns*, the most notable poem in the book, *Erinnyes*, although again why it should be called Imagism is a mystery. It is certainly, however, a poem, and a profound and beautiful one. In its form and its long, slow, melancholy rhythm it suggests Aldington's *Choricos*, and the theme is the same—Death. Here are five stanzas:

There are so many dead,
Many have died unconsenting,
Theirs ghosts are angry, unappeased.

They come back, over the white sea, in the mist,
Invisible, trooping home, the unassuaged ghosts
Endlessly returning on the uneasy sea.

What do they want, the ghosts, what is it
They demand as they stand in menace over against us?
How shall we now appease whom we have raised up?

Must we open the doors, and admit them, receive them home,
And in the silence, reverently, welcome them,
And give them place and honour and service meet?

For one year's space, attend on our angry dead,
Soothe them with service and honour, and silence meet,
Strengthen, prepare them for the journey hence,
Then lead them to the gates of the unknown,
And bid farewell, oh stately travellers,
And wait till they are lost upon our sight.

There is another poem of Lawrence's called *Perfidy* that gives an elusive sense of horror and calamity. This effect lies partially in the five-line stanza formation with the first, third, and fourth lines rhyming. There is no particular reason for calling this poem Imagism either; but we have agreed by now, I trust, that is not our first consideration. No less a person than Miss Lowell herself gives us justification in this viewpoint, for in a review of the poems of Aldington and Flint in the June *Poetry Review* she says, "Let us take these little volumes as poetry pure and simple, forgetting schools and creeds."

There are thirty-two poems in all in the book. One person will like this one best, another that. Suffice that the book is a valuable contribution to contemporary literature.

Three Imagist Poets

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

(Continued from the May issue)

III

TO pass from the poetry of Mr. Aldington to the poetry of H. D. is to pass into another world. For H. D. not only is a modern poet, she is in the best sense of the word a primitive poet. She deals with Greek themes in the same way as the Greeks of the seventh century B. C. might have dealt with them. She is not like Mr. Aldington, a sceptic enamoured of their lost beauty. In a sense she is indifferent to beauty. Something speaks to her in every rock, wave, or pine tree of those sunlit landscapes in which she seems to live. For her the decadence of antiquity, the Middle Ages, the modern world seem never to have existed. She is purely and frankly pagan.

How is it that so many people interested in Imagism seem never to have grasped this essential distinction between her work and Mr. Aldington's? I must suppose it is because very few people have ever tried to analyze and rank the Imagist poets on any other basis than that of form. But as I have already pointed out, the form of the Imagists is, after all, a matter of lesser importance than the spirit with which they approach that form. Aldington writes about life: H. D. is almost completely a nature poet. Nature to her is not mere inanimate scenery or beautiful decoration: it is packed with a life and significance which is beyond our individual lives, and all her poems are in a sense acts of worship towards it. Civilization for her does not exist, in our modern sense: she seeks a civilization based only on the complete realization of natural and physical law, without any ethical problems except the need of merging and compounding all one's desires and emotions in that law. Her poetry is like a series of hymns of some forgotten and primitive religion.

I like to think that this primitive quality in H. D.'s poetry comes from the fact that she is an American. There can be no doubt that we are an uncultivated, a barbarous people. Our ancestors, by migrating to an immense and utterly undeveloped continent, without traditions, were thrown face to face with nature and lost, in consequence, nearly all feel-

ing for their previous culture. If you take a child of civilized parents and bring him up among savages, he will revert to savagery, and in the same way our forefathers, as soon as they ceased to cling to the Atlantic seaboard, changed, through contact with the immense wilderness of the interior, not only mentally but physically. For example, Washington was physically and mentally an English squire of his period: Lincoln, about a hundred years later, was, in appearance and habits of thought, like a man of another race. The Indian, although conquered, gave to his conquerors the Indian way of thinking; or rather the Indian's surroundings—the endless forest—produced in the newcomers' minds something of the same way of thinking as the Indian had before their coming. What a pity it has been for art that we, as a nation, did not admit without shame this return to nature! But instead, we were ashamed of our barbarism, and we have striven and are still striving to outdo Europe on its own grounds, with the result that so much of our art seems merely transplanted, exotic, and false. We might have been the Russians of the western hemisphere; instead of that we were almost the provincial English. Instead of Fenimore Cooper and *The Song of Hiawatha*, we might have given to the world a new national epic. But the opportunity is now lost and whatever fragments of that epic may be written will have to be very sophisticated and in a sense artificial products.

To make an end of this long digression, I can truly say that I find nothing transplanted in H. D.'s poetry. She has borrowed a few names of gods from the early Greek, but that was because she found herself in complete sympathy with this people, who, if we are to believe the modern school of archaeology, were quite as barbarian themselves in the Homeric period as the Red Indians, and who lived in the closest contact with nature. Let us take an early example:

Hermes of the Ways

The hard sand breaks,
And the grains of it
Are clear as wine.

Far off over the leagues of it,
The wind,
Playing on the wide shore,
Piles little ridges,
And the great waves
Break over it.

But more than the many-foamed ways
Of the sea,
I know him
Of the triple path-ways,
Hermes,
Who awaiteth.

Dubious,
Facing three ways,
Welcoming wayfarers,
He whom the sea-orchard
Shelters from the west,
From the east,
Weathers sea-wind:
Fronts the great dunes.

Wind rushes
Over the dunes,
And the coarse salt-crusted grass
Answers.

Heu,
It whips round my ankles!

This is only one-half of the poem, but it will serve to show this poet's method. Here Hermes is identified with the yellow barrier of sand dunes which breaks the wind, and splits it into three directions, as it comes in from the sea. The scenery and the feeling are not Greek. In fact, as someone has pointed out, the whole poem might have been called "The Coast of New Jersey." But just as Coleridge found a way to give a feeling of the emptiness of the sea by narrating the tale of a legendary voyage on it, so H. D. has given us the eternal quality of the New Jersey coast by identifying its savagery with Greek myth.

The difference between H. D.'s poetry and Aldington's is therefore a difference between an apparent complexity which cannot be analysed, since it is really the simplest synthesis of primitive feeling, and a studied simplicity which on analysis, reveals itself as something very complex and modern. Aldington's work when studied carefully, raises questions about our life: H. D. goes deeper and offers us an eternal answer. With the single exception of the *Choricos*, I know of no work of H. D.'s which is not superior to Aldington's in rhythm, as I know of no work of Aldington's which does not seem to have more unsolved problems underlying its thought. Aldington is monodic, H. D. is strophic: Aldington writes on many themes: H. D. on two or three: H. D.'s art is more perfect within its limits; Aldington's is more interesting because of its very human imperfection.

There is another short thing of H. D.'s which fulfils perfectly the Greek dictum that a picture is a silent poem, a poem a speaking picture:

Whirl up, sea—
whirl your pointed pines,
splash your great pines,
over our rocks.
Hurl your green over us,
cover us with your pools of fir.

A chorus of Oreads might very well have sung that to the wind. Over and over again, H. D. never tires of giving us the sea, the rocks, the pines, the sunlight. There is such a hard brightness of sunlight in some of the poems that it makes us fairly dizzy with its intensity:

O wind,
rend open the heat,
cut apart the heat,
rend it sideways.

Fruit cannot drop
through this thick air:
fruit cannot fall into heat
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat,
plough through it,
turning it on either side
of your path.

These poems are like cries to unknown gods. Some are simply stark in their dramatic magnificence:

The Wind Sleepers

Whiter
than the crust
left by the tide,
we are stung by the hurled sand
and the broken shells.
We no longer sleep,
sleep in the wind,
we awoke and fled
through the Peiraic gate.

Tear,
tear us an altar,
tug at the cliff-boulders,
pile them with the rough stones.
We no longer
sleep in the wind.
Propitiate us.

Chant in a wail
that never halts;
pace a circle and pay tribute
with a song.

When the roar of a dropped wave
breaks into it,
pour meted words
of sea-hawks and gulls
and sea-birds that cry
discords.

Recently H. D. has been giving us longer and more complex poems—condensed dramas of nature and life. Her style has become broader and deeper, and her thought more weighty. I wish I could quote all of a poem of this nature called *Sea-Gods*. I can only give a brief analysis of it.

The entire poem is a sort of invocation and service of propitiation to the powers of the sea. In its opening lines the poet cries out:

They say there is no hope—
sand—drift—rocks—rubble of the sea,
the broken hulk of a ship,
hung with shreds of rope,
pallid under the cracked pitch.

They say there is no hope
to conjure you.

In short, the gods are merely broken wrecks of the past. The forces of nature cannot help us, it is useless to cry out to them, for they are

—cut, torn, mangled,
torn by the stress and beat,
no stronger than the strips of sand
along your ragged beach.

But, says the poet, in a beautiful passage:

But we bring violets,
great masses, single, sweet:
wood-violets, stream-violets,
violets from a wet marsh,
violets in clumps from the hills.

Every kind of violet is brought and strewn on the sea. For what reason? Here is the answer:

You will yet come,
you will yet haunt men in ships—
you will thunder along the cliff,
break—retreat—get fresh strength—
gather and pour weight upon the beach.

You will bring myrrh-bark,
and drift laurel wood from hot coasts;
when you hurl, high—high—
We will answer with a shout.

For you will come,
you will answer our taut hearts,
you will break the lie of men's thoughts,
and shelter us for our trust.

Has the sea, then, in this poem been used in some way as a symbol of the eternal drift, change and reflux of our life which we have tried to conceal under theories of ethics, of progress, of immortality, of civilization? Perhaps it has. And the violets—what, then, are they but simply the recollections of our earlier sea-state, of our endless, unconscious drift with the tides of life?

I do not propose here to examine H. D.'s mystic philosophy. That philosophy cannot be disengaged from its context. But from a quite recent poem of hers—a poem very beautiful and baffling, I may perhaps be permitted to quote these few lines, wrenched from their context, without comment:

Sleepless nights,
I remember the initiates,
their gesture, their calm glance,
I have heard how, in rapt thought,
in vision they speak
with another race
More beautiful, more intense than this—

I reason:
another life holds what this lacks:
a sea, unmoving, quiet,
not forcing our strength
to rise to it, beat on beat,
a hill not set with black violets,
but stones, stones, bare rocks,
dwarf-trees, twisted, no beauty,
to distract—to crowd
madness upon madness.

Only a still place,
and perhaps some outer horror,
some hideousness to stamp beauty—
on our hearts.

IV

The third poet whose work I have to examine, Mr. F. S. Flint, was already an accomplished writer of rhymed vers libre before he joined the Imagist movement. Mr. Flint's early work is contained in a volume entitled, *In the Net of the Stars*, a volume which is still worth reading. *The Net of the Stars* told a love-story in rather uncommon fashion. The poet and his beloved were presented throughout the book, against the background of the starry sky:

Little knots in the net of light
That is held by the infinite Dragon, Night.

This bringing into relation of a quite human love-story, with the impassive and changeless order of the Universe, threw a flavour of supreme irony over the whole book. The work is otherwise remarkable

technically. At the date when it was published, 1909, Mr. Flint already revealed that he was an assiduous student of Verhaeren, De Regnier, and other French vers-librists. Hence its importance as a document in the Imagist movement.

But to come to Mr. Flint's later work which has been assembled under the title of *Cadences*. We find here a poet, first of all, of sentiment. What, you say, an Imagist who deals with sentiment? My reply to that is, that it is time people understood that an Imagist is free to deal with whatever he chooses, so long as he is sincere and honest about it. Mr. Flint's sincerity is his finest point. He is in some sense the Paul Verlaine of the Imagist movement. His work gives one the same delicacy of nuance, the same fresh fragrance, the same direct simplicity, the same brooding melancholy. He lacks the strain of coarseness which ruined Verlaine; he has, in place of it, a refined nobility. He has not humour. At times he has attempted irony, but I cannot think he has altogether succeeded in it. He feels life too poignantly to ever mock at life. There remains tenderness, wistful pathos, imaginative beauty.

On reading Mr. Flint one obtains a very distinct impression of Mr. Flint's personality. One pictures him as a shy, sensitive, lonely dreamer filled with a desire to attain to the noblest and finest life, but somehow kept back from it. Mr. Flint is one of the few poets I know who have preserved intact today a spark of the old lyrical idealism. He is, perhaps, though he may not realize it, even closer to Keats and Shelley than to Verlaine—he might almost be called a modern Shelley. His affiliation with these earlier and greater romantics is more marked because it is an affiliation of spirit, not of form. Mr. Flint's form has always been his own, and by holding conscientiously to his own form, he has come closer, to my way of thinking, to poets like Keats and Shelley than the innumerable tribe of imitators who have rashly taken the form for the substance.

Here is an early example of Mr. Flint's work:

London, my beautiful,
it is not the sunset,
nor the pale green sky
shimmering through the curtain
of the silver birch,
nor the quietness;
it is not the hopping
of the little birds
upon the lawn,
nor the darkness
stealing over all things
that moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly
over the treetops
among the stars;
I think of her,
and the glow her passing
sheds on men.

London, my beautiful,
I will climb
into the branches
to the moonlit treetops
that my blood may be cooled
by the wind.

And here is another, equally beautiful:

Under the lily shadow,
and the gold,
and the blue, and the mauve,
that the whin and the lilac
pour down upon the water,
the fishes quiver.

Over the green cold leaves,
and the rippled silver,
and the tarnished copper
of its neck and beak,
toward the deep black water,
beneath the arches,
the swan floats slowly.

Into the dark of the arch the swan floats,
and the black depths of my sorrow
bears a white rose of flame.

If Mr. Flint had written nothing else but these two poems he would be immortal for their sake, in spite of his disregard—shared by H. D.—of the convenient device which begins each line of a poem with a capital letter, and of the laws of punctuation. They weave a perfect hypnotic spell in my mind, and they fulfill completely a recent definition of Mr. E. A. Robinson, that poetry is a language which expresses through an emotional reaction something which cannot be said in ordinary speech.

Mr. Flint has given us other poems not less beautiful, but with a strain of greater pathos:

Tired faces,
eyes that have never seen the world,
bodies that have never lived in air,
lips that have never minted speech;
they are the clipped and garbled
blocking the highway.
They swarm and eddy

between the banks of glowing shops
 towards the red meat,
 the potherbs,
 the cheapjacks,
 or surge in
 before the swift rush of the charging teams;
 pitiful, ugly, mean,
 encumbering.

Immortal?
 In a wood
 watching the shadow of a bird,
 leap from frond to frond of bracken,
 I am immortal,
 perhaps.
 But these?
 Their souls are naphtha lamps,
 guttering in an odour of carious teeth,
 and I die with them.

Perhaps the last poem in Mr. Flint's book will give the most complete exposition of his art and vision :

The Star

Bright Star of Life,
 Who shattered creeds at Bethlehem,
 And saw
 In the iradiance of your vision shining,
 Children and maidens, youths and men and women,
 Dancing barefoot among the grasses, singing,
 Dancing,
 Over the waving flowery meadows;
 So calmly watched the universe and men,
 And yet
 So fiery was the heart behind the light;

The creeds have been re-made by men
 Who followed as you walked abroad,
 And gathered up their shattered shards;
 Then with a wax of sticky zeal,
 Each little piece unto its fellow joined;
 But over the meadows comes the wind
 Remembering your voice:

*O my love,
 O my golden-haired, my golden-hearted,
 I will sing this song to you of Him,
 This golden afternoon.
 This song of you;
 For where love is, is He,
 Whose name has echoed in the halls of Time,*

*Who caught the wise eternal music, ay,
And passed it on—
For men to sing it since
In false and shifting keys—
Who hears it now?*

But the hearts of those who have heard it rightly,
Grew great;
And behind the walls and barriers of the world,
Their voices have gone up in sweetness
Unheeded,
Yet imminent in the wings and flight of change;
Comes there a time when men shall shout it,
And say to Life:
You have the strength of the seas,
And the glory of the vine;
You shall have the wisdom of the hills,
The daring of the eagle's wings,
The yearning of the swallow's quest.
And, in the mighty organ of the world,
Great men shall be as pipes and nations stops
To harmonize your Song.

*O my love,
Like a cornfield in summer
Is your body to me;
Golden and bending with the wind,
And on the tallest ear a bird is piping
The lonely song.
And scarlet poppies thread the golden ways.
Out of the purple haze of the sea behind it
Appears a white ship sailing,
And its passengers are harvesters.
But who dares sing of love?*

The jackals howl; the vultures gorge dead flesh.

In despite of the last line, which is undoubtedly true, and, under the present circumstances, certainly necessary to the context of all that precedes it, yet I feel I cannot share Mr. Flint's despair of this world. For as long as there is any poet who can have such visions as this is, in such a world as ours, the earth cannot be altogether given over to crime and slaughter. Which one of the Imagists could have given us with so direct and poignant sincerity—scorning all artifice—such a vision of beauty? Or, for that matter, which one of the poets of today?

The Reader Critic

What Is Anarchy?

Alan Adair, London:

In the March number of THE LITTLE REVIEW, Miss Alice Groff criticises Anarchy. She criticises it badly and unfairly. She writes as though she did not understand what Anarchy is. Have you room in your paper for me to tell her? .

Anarchy is the name given to those periods in the life of a people during which the principle of domination is held in abeyance and men are no longer accountable to any magistracy. It is properly a political word. It has no philosophical significance. All it means is 'absence of material government. It is in that sense that Milton uses it and Swift uses it. It is in that sense that writers of history books employ it. It is a term, and the only correct term, for a certain condition of society. That condition has occurred in the past and will doubtless occur in the future. It is the result of an equality of strength among the different elements, or "social-egos" that make up a community. There is Anarchy only so long as these forces remain equal. Once they cease to be equal, so soon as one begins to tend towards dominance, so soon does the Anarchy end. According to the "social-ego" that has triumphed, the changed commonwealth becomes an oligarchy or a kingdom; a military republic, an ochlocracy or a federation of communes. But until then, while there is still absence of supreme coercive power, while there is still *no dominant "social-ego,"* so long is the community correctly termed an Anarchy.

Between this, the Anarchy of fact and of history, and the Anarchy of theory and modern revolutionists, there is no substantial difference. The anarchist, in any age, is simply and without qualification, a man who desires an end put to the political power under which he lives. The reason *why* he desires such a thing does not matter. He may think government to be eternally an evil or only presently an evil. He may be egoist or communist. What makes him an anarchist is that he hates the social order around him and would precipitate its destruction by paralyzing the centers of its administrative and legislative authority.

The theoretical case against government has little part in the mind of the modern anarchist. Miss Groff altogether overestimates the importance that he attaches to it. The war against authority *as authority* is past. We are beyond that kind of mysticism. Scepticism is a big ingredient of Anarchy and the anarchist knows only too well that we know too little of psychology and too little of philosophy to judge the worth of abstractions like justice or liberty or the principle of domination. We can only fix temporary, conditional values to such things. Actual, modern authority is the only sphinx that troubles the contemporary anarchist. He has no desire to control the destinies of his people and, as anarchist, he has no theories about the future form of its political institutions. His business is solely with present facts. His task is simply destruction. It may be that he does not start from a "basis of reason." He has seen and thought too much to trouble greatly about reason. He knows too many books to have much optimism. He sees sprawled across the earth a tragic and incoherent civilization and he sees the most virile of the races of man lose under its influence the spontaneity of their actions and the region of their instincts. That, possibly more than the desire to "complete a circuit of reason," is at the root of his attitude to society. The question of the moral significance of archist or an-archist is beyond the answering of Miss Groff or any one else. The question of whether it is well to endure the present order; to be dwarfed and poisoned by its ideals; to be

devoted by its economy to contemptible pursuits; to be forced to conjunction with base influences by every circumstance that past power has created for the control of present humanity; that is at least an answerable question. Of the value of the anarchist answer there may be many opinions, but that it is an intelligible answer is not to be denied. It is simple and coherent. Society is sick of its many counsellors and rulers. Its sources of spiritual vitality are dried up. It is full of confusion; bereft of consistent purpose; continuing only in mechanical existence. To precipitate its decay is the one wise action possible to mankind. All things are grown fatigued; without simplicity of soul or rigour of desire. Religions, institutions and codes of law are no longer animated: solely the dead weight of the past holds them in position. Of what use to plan, meditate or invent, to conquer elements or to evoke from the earth new, fantastic and wonder-working metals, when that which has custody of all such things, that which alone can give continuity to the works and achievements of man our mother civilization itself is in dissolution?

To the mind of the anarchist, there are but two courses open to humanity. First: there may be a continuance of the present conditions: a society stratified as now, stupified as now, completely organized, of antique institutions, growing perpetually enfeebled in spirit, the current of its vitality becoming attenuated until lost in the morass of an enormous racial degeneracy. Or else, secondly, the mechanism of civilization may break and a period of administrative and moral chaos not easily distinguishable from barbarism supervene upon dilatory decadence. It is this second course that commends itself to the anarchist. Only in a partial cessation of its continuity, only in a barbaric forgetfulness of its eternal problems and speculations can an exhausted humanity come once more to a zest for existence and the will to achievement.

And an Anarchy is commonly an epoch of such confusion and recovery.

Impressions of the Loop

A Boy Reader, Chicago:

Is the following good enough for you to print?

As I walk through the streets of the Loop,
Big, fat, double-chinned women fan by;
They reek of Melba perfume:
They might have used some other kind,
But they like Melba: fat women, I mean.
Then there are whining old ladies;
They look disdainfully at the gay styles,
Whining because they are disgusted—
(Envious disgust).
They are old, you know, and can't do such things.
And drunken men tumble from the corner saloons;
I envy them, for they are very happy.
Miserable, begging men and women sit in comfort
On every corner.
Some have *an* arm, some *a* leg,
But they had *another* once.
Why don't the rich people take care of them?
They might lose their arms and legs!
Big limousines glide by;
Painted blonde ladies sit on soft cushions.

They must sit there!
 What would the jewelry stores do without them!
 Diamonds glitter on their perfumed hands;
 They cannot smile, for the paint would crack
 And fall from their faces. Besides, they are select.
 Ragamuffins weave in and out.
 They hop cars, scream, and envy the blossoming windows
 Of cheap Delicatessens.
 Flip stenographers flit by;
 Their ankles are gay with many-colored stilty shoes,
 But their stockings are full of holes and Jacob's ladders
 Under it all.
 Terrible odors fill the air:
 Fish, gasoline, booze, sachet-powder (lots of Melba),
 Gas, cheap roses, and peanuts; coffee, smoke,
 And other things.
 Dirty men, clean men, dudes, street mashers,
 Cheap Musicians and Artists. . . .
 This is life!

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1st, 1916.
 State of Illinois, County of Cook—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret C. Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Margaret C. Anderson, 834 Fine Arts Building; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 834 Fine Arts Building; Managing editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 834 Fine Arts Building; Business manager, Margaret C. Anderson, 834 Fine Arts Building.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Margaret C. Anderson, 834 Fine Arts Building.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1916.

(SEAL)

MITCHELL DAWSON, Notary Public.
 (My commission expires December 20, 1917.)

A Vers Libre Prize Contest

THROUGH the generosity of a friend, THE LITTLE REVIEW is enabled to offer an unusual prize for poetry—possibly the first prize extended to free verse. The giver is “interested in all experiments, and has followed the poetry published in THE LITTLE REVIEW with keen appreciation and a growing admiration for the poetic form known as *vers libre*.”

The conditions are as follows:

Contributions must be received by August 15th.

They must not be longer than twenty-five lines.

They must be sent anonymously with stamps for return.

The name and address of the author must be fixed to the manuscript in a sealed envelope.

It should be borne in mind that free verse is wanted—verse having beauty of rhythm, not merely prose separated into lines.

There will be three judges: William Carlos Williams, Zoë Aikens and Helen Hoyt.

There will be two prizes of \$25 each. They are offered not as a first and second prize, but for “the two best short poems in free verse form.”

As there will probably be a large number of poems to read, we suggest that contributors adhere closely to the conditions of the contest.

READ THE MISCELLANY

An Illustrated QUARTERLY for
Connoisseurs of the Book-Beautiful

Occasional Book Reviews and Articles on
Prints, Etchings and Fine
Engraving

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF
THE AMERICAN BOOKPLATE SOCIETY

\$1.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

Address

EDITOR, THE MISCELLANY

1010 Euclid Avenue

Cleveland, Ohio

Are you really opposed to the war and are you anxious to
do anti-military propaganda? Then help spread

ANTI-MILITARY LITERATURE

Preparedness, the Road to Universal Slaughter

By Emma Goldman, 5c each, \$2.50 a hundred

Patriotism, a Menace to Liberty

By Emma Goldman, 5c each, \$2.50 a hundred

War and Capitalism

By Peter Kropotkin, 5c each

The Last War

By George Barrett, 5c each

For sale by **MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION**
20 EAST 125th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

" Et j'ai voulu la paix "

POÈMES

Par ANDRÉ SPIRE

Author of " Versets," " Vers les Routes Absurdes," &c

A little book of unpublished poems written just before and during the war. M. Spire has been in Nancy, within a few kilometres of the firing-line, since August, 1914.

THE EGOIST, in publishing these poems by as well known an author as M. Spire, hopes to reach that fairly numerous public in England which reads French, and hopes also to follow up this book with other small collections of new French poetry by the younger poets.

Copies may be obtained from

THE EGOIST, or from RICHARD ALDINGTON, 7 Christchurch Place, Hampstead, N. W.

Price 6d net.

Postage 1d

EDITION LIMITED TO 750 COPIES

A List of Interesting Papers to Appear in Early Issues of

THE QUARTERLY NOTEBOOK

Homage to Watteau *

By W. G. Blaikie-Murdoch

Seventeenth Century Type-Making *

By Dard Hunter

The Centenary of Charlotte Brontë

By E. Basil Lupton

Synge and Borrow: A Contrast in Method

By Miriam Allen deFord

Dickens as a Student of Scott

By E. Basil Lupton

Ivories

By N. Tournour

* Illustrated

The Little Review

Literature, Drama, Music, Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Editor

The monthly that has been called "the most unique
journal in existence."

THE LITTLE REVIEW is a magazine that believes in Life for Art's sake, in the Individual rather than in Incomplete People, in an Age of Imagination rather than of Reasonableness; a magazine interested in Past, Present, and Future, but particularly in the New Hellenism; a magazine written for Intelligent People who can Feel, whose philosophy is Applied Anarchism, whose policy is a Will to Splendour of Life, and whose function is—to express itself.

**One Year, U.S.A., \$1.50; Canada, \$1.65;
Great Britain, 7/-**

The Little Review

THE FLAME

A JOURNAL FOR THE NEW AGE

Irwin Granich and Van K. Allison, Editors.

3 Bellingham Place, Boston, Mass.

"The Flame" is to be a monthly journal of revolution, soon to take life. It is to burn against oppression and authority everywhere, and is to be as pure and mereless as the flower of light after which it is named.

We want you to help us make "The Flame." It is not to be one of those vehicles for the delivery of the vast thoughts of an unrecognized "genius," but a little forum where every revolutionist of high heart and purpose can speak. We can pay nothing, of course. Cartoons, poems, stories, sketches, tracts, philosophies, news reports—all will be welcomed.

No creed or philosophy will be barred from our columns if only its devotee writes in a beautiful and furious and yes-saying gesture. The editorials will be flavored by the anarchy of the publishers.

I N V I T A T I O N

TO

M E M B E R S H I P

SOCIETY OF MODERN ART

Every copy of M. A. C. (Modern Art Collector) is spreading the new form of art throughout America, is adding the law of recognition to these hard-working, self-sacrificing, unselfish artists.

Support of the Collector is a direct and potent method of manifesting your interest in Modern Art and of aiding its advance in the betterment of the Modern Artist.

A fee of eighteen dollars will be charged by the publishers of the Modern Art Collector to those desiring to lend support to the Modern Art Movement. The payment of the fee will be acknowledged by an engraved certificate signed by the Society's officers and will entitle the contributor to copies of M. A. C., containing collections of Modern Artists' work for the period of two years.

Those who have previously subscribed to M. A. C. may procure the same advantages by paying the difference between the subscription rate and the membership fee.

EMMA GOLDMAN

THE NOTED ANARCHIST

Will Lecture in San Francisco, Cal.,
at Fillmore Street Averill Hall

1861 Fillmore St., Bet. Sutter and Bush

SUNDAY, JULY 16th, 8 P. M.

"Anarchism and Human Nature—Do they harmonize?"

TUESDAY, JULY 18th, 8 P. M.

"The Family—Its Enslaving Effect upon Parents and Children"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19th, 8 P. M.

"Art For Life"

THURSDAY, JULY 20th, 8 P. M.

"Preparedness, The Road to Universal Slaughter"

FRIDAY, JULY 21st, 8 P. M.

"Friedrich Nietzsche and the German Kaiser"

SATURDAY, JULY 22nd, 8 P. M.

"The Educational and Sexual Mutilation of the Child"
(The Gery System Discussed)

SUNDAY, JULY 23rd, 8 P. M.

"The Philosophy of Atheism"

(The Lecture delivered before the Congress of Religious
Philosophies held at San Francisco during the Exposition)

Questions and Discussions at all Lectures

Admission 25 Cents

APR 1 1916

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature

Drama

Music

Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

AUGUST, 1916

A Real Magazine

Margaret C. Anderson

Wakefulness

Amy Lowell

Plymouth Rocks

R. G.

Ulysse Fait Son Lit

Jean de Bosschere

Modernity Exposed:

Caesar Zwaska

Sandburg's Chicago Poems

The Case of Masters

The Poet Sings to the World

Ben Hecht

Splendid Isolation

John Grimes

The Tree

Helen Hoyt

Editorials and Announcements

Julia to Jim

Sue Golden

A Vers Libre Contest

The Reader Critic

Published Monthly
MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher
Montgomery Block
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, San Francisco, Cal.

The Little Review

Literature, Drama, Music, Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Editor

The monthly that has been called "the most unique journal in existence."

THE LITTLE REVIEW is a magazine that believes in Life for Art's sake, in the Individual rather than in Incomplete People, in an Age of Imagination rather than of Reasonableness; a magazine interested in Past, Present, and Future, but particularly in the New Hellenism; a magazine written for Intelligent People who can Feel, whose philosophy is Applied Anarchism, whose policy is a Will to Splendour of Life, and whose function is—to express itself.

One Year, U.S.A., \$1.50; Canada, \$1.65;
Great Britain, 7/-

The Little Review

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III

AUGUST, 1916

NO. 5

A Real Magazine

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

I AM afraid to write anything; I am ashamed.

I have been realizing the ridiculous tragedy of *The Little Review*. It has been published for over two years without coming near its ideal.

The ultimate reason for life is Art. I don't know what they mean when they talk about art for life's sake. You don't make art so that you may live; you do just the reverse of that. Life takes care of itself, rolls on from the first push, and then falls over the edge. Art uses up all the life it can get—and remains forever. Art for Art's sake is merely the sensible statement of the most self-evident fact in the world. It has been the easy creed of charlatans; but what does that matter? It has always been the faith of the strongest.

Well—I wanted Art in *The Little Review*. There has been a little of it, just a very little. . . . It is tragic, I tell you.

And Revolution? Revolution is Art. You want free people just as you want the Venus that was modelled by the sea. . . . All my inadequate stammerings about Emma Goldman have been to show her as the artist she is: a great artist, working in her own material as a Michael Angelo worked in his.

Now we shall have Art in this magazine or we shall stop publishing it. I don't care where it comes from—America or the South Sea Islands. I don't care whether it is brought by youth or age. I only want the miracle!

Where are the artists? Where is some new Pater, and how will his "She is older than the rocks among which she sits" sound to us? Where is some new Arthur Symons with his version of "Peter Weyland"? Where is a Henry James and a Hardy and a Bjornson and an Andreyev for us? Where is a Jean-Christophe who will let us publish his songs?

Helen Hoyt, you have a poem in this issue called *The Tree*. It is not Art; it is merely a rather good poem. You could have made it Art. Do it every time, for the love of the gods! "Sue Golden" has one about Jim and Arabella. It has an interesting idea that many people need to understand. Why not make Art of it? I know one of hers which begins "My body is too frail for these great moods"—and the miracle is in it.

I loathe compromise, and yet I have been compromising in every issue by putting in things that were "almost good" or "interesting enough" or "important." There will be no more of it. If there is only one really beautiful thing for the September number it shall go in and the other pages will be left blank.

Come on, all of you!

Wakefulness

AMY LOWELL

Jolt of market-carts;
Steady drip of horses' hoofs on hard pavement;
A black sky lacquered over with blueness,
And the lights of Battersea Bridge
Pricking pale in the dawn.
The beautiful hours are passing
And still you sleep!
Tired heart of my joy,
Incurved upon your dreams,
Will the day come before you have opened to me?

Plymouth Rocks

R. G.

SOME new Agitation is always fretting the souls of those who feel that it is their task to save the world from itself. Of late it has been Birth Control. They have been going to prison for merely mentioning the words Birth Control in the presence of an ingenué government. And all the time the government has the most perfect system of Birth Control for genius and art—the National Board of Censorship—so perfect as to produce sterility.

A simple mind would wonder why these agitators don't first fight the censorship, and perhaps all these things would be added unto them!

Last winter a rumor did come out of New York that a few of these and a few artists were trying to form a plan of unorganized but concerted action, each profession or art or group protesting to the state on its own behalf. It turned out to be another of those Spoon River things: when the test came a few stood by the idea, but the others were either too lily-livered to have their names appear or the inevitable Puritan ancestor arose to remind them that after all they were Plymouth Rocks.

And all the while the tale grows finer yet:

Jerome Blum, a painter of reputation, a real painter, returned from China in the spring naively bringing with him, to this land of the free, a little collection of Chinese and Japanese art to keep by him for the delight of his soul. In the collection was a book over one hundred and fifty years old, containing eight original paintings on silk, by one of the greatest of Chinese painters, and a Japanese scroll, twelve feet long, of even finer workmanship.

Mr. Blum was summoned before the Collector of the Port of Chicago. The two works described had been declared obscene by an appraiser: "They would arouse the passions of an ordinary man." They were to be destroyed, with the possible inclusions of the entire case of old bronzes, tapestries, embroideries, etc., in which they were shipped. Mr. Blum had laid himself open to a fine of thousands of dollars, with something like five years imprisonment, for good measure.

Law versus Art. Mr. Blum offered to paint out all objectionable parts, asked permission to send the things back to China or permission

to present them to some museum. "Art or no Art, all paintings of the kind were to be burned" was the decree from the customs officials. And the two "obscene" works of art were burned in the furnace of the Federal building.

No need here to go into what Mr. Blum must have suffered as an artist over the destruction of precious beauty never to be replaced—or as a man over the delicate and unobscene discussions, by the officials, of the objectionable parts, over the injustice of having his property destroyed without trial before a jury of his peers.

All people of any education know that the art of all ancient peoples sprung from a desire to recreate for the hearts of men the mystery of creation and reproduction of life; thence came religion to explain to the minds of men the awe and wonder of creation. The Art of the Orient is almost wholly concerned with these subjects. Here was where Mr. Blum's became "obscene" art.

If the censors should become informed woe for the Christian churches, each raising an "obscene" phallic symbol, in the cross, shamelessly uncensored to the sky; the bishops would mourn their fish-mouthed phallic hats, and so on endlessly.

Who knows but if left to themselves they may not even reach themselves in their unlimited censorship and be their own destruction?

It is not doubt, but certitude which drives
one mad.—*Nietzsche*.

Ulysse Fait Son Lit

JEAN DE BOSSCHERE

Ulysse glorieux, revenu des batailles
Choisit une terre, dans la ville qui sourit à sa paix
Il est à eux ; il s' est donné avec la paix.
Tous le touchent, et
S'il pose la main sur les yeux
Tous crient
"Il songe à trahir, il est orgueilleux
Peut-être croit-il nous faire honneur
Même en ne nous regardant pas.
Nous ferons deux nouvelles statutes pour toi, Ulysse !
Tu seras bien forcé à te tenir parmi nous."

Or, Ulysse ne songe pas à fuir.
Il sait l'homme dans les cuisines
Dans l'aréopage, dans les batailles
Il les aime avec leurs écailles de poisson
Leurs nageoires sur un corps de truie
Et la tête est celle du canard.
Les pattes celles du coq.
Avec des ailes de moineau ;
Il aime leur saveur de mauvais pain d' épices
Mais souvent, le soir, l'odeur de chat,
L'odeur est trop forte
Et il ne peut plus embrasser ses amis
"Que ma statue et ma pensée soient avec eux" dit-il.

Dans sa terre, autour d'un sycomore
Il élève un mur rond de pierre et de bois ;
A la hauteur du front, il coupe une porte ;
Elle n'est pas plus large que des épaules d'homme
Puis il la ferme avec des planches
Comme les cinq doights de la main cachent une blessure
"Comme un pied appliqué aux vastes fesses des hommes"

Dit-il; mais il rougit
"Comme un couvercle sur le monde
Comme un couvercle sur un pot de fromage piqué de vers."
Dit-il; mais il rougit.
Et se frappe trois fois la poitrine.

La foule regarde le mur
Il n'y a pas de fenêtres.
"Ulysse n'a pas le droit de se mettre au tombeau."
Le jeune Franklin s'accroche aux branches du sycomore
Se hisse, et regarde par dessus le mur.
Il retombe sur ses pieds de sycophante;
"Ah! il scie le tronc de l'arbre" crie-t-il.
"Il nous trahit, il nous vend, il nous renie."

"Ulysse, Ulysse! nous avons déposé des roses blanches
Sous ta statue
Ulysse, Ulysse! nous accrochons des roses rouges à ta porte;
Ulysse, Ulysse montre—toi aux bourgeois de la ville."
Il a scié le tronc.
Il en sépare des planches adorables,
Et que l'on peut aimer d'amour
Des planches plus aimables que des miches de pain.
Ulysse, sans clous de fer
Construit son lit avec le sycomore.
"Ulysse, Ulysse, le conseil te réclame.
Nous lui contâmes ce que tu fis de l'arbre"
Lui avait-on, avec le terre, donné l'arbre
D'où le jeune Franklin pouvait le voir?
Il n'a pas le droit,
Pas le droit.
Il y a peut-être un souterrain
Certainement il reçoit des messages sans fils.
Oui, il communique avec l'ennemi.
Ulysse avec des couleurs rouges et noires
Trace des signes de joie sur son lit et sur sa porte.
Puis il rit,
Il rit, et son cœur
Au milieu de l'air joyeux de la poitrine
Et comme une rose sensuelle qui L'ouvre.

Elle s'épanouit comme un soupir d'aise sans limite.
Alors, du côté de la mer
Il fore un trou dans la muraille.
"Je vais prendre femme" dit-il,
"Je sais bien comment elle sera, lisse et blanche
Des cheveux ni de blé, ni de châtaigne
Et des yeux sages avec l'ardeur des chats.
Mais je veux la voir dans ce jour d'exultation
A peine s'il me faut ajouter une table, un coffre, un autel."

Ulysse regarde par le trou ouvert, dans la pierre
Ils sont mille autour du mur rond
Et il entend que les hommes disent
"A-t-il ses armes?
Vous savez combien des la mamelle il fut malin
Habile aux armes
Et méchant"
Il voit que les hommes sont chargés de fagots.
Il y a un bûcher autour de la maison
Les femmes l'arrosent avec l'huile des lampes
Et y versent celles de leur toilette,
Les cuisiniers l'huile des poissons conservés,
Les charrons la poix des charrettes,
Le batelier apporte une marmite de goudron,
Et un capitaine, vêtu de ses médailles de sioux
Pousse la flamme d'une torche sous le bûcher.
Ils cuisent Ulysse
Car il est bien à eux.

Au loin les statues sont traînées vers la mer.
Un chaudronnier les achète à la foule traphie.
Il paie trois guinées pour boire en paix.
Ulysse cuit
Les jeunes filles chantent
Rougies par la lueurs des flammes
Et les mères ravies, sourient.

Modernity Exposed

—And Gone One Better*

CAESAR ZWASKA

IT has come to be that on the stage, where once we watched for artists, we find only vainly strutting weak-willed human beings. We are not held, and the light within the sacred space grows dimmer. We lose all interest in places where once we have found Art.

And how desperate we have become!

The procession of the Imagists has been the only sacred thing before our eyes—thin and fragrant. Their fragility has the sap of eternity; blustering winds, blowing through the gaps back-stage, tear at them in vain. The Imagists have grown straight and strong. The beauty of their tiny procession strikes into our very hearts the emptiness, the appalling desolation, of our position.

Carl Sandburg has understood the failures and the lies and exposed the cause. He has shown the lie of your government and the farce and folly of monuments to those who kill to keep it alive. He exposes your little deaths and their perfumed sorrow and the bunk of words and antics of your Billy Sunday and fellow citizens. He has heard the "fellows saying here's good stuff for a novel or it might be worked up into a good play," when speaking of an Italian widow living in city slums. He has the courage and the knack of giving them the challenge—calling their bluff; and he declares with strong conviction that he's able to back up his defiance. Who of the scatter-brains living could put her or her daughter-in-law or the working girls or the entire mob, for that matter, into a play? But *he* has put them, their spirit, into lines, gaunt and vivid as their lives. And I declare he is the only modern that has got it across.

This is the process of the book and of the poet's progress: The Chicago poems; he has worked his vengeance; from the cinders and ashes, glowing still, rise sparks, brilliant and tiny. (He calls them *Handfuls*.)

**Chicago Poems*, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt.

The stifling smoulder of the War poems to the warm rich glow of *The Road and the End* and the flame of the fire with its attendant fogs and then grim shadows. As a confession, or rather a solidifying of the entire force of the poet, he reveals the *Other Days*, quite as intense as the present mood. This from the last of that section:

Snatch the gag from thy mouth, child,
And be free to keep silence.
Tell no man anything for no man listens,
Yet hold thy lips ready to speak.

Why should a man speak? When there are things to say, such as the *Red Son*, always have your lips ready to speak:

I am going away and I never come back to you;
Crag and high rough places call me,
Great places of death
Where men go empty-handed
And pass over smiling
To the star-drift on the horizon rim;
My last whisper shall be alone, unknown;
I shall go to the city and fight against it,
And make it give me passwords
Of luck and love, women worth dying for,
And money.

I go where you wist not of
Nor I nor any man nor woman.

I only know I go to storms
Grappling against things wet and naked.
There is no pity of it and no blame
None of us is in the wrong.
After all it is only this:

You for the little hills and I go away.

Poetry has grown stronger in your eyes?

Thus has Carl Sandburg in one book gone the entire range of a life today. The humanitarian poet as well as the artist-poet. He has proven things—and peoples. The nigger: foam of teeth . . . breaking crash of laughter; Mrs. Gabrielle Giovannitti: with that kindling wood

piled on her head, coming along Peoria street nine o'clock in the morning; Jan Kubelik: girls of Bohemia . . . in the hills with their lovers; Chick Lorimer: a wild girl keeping a hold on a dream she wants; Mischa Elman: a singing fire and a climb of roses; the plowboy: turning the turf in the dusk and haze of an April gloaming; the gypsy: her neck and head the top piece of a Nile obelisk. He has known uplands when the great strong hills are humble; losses: and one day we will hold only the shadows; wars: in the wars to come kings kicked under the dust and millions of men following great causes not yet dreamed out in the heads of men; joy: sent on singing, singing, smashed to the hearts under the ribs with a terrible love; the mist: at the first of things, I will be at the last; and The Great Hunt:

When the rose's flash to the sunset
Reels to the rack and the twist,
And the rose is a red bygone,
When the face I love is going
And the gate to the end shall clang,
And it's no use to beckon or say, "So long"—
Maybe I'll tell you then—
some other time.

The Case of Masters

In one of Whitman's songs he speaks to those "who would assume a place to teach, or be a poet here in the States"; or, rather, he questions them, something like this:

What is it you bring my America?
Is it uniform with my country?
Is it not something that has been better told or done before?
Have you not imported this, or the spirit of it, in some ship?
Is it not a mere tale? a rhyme? a prettiness?—is the good old cause
in it?
Has it not dangled long at the heels of the poets, politicians, literats,
of enemies' lands?
Does it not assume that what is notoriously gone is still here?
Does it answer universal needs? Will it improve manners?

Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?

Will it absorb into me as I absorb food, air, to appear again in my strength, gait, face?

Have real employments contributed to it? original makers, not mere amanuenses?

And so on. I think the questions quoted and the rest of the poem are valuable; especially in thinking of Masters' new book.* Because here are put to the lawyer, who is known as a poet, all the questions of our time. They are put to him because his first book gave us to believe that he was the first poet whom we need scrutinize closely since Whitman spoke his simplicities to the present and the next ten futures.

Masters may not cringe before these "terms, obdurate." He will point to *The Spoon River Anthology*. I will point to his work before the Anthology and again these later things. Masters of course loves Walt Whitman. He knows the poem from which I quoted. But Theodore Watts-Dunton—you remember him? Masters, I am sure, is more anxious and willing to accept, nay, subscribe to, the rules and judgments of this Victorian critic than to the mere words spoken in poesy of Watts-Dunton's American contemporary, Whitman. I am almost certain of this. Masters speaks highly of Watts-Dunton's essay on poetry. It appeared in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Please read it and find the Masters creed. He seems ready to bow before it. If Masters wants honors as a decadent he can have them—really he has earned them. *The Spoon River Anthology*: its manner, joy, abandon, deepest humanity, art (all that makes it the tremendous book it is), seem to be the one great thing that Masters had to give us. The new book does not show the "truly deep poetic spirit" which Francis Hackett claims to have found in it. Such a judgment is given the lie by such poems as: *St. Francis and the Lady Clare*, *Rain in My Heart*, *Simon Surnamed Peter*, *The City*, *Helen of Troy*, *O Glorious France*, *Love Is a Madness*, *The Altar*, *Soul's Desire*, *Ballad of Lancelot and Elaine*, *In Michigan*, *The Star*.

Our own feeble voice aside, I merely put before you words of two men—one a creator and critic, and the other a creator and human being. And I hope I have visualized for you the pathetically absurd spectacle of a "modern poet" bowing on bended knee before—. Well, why should a poet bow at all?

**Songs and Satires*, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Macmillan

The Poet Sings to the World

BEN HECHT

I am a stranger, wandering always.
Only the dark trees know me and the dark skies.
Wistfully I look on you and wander on coldly,
For you will not know me. . .
Only the night that swims in the black branches knows me
And the silence that walks in the dark streets.

But I know you—
You of the little words and the little visions
Who are warm with laughter and the joy of common things.
I wander among you and I wish to laugh
And I yearn to take your hand.
But your eyes look into mine and stare
And there is no love in them such as you lavish elsewhere.
Your eyes look into mine and frown
For you will not know me. . .
Only the blue distances of the day on the water know me
And the cold wind that warms itself in my heart.

I reach to embrace you,
I dream of touching your heart with my fingers,
But I am a stranger, wandering always;
Wistful and coldly mocking your dull faces
As you slip from my arms like a shadow;
Hating and laughing at your little sacredness . . .
For you will not know me. . .
Only the dark trees know me and the white stars
And the friendless night that comes smiling to me for comfort,
And the cold wind that warms itself in my heart.

For you have sent me, doomed me to wander,
And only they know me—the far-away things.
Only they come to me,

Taking my hate and my love into their vastness.
And sometime you will hear the things I have spoken to them—
Unsaid things of myself and of you—
Coming out of their distances;
Tears for your sorrow and wild laughter for your joy.
And then you will know me
Even as they knew me:
Not as an exile singing
But as a part of your soul that wandered away.

“Splendid Isolation”*

JOHN GRIMES

HE might have removed mountains or carved out empires; instead he turns his nails against provincial society and scratches. Pechorin—egoist, self-seeker, hater, superman in swaddlings—stifled to madness by the air of Russia, bled of energy, his idealism thwarted; fearing to raise his head from the ashes and launch against circumstance, there was nothing in all Holy Russia that could test his soul in supreme activity. He lacked the moral courage that forced the sons of the fathers into revolution. There was left mockery, and the insulting of the soul with puny wickedness, vapid and provincial. So genius was poured into the mould of the commonplace.

Pechorin sought a splendid isolation. He killed humanity in his heart, became a creature of self, and began to hate as sincerely as a revengeful, spoiled child. His hatred becomes sordid vindictiveness; his emotions correspond to tantrums. He feeds upon the ruined hopes and the despair of society, making himself “an author of middle-class tragedies.”

He looms before us on the screen, menacing, grandiose, Byronic. But he is great only from the scaling of values. His contact is incessantly with weaker types who bend or break before him. Grushnitski is a modish idealist; Bela, a captive maid who acknowledges his right to do as he wills; Vera, a hysterical sentimentalist of that spirituelle type to whom the intense physical traits of Pechorin make a ready appeal. She quiets her scruples with the sacred notion that she is sacrificing herself, soul and body to one whose life would otherwise be incomplete. Princess Mary is a typical Byronesque victim, a devotee at the shrine of heroism, who for nothing in the world would give herself to a man who has not some mystery or who has not been the victim of some crushing sorrow. Contrast her with the vital, passionate Natalya in Turgenev's *Rudin*. . . . Pechorin hunts easy game. He

*A Hero of Our Time, by A. Lermontov. New York, Alfred A. Knopf.

acknowledges that he has never loved women of spirit: "Once only I loved a woman with a firm will that I was unable to vanquish. We parted enemies." What would these erotic, parasitic Byrons subsist upon nowadays? Woman is no more the mere giver; she asks and receives in return.

Pechorin wins from us not honest hatred but contempt. One searches the book for an honorable impulse upon his part. He is a washed-out Byron; a pale Don Juan. He loves many women for the excitement of mere change. "We live out of curiosity. We expect something new. How absurd, and yet how vexatious!" Women fall at his feet and he asks derisively: "Can it be that wickedness is so attractive?" He knows the ways of his victim by heart, he anticipates her every move, and calls her accomplishment tiresome. Passion has shriveled until it is an inglorious segment of his life. It is a thing of curiosity rather than of sympathy. Love is an annoyance, yet he persists in it: "I feel within me an insatiate hunger that devours everything it meets upon the way. I look upon joy and suffering only in their relation to myself, regarding them as nutriment that sustains my spiritual forces. . . . To none has my love ever brought happiness because I have never sacrificed anything for the sake of those I loved. I have only tried to satisfy the strange cravings of my heart, greedily draining their feelings, their tenderness, their joy, their suffering—and I have never been able to sate myself."

It occurs to Pechorin that such aimlessness cannot but be a misinterpretation of the mystic handwriting of life. "It cannot be that I came purposeless into the world. A purpose there must have been, and surely mine was an exalted destiny because I feel within my soul powers immeasurable. But I was unable to discover that destiny. I allowed myself to be carried away by the allurements of passions innane and ignoble. From that crucible I issued hard and cold as iron." . . . "My chief pleasure is to make everything around me subject to my will. To be the cause of suffering or joy to another without having a definite right to be—is it not the sweetest food for our pride?"

Lermontov is honest. He makes no attempt to vindicate a type. He must have smiled at his hater, his incipient superman, shattered by fate casting himself on the bare steppe after killing his horse in a mad ride, and claspings his body to the earth. Did he think to merge himself with the great "I am"?

"Alas! there cometh a time when man shall no longer give birth to a star. Alas! there cometh the time of the most contemptible man who can no longer despise himself!"

Thus spake Zarathustra!

Not submission, self-abnegation, Tolstoyanism, but wholesome self-hatred, acknowledging in one's self but a bridge to beyond-man. Pechorin saw life as an end in itself. He was a creature of the surface, he feared to plunge into the blue depths.

One smiles at his childlike attempt to be self-efficient, isolated, damnable. But one is impatiently sorry that his splendid vitality was turned from healthful pioneering to the puny triumphs of the ballroom, and the conquest of hysterical ladies. Young Russia despises life except as a means. It will hurl revolutions into the world's face, it will build empires. Life will be a hot flame of action and not a hectic after-glow of spent passion.

The Tree

HELEN HOYT

On the way to the factory,
In the block as you leave the car,
Growing from cinders
Is a tree. /
And it has leaves
Green
All around are the factory walls
And small sooty houses with bleak steps
And babies crawling among flies. . . .
In summer I have felt the pavements
Pouring out heat like ovens.

O tree, how can you be so patient!

Editorials and Announcements

A Real Orchestra in San Francisco

IT'S a quite amazing phenomenon: here in this town encased in philistinism there is a symphony orchestra, conducted by a radical young man who knows his business, playing a series of modern music programs during the summer!

The first day I went out to inspect San Francisco I was struck dumb before a poster in a music store announcing Sunday afternoon concerts by a People's Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by N. Sokoloff, with Debussy's "*Faun*" and those lovely *Caucasian Sketches* of Ippolitow-Ivanow on the program, and Tina Lerner as soloist, etc., etc.—all for a price ranging between twenty-five and seventy-five cents.

I went, naturally; not because I expected it to be a very good concert, but because I was starved for music. I knew nothing of Sokoloff, except that he had played the violin in Chicago last winter and I had missed his concert. Perhaps you can imagine the shock and the joy of hearing the "*Faun*" conducted as I at least have never heard it done before: so that it became really a thing of cool lavender shadows in a forest. . . . It's impossible to describe, but it made you weep—it was so beautifully done.

Since then I have heard the story of the unique organization. San Francisco has one orchestra under the leadership of a man who may be called a conservative, I suppose, and backed by numerous wealthy citizens who have the artistic interests of the town at heart without a very definite knowledge of what channels they should follow. But Mrs. J. B. Casserly, a musician, conceived the idea of having better music in San Francisco, and asked Mr. Sokoloff to undertake these concerts. Mr. Sokoloff, who was a violinist rather than a conductor, was fired by the idea, and a skating-rink was hired for the first rehearsal. There was

some embarrassment as to who should pay the expenses of the rehearsal, but it was finally decided that if the orchestra men liked the new conductor they would assume the entire cost; if not, it was to be "on" Mrs. Casserly. As I remember, they played the Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* that afternoon in the sacred halls of the skating-rink, and when it was over the men rose to cheer the conductor. "Well, gentlemen," said Mrs. Casserly, "who pays?" But there was no hesitation over that trifling matter.

And so the concerts began in a local theatre. It is perfectly simple to realize that San Francisco would not largely appreciate such a blessing, and that Mrs. Casserly and Mr. Sokoloff would be criticised for their "modern" programs; but it is hard to understand the action of the other orchestra people, who locked up their scores so that the "rival" musicians couldn't use them and were forced to buy new ones. This is the typical history of all struggles in the world to find beauty, so one grows used to it. But the important thing is that the People's Philharmonic is to go on next year, and their programs (I should have mentioned that they play old music, which is good as well as new music) are exciting to think of. I listened yesterday to their rehearsal of the *Tristan* Prelude and I know that Mr. Stock in Ravinia Park is not offering his audiences anything so fresh and inspired as Mr. Sokoloff's reading. May they live long and prosper!

An Anarchist's Question

ON the day of the Preparedness Parade in San Francisco some one threw a bomb and killed eight people, who undoubtedly didn't deserve to die. Since then the city has gone around on tip-toe, as an anarchist I know expressed it. Five people who undoubtedly don't deserve it have been thrown into jail and tortured. Puzzle: if the object of preparedness parades is achieved, everybody will be killed off anyway; why is one kind of murder so much worse than another?

Julia to Jim

(After reading Edgar Lee Masters' "Jim and Arabel's Sister")

SUE GOLDEN

You see, it's this way, Jim . . .
You can call me a primrose, if you like,
Or the Lover, for that's a way you have, or men have,
Of tying things in bundles,
That don't belong in bundles;
For every woman, or man too, I guess,
Is a separate complex package
With a little bit of everything
Out of all the other bundles.
You find in us exactly what you look for,
As Francis did in Arabella;
It wouldn't have made the least difference
What you or I told him,
Or what he found out—

But about me, Jim?

You've sat here drinking my coffee,
And I've made you comfortable and happy,
And you've told me all about myself,
And you haven't even asked me what I thought about myself.
It didn't occur to you.
Do you think Francis
Has ever gone deeper
Than the curve of Arabel's cheek,
Or what he thought her, or wanted her to be?

You call me the Lover.
And try to figure out
Why I am not like other women;
But I am, Jim—
Just an ordinary primrose,

For that primrose that changed
Started out like all the others;
And you wonder why I don't live like the others,
Get married—I was once, have children—my son's grown—
So I've been all three, sweetheart and mother and wife,
And I am still.
Every woman is all three,
But not all at the same time;
That's why it is such a bore
Being expected to be.

When you have had your coffee, you'll go down town,
And forget me.
And I'll forget you, and be comfortable and happy,
Not having to remember you.
But if I were married to you,
You'd want me to keep on remembering you
Every minute of the day,
And I'd be so tired of it by the time you came home,
I'd be sorry to see you.
I have nothing against marriage,
Except that it's a bore
Trying to live somebody else's life.
You can't do it.
Married people would be happier
If they didn't try to.
They ought to live as freely
As we do.
All these sudden split-ups
In the newspapers
Are just this:
The hysteria of woman is a shriek of boredom.
Why, I'd die in a week if I had to keep on
Being the particular kind of primrose
That you think me.

But the hysterical woman,
There's your flower changing, Jim.
I'm just the common kind, but I know that
I'm never the same, and I don't want to be.

If I'm the mother today, I may be the lover tomorrow,
And I don't want anybody sitting around on me
And keeping me from growing. Your primrose probably changed
Just to spite the old scientist who kept prying at it.

Sex? No, it isn't sex that these people are writing about,
It's sentimentality.

They have an ideal, and if the first woman doesn't answer it
They think the second will, or the third.
And they call it sex, or beauty, or urge—
But it isn't sex, Jim.
I know what sex is.

The reason I like you, Jim,
Is because you haven't any of these silly notions.
Sex is honest and healthy.
You say they trace morbid ideas to sex,
But I tell you it's the morbid, silly, beautiful ideas
About Love and about being able to satisfy the ideal
That are at the root of the trouble about sex!
I can't absorb you, and I don't want to,
And I don't want to be absorbed.

I don't know whether you get what I mean.

I like you, Jim,
Because you leave a person free.
After you go, I shall be busy with my own thoughts
And my own life, just as if a friend had dropped in.
I shall be anything I want to be. I shall change into
Just as many primroses as I want to, and you won't
Know anything about it.

You ought to get married, Jim,

No, not me.

But if you came here every night,
I'd a thousand times rather be married to you,
For I have never known anybody more tied up
Than these "free-love" people.

Am I happy? Well, I'm free.

We'd all like to be free *and* happy.

Lots of people could be happy—ought to be happy,

If they knew enough to be free. . . .

Perhaps happiness is partly the chance of being unhappy—

You and I, Jim, haven't that.

But what I hate is all this mussing up

Of love and sex and the ideal—it isn't life.

One ought to start straight on earth,

And take heaven when it comes.

I promise the advent of a tragic age:
the highest art in the saying of yea to life.
"tragedy," will be born when mankind has the
knowledge of the hardest, but most necessary
of wars, behind it, without, however, suffering
from that knowledge.—*Nietzsche*.

A Vers Libre Prize Contest

THROUGH the generosity of a friend, THE LITTLE REVIEW is enabled to offer an unusual prize for poetry—possibly the first prize extended to free verse. The giver is “interested in all experiments, and has followed the poetry published in THE LITTLE REVIEW with keen appreciation and a growing admiration for the poetic form known as *vers libre*.”

The conditions are as follows:

Contributions must be received by August 15th.

They must not be longer than twenty-five lines.

They must be sent anonymously with stamps for return.

The name and address of the author must be fixed to the manuscript in a sealed envelope.

It should be borne in mind that free verse is wanted—verse having beauty of rhythm, not merely prose separated into lines.

There will be three judges: William Carlos Williams, Zoë Aikens and Helen Hoyt.

There will be two prizes of \$25 each. They are offered not as a first and second prize, but for “the two best short poems in free verse form.”

As there will probably be a large number of poems to read, we suggest that contributors adhere closely to the conditions of the contest.

The Reader Critic

The Nymph

(Edgar Lee, have you missed anything?—Editor.)

I see it all now: I was born with the soul of a nymph,
And they expected me to be law-abiding and moral!
Why, I was a nymph from the day my mother lashed me
For playing kissing games with the boys, out behind the school,
To the day I shot my lover in a South State Street cabaret
For flirting with another girl and they put me in the penitentiary.
Good God! is it a sin to be young?

—Anonymous.

How Stanilaus Szukalski Expresses Life

L. C. B.:

There are trees and valleys and mountains—red, blue, orange and purple—all smothered by a phosphorescent green. The trees stretch up gnarled hands, swollen from too much striving. There is no sky. Dull coal mingles with the earth clods. Diamond mines glitter. The ground is misshapen. Flowers give forth a stale odor. A hideous laugh sounds. It comes from the mouth of a hunch-back who, with prods of burning metal, forces people into the quick-sands. Over the sands sucking, demoniacal waters rush. Here and there an eye or a torso floats on the surface. From the trees and valleys and mountains, luridly colored, come human faces. Blood runs from their opened arteries. Their hands are horribly twisted. In the foreground writhes a shape whose fingers bend back to meet his knuckles. Another rears a massive head, the veins of which stand out further than his purple lips. A woman's arm is extended, too full of blood. A weird figure hovers over an abyss, swathed with the vapors arising from the gases of the underground. All the people are dying. Everyone breathes hard. A whole mound is composed of a soft substance—dis-integrated limbs. The jelly-like mass quivers. This is life.

Did you see his exhibition at the Art Institute? At seventeen one is almost wholly in sympathy with him.

Phantasy

Noncompos Mentis, Napa, California:

Night! A lambient fog * * * * *
Stirs the damp echos of the baleful deep,
Cimmerian in its fell intensity.
Shrouded in mist, pale wraiths flit hitherward

Or yon; lured or impelled * * * * * Peace!
Ah! Who shall say?

Borne on the vagrant breeze she floats;
Kelp in her hands; 'twined in her hair
The weed from outer seas; writhing yet strangely still.
Behold her eyes—shallow, opaque,
Yet glaucous with a nascent light, gleaming
Its message of appeal to answering soul.
* * * * * Ah me! Recall the past;
Blot out its infamies; this fiery tumult quell
With one tempestuous kiss.
My being swoons—my soul is wafted hence,
Drowned in its God-like, saccharine ecstasy.*

*Here the Muse skidded. Author contemplated another stanza, but warden entered with strait jacket and gag.

Birth Control

Russell Palmer, Seattle:

... With particular reference to the matter of Birth Control, which the writer has studied in an amateurish fashion for some time, I want to ask you if there has ever been framed a model statute providing for the dissemination of such information by the State.

If such a model statute exists I will arrange to have it introduced in the Washington State Legislature when that body convenes next January. If nothing of this sort is available I would earnestly recommend that steps be taken immediately to prepare a measure which will bring about the maximum amount of good and yet at the same time have an opportunity of receiving the support of law-makers elected by a semi-civilized and bigoted people.

It should be borne in mind that the Initiative and Referendum are both in effect in the State of Washington, so that there would be a strong probability that such a proposed law would be passed upon directly by the people, either through the failure of the legislature to meet the issue squarely or its over cautious desire to have its action approved by the voters individually.

I believe that such an act would have a fair chance of passage. We look upon our State as not altogether unprogressive, for in addition to the legislative progress indicated by the Initiative and Referendum we enjoy woman suffrage, glory in non-partisan direct primaries, carry but do not wave a Red Light Abatement Act, tolerate Prohibition and threaten Single Tax. So you see there are hopes.

What Is the State?

(An answer to Alan Adair's "What Is Anarchy?")

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

Is it not time that thinking people should cease to speak of the social order as "the state"? The very meaning of state is static, and if there be a qualifying word that does *not* apply to the life of the social order static is that word. The social order is a growing, developing, evolving thing.

Man is a social as well as an individual being. He may be called a political being by virtue of his social activities, and the methods he uses to live best his social life; but the individual man is not a political being—he cannot "flock in a corner all by himself" as Dundreary would say—he is political only in the sense of being an element in a social ego, with a social will toward the desired social end of that ego.

Such social ego is continually being formed anew in the social order. The dominating social ego of any stage is not necessarily the highest ideal which the most advanced and thoughtful minds in that stage can conceive. It is the highest ideal of the largest or most powerful number of individuals that are in unanimity upon that ideal and capable of ruling the rest of the social order with it for the time being. Every form of social dominance that has ever prevailed in the history of the world will come under this head and answer to this description. And who shall say that the prevailing and dominating social ego at any one stage is not the best possible for the social order at that stage?

The individual man with a high philosophic gift and a reasoning mind may say to himself, and to others: "Man is capable of a better social order than this, there are higher and finer ideals than those that prevail"—but he can do absolutely nothing of himself to do away with the prevailing social ego, and to substitute a new one with better ideals, as he thinks, except to teach, to agitate, until he can induce a number of individuals to take up his ideal and to join him in a social ego that shall become powerful enough to drive out the dominating ego and substitute for it the new one. This is all that there is to political activity. This is the whole story of social evolution. And no individual or social ego can possibly decide that the new ideal is better than the old until it is "tried out." It is of course likely to have better elements than the old in so far as it is born of criticism upon the old which *then* was being "tried out." But no dominating social ego can ever hope statically to establish itself in the social order while the world endures; consequently the reasoning mind must say to itself: "The highest social ideal that I can conceive and can induce a social ego to stand for is only the next step in social evolution, which must give place to the next and the next." Hence, such mind can only smile indulgently upon all static ideals—monarchy, democracy, anarchy, socialism alike; realizing that the only social ideals worthy the name are those based upon demonstrated scientific truth—the collected and collated set of social facts that have been found to work in accordance with natural law in past social evolution; realizing that the personal ideal of the individual man, unless based upon such facts, is socially a child's soap-bubble, whatever it may be in the innermost of his own soul as to the evolution of his own individuality.

OTHERS

A Magazine of the New Verse

Various writers are being invited to edit Others, each for a period of one month.

Williams Carlos Williams will have charge of the July issue, which he announces as A Competitive Number.

Maxwell Bodenheim of the August, which he announces as A Chicago Number.

Helen Hoyt of the September, which she announces as A Woman's Number.

OTHERS is published monthly at
331 Fourth Avenue, New York.

**Are you really opposed to the war and are you anxious to
do anti-military propaganda? Then help spread**

ANTI-MILITARY LITERATURE

Preparedness, the Road to Universal Slaughter

By Emma Goldman, 5c each, \$2.50 a hundred

Patriotism, a Menace to Liberty

By Emma Goldman, 5c each, \$2.50 a hundred

War and Capitalism

By Peter Kropotkin, 5c each

The Last War

By George Barrett, 5c each

For sale by **MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION**
20 EAST 125th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE SEXUAL QUESTION

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price \$5.50. *Now sent prepaid for \$1.60.* This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Ignorance Is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion? Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject tabooed among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public, the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every *professional man and woman*, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

GOTHAM BOOK SOCIETY, DEPT. 564.

General dealers in books, sent on mail order.

142 W. 23d St., New York City.

In answering this advertisement mention *THE LITTLE REVIEW*.

The
Mason and Hamlin

The Artist's Piano

The Cable Company
Wabash and Jackson
Chicago - - - Illinois

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

SEPTEMBER, 1916

Light Occupations of an Editor

The San Francisco Bomb Case:

What Can a Poor Executioner Do? *Robert Minor*

The Labor Farce *Margaret C. Anderson*

And—

New York Letter

Allan Ross Macdougall

The Reader Critic

Facts About the Bomb

The Vers Libre Contest

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher

Montgomery Block

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, San Francisco, Cal.

The Vers Libre Contest

The poems published in the Vers Libre Contest are now being considered by the judges. There were two hundred and two poems, thirty-two of which were returned because they were either Shakespearean sonnets or rhymed quatrains or couplets. Manuscripts will be returned as promptly as they are rejected, providing the contestants sent postage.

We hope to announce the results in our October issue, and publish the prize poems.

—The Contest Editor.

IN BOOKS

Anything that's Radical

MAY be found at

McDevitt's Book Omnorium

1346 Fillmore Street and 2079 Sutter Street

San Francisco, California

(He Sells The Little Review, Too)

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL III.

SEPTEMBER, 1916

NO. 6

The Little Review hopes to become a magazine of Art. The September issue is offered as a Want Ad.

. . . "The other pages will be left blank."



SHE PRACTICES EIGHTEEN HOURS
A DAY AND—



—TAKES HER MASON AND HAMLIN
TO BED WITH HER



SUFFERING FOR HUMANITY AT EMMA GOLDMAN'S LECTURES



BREAKFASTING



CONVERTING THE SHERIFF TO
ANARCHISM AND VERS LIB



GATHERING HER OWN FIRE-WOOD



SWIMMING



THE STEED ON WHICH SHE HAS
HER PICTURE TAKEN



THE INSECT ON WHICH SHE RIDES

The San Francisco Bomb Case

What Can a Poor Executioner Do Against a Man Who Is
Willing to Die?*

ROBERT MINOR

I AM glad that it's Ed Nolan, Tom Mooney, Rena Mooney, Warren Billings, and Israel Weinberg who are in jail at San Francisco, awaiting death—or *friends*. Not that I want such men and women to meet death, but I wish the friends to be able to come to the rescue, knowing that they are worthy of the best effort that rebel ever put forth for an individual. We are so tired of the revolter who whines when his turn comes to pay. So we can almost laugh with an almost glee in the thought that we shall not be cheated this time; these rebels do not whine.

This is not a McNamara case. The prisoners are not going to "confess." Even if they wanted to, they'd have to get the prosecutor to write their confession for them, for they did not cause the Preparedness Parade explosion. I know they didn't, as you would know it had you read the transcript of the testimony on which the Grand Jury indicted them, or if you could observe their open efforts to provide every possible light on their actions.

Dirty Hearst tried to lynch them. So did all the rest. All the rats from the cellar of life—Pastors of the Lord, Broadminded Editors, Illustrious Exceptions, etc., turned tail and ran—or helped in the near-lynching. All except *one Catholic priest!*

They all thought it was 1886, that "the anarchists were to be hanged"—and one doesn't believe in that *kind* of thing, you know, and can't sacrifice one's great opportunity to good in general—and every skunk would stink alike, so all would be well.

But this is *not* 1886, and there *have* been some to come forward, and the men and woman are going to be saved. With all Prominent Persons in their holes, a few unimportant workingmen, between announcements of their own hangings to come, have stirred up some of the

*The facts of the bomb case in detail will be found on page 29.

labor unions to an extent that you would never believe possible, to do the unheard-of thing to be loyal to their fellow members.

The International Workers' Defense League, thoroughly discredited, as the papers announce, by having defended every labor rebel of recent American history, is taking contributions to the enormously expensive work. Simply to gather evidence and enlighten the few thousand who are not afraid, and to pay a high-priced lawyer to array the evidence—that is what we want your money for. Send it to the International Workers' Defense League, Robert Minor, Treasurer, Room 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

And know that if we lose this fight it will be because a horde of "business men" have been judge, jury, and prosecutor against their five rebel enemies. It will not be because our men have flinched. When Ed Nolan says "the fear of death is the beginning of slavery," he speaks the spirit of the five. We shall not be ashamed of these.

The Labor Farce

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

I REALLY must say what I think about this ridiculous bomb business. You will find the facts of the case, about the five innocent people who were indicted and why the Chamber of Commerce wanted them indicted, on page twenty-nine. But what happened after the indictment is more interesting and more horrible to me.

The five victims were put into jail. Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman and a few other anarchists began a fight for them,—raising money for lawyers, etc. The labor unions began to raise money. After about three weeks of argument and hesitation and won't-it-be-better-to-go-a-little-slow and is-it-advisable-to-distribute-pamphlets, etc., etc., no lawyer had been engaged and none of the "workers" could agree about what "stand" to take: would it be better to express sympathy openly with the anarchists—(none of the five has ever claimed to be an anarchist, I believe)—or would it be wiser to try to prove they were not anarchists. or would it be safer to get a small lawyer who costs little and is worth nothing or a big one who costs too much and might do something, or would it be more expedient to keep out of it altogether, etc., etc., etc.,—or

shall we just do the best we can even if it isn't much? Do you think there was a single worker with the incredible inspiration to "do the most we can and make sure that it is very much"? I saw Emma Goldman and Berkman brooding over this strange and awful spectacle like two prophets whose souls are slowly petrifying under the antics of their disciples.

Just here some one told me a story. Once upon a time Björnstjerne Björnson, up in Norway, heard of a little French seamstress who was accused of murder in Paris. She was poor and quite unbefriended and there was practically no chance of her receiving justice. Björnson hurried to Paris, took her case, and won it in the French courts, in French, for the simple joy of doing something he believed in.

Can you imagine that happening in America? There isn't a single labor lawyer in the country who ever does it. If there are any who are willing they are not able; if they are able they are not allowed. C. E. S. Wood tried to do it for Caplan and Schmidt, but the workers themselves prevented him from taking the case. They kept him trotting between Portland and Los Angeles while they decided that it would be fatal to have him come straight out with the fact that it was a labor fight. Sometimes I imagine a young god springing up in labor ranks strong enough to rush in and fight the courts for his people, young enough to devote his life to it, naive enough to do it for an idea rather than for a fee, and ironic enough to do it whether his people want it or not.

But to continue about the bomb. Finally a prominent lawyer was found—one whose name carried enough weight to impress even the important and ignorant San Francisco citizens who were howling about "anarchists." But the fee he charged before even touching the case was so large that Emma Goldman and the unions could raise only half of it, and the rest was supplied by the daughter of a man whom the workers would call a capitalist and whose money they would repudiate as having been drained from the blood of their class. She not only supplied the money; she said she would stand behind the victims if it took the last cent she had—*not merely because they were innocent*; and the only thing she asked was that the money should be used in a direct and active way and not for the pretending and denying and covering up that characterize all labor fights in this country. Well, I wouldn't get half so disgusted with labor if it would ever acknowledge that vision is not necessarily a matter of class. It is almost terrifying to watch a

labor propagandist think. If he is talking about Henry Ford, for instance, he will sketch the picture of a man who has created a \$5 a day minimum wage only by such speeding-up of labor that labor is too nerve-racked to benefit by it; so that Ford becomes a clever rascal who makes labor rich only to make himself richer. Of course Ford is an idealist of appalling and marvelous simplicity, in quite the same position that an anarchist would be whose scheme had begun to work, and no more to blame for the spots in which it didn't work.

The propagandist can't think. But for that matter only one kind of mind really does *think*, and that is the artist kind. I mean this: only the artist mind sees that this is the way things happen in the world and refuses to sentimentalize over it or *to do nothing about it*. Here are five labor people misunderstood by "society," unchampioned by "labor," and rescued by the bloody capitalist who has neither the limitations with which labor endows capital nor the limitations with which capital endows labor. What fun! And some of the propagandists will feel like "Major Barbara" about accepting that money. Only the artist mind knows that it doesn't matter where the money comes from: money is money, and it is made of slavery whether it comes from a financier or a coal-digger. Only the artist mind.

Of course the point of the whole business is this: the labor farce isn't confined to labor: it is merely the farce in which all people contentedly luxuriate. It is a matter of rebellions that never become real.

There is the sixteen-year-old girl living in the midst of a typical American family. Now, no one can live long in such a place without losing his mind—unless he has none to lose. But let the girl try to get out of that hideous hell and the family detectives can have her back in a minute and arrest any one who tried to help her as an abductor.

Such a thing happened the other day in Chicago. It happens every few minutes all over the earth. The only way to get out of such a mess is *to get out of it*—detectives, jails, families and friends to boot. Follow through! Make it real! Your friends can't afford to be very real: one of them probably has a family to support and the others probably couldn't stand the horror of being in the papers! But a girl or a boy can stand up to *anything*. If they can't their old age will find them among the rest of the botched and the weak.

Ed Nolan says that the fear of death is the beginning of slavery. I think it may be that the fear of life is the very beginning.

And————

THERE is Frank Harris's *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions*—a book that will never disturb Wilde's legend here, his peace of mind where he has gone, nor his reputation as an artist anywhere.

Chicago—always bragging about having a sooner eye for Art. . . . And Sokoloff out here in San Francisco. . . . And the Chicago Orchestra being led on to the goal of music by efficiency like the Germany army getting to Paris.

At the Grand Opera in Paris, in the première of *The Miracle*, an opera by two young Swiss, I saw the great Marthe Chenal, who will sing in the Chicago Opera Company this winter. I have had a creative memory of her for five years. But I wonder what will become of it up against that pinnacle of earthly glory, Mary Garden.

A. C. H. in *Poetry* has done all that can be done for the new quarterly *Form*. "Form"—that's a name to start hope and the imagination; and then . . . we have a story we'll print sometime called "The Funny Shape."

Why so much comment on John Cowper Powys's *One Hundred Best Books*? Powys should never write anything. People like Q. K. in *The New Republic* come about as near to getting Powys as they would come to catching a comet. Powys is not for culture-snatchers, matinee girls, or glorifiers of the obvious. He is merely for those possessed enough of their imaginations to fall for a miracle when they see one. Who goes to hear a lecture on Nietzsche and Dostoevsky to find out what Powys thinks of those men? You go—hoping through the gloom of Nietzsche and Dostoevsky to catch a flash of Powys. Powys is the best thing that has come to us—that mad wolf! I always feel sorry for Velasquez that he never had a chance at him.

"Everything is just perfect," as our Editor so ecstatically says: Paderewski will make three concerts in San Francisco this month.

The Roadside Press is to come out with a Chicago Anthology, a hundred and fifty poems, by Chicago authors. As *Poetry* would say: "Most of these appeared first in *The Little Review*; and will probably be reprinted without any acknowledgment whatever."

We have been waiting for what we hoped would be a good comment on Sherwood Anderson's first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*. All we will say now is that it's so much worse than Sherwood should ever be.

A few years ago you couldn't talk to any one who wasn't writing a play. Now you can't talk to any one who isn't starting a theatre. If everyone is mad for theatres, who are they that aren't? Or why haven't we municipal theatres? One, out of all this, and that in the town of Northampton, Massachusetts; and that isn't what any one but a town would call a municipal theatre. Sometime I'll write about Donald Robertson's idea for a municipal theatre. He is always damned for being an idealist—a sure sign that what he has is an idea.

Rabindranath Tagore is coming back to America to lecture. Go, if you have never seen that slight presence with features drawn of air—with eyes that seem never to have looked out—and let him put that white spell of peace upon your complex futility.

You sometimes wonder why men like Dr. Coomaraswamy come telling us border-ruffians of Art about Ajanta frescoes and sculpture and the music of India. Perhaps they know our homesickness and know that alone we can't even find the road.

Bernhardt is coming again. Well, that's all right, too. And those who jeer at her age never could have appreciated her youth. But you, young ones, see her; and have the double joy of seeing her now; and, if you have it in you, you will see her then, too.

At bottom everything in literature is useless except literary pleasure, but literary pleasure depends upon the quality of sensibility. All discussions die against the wall of personal sensibility, which is flesh on the inside and on the outside a wall of stone. There is a way to turn it about, but this you do not know.—*Remy de Gourmont.*

New York Letter

ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

A New Playhouse and a New Play

I have always felt that the hope of a new spirit in the theatre will come not so much from amateurs and their talking organizations as from the rebels within the theatre and the work they can accomplish. I agree with Gordon Craig when he says that no one has any right to meddle with, and potter about, the theatre who does not know it from the inside. In no other field is there such a gang of busy bodies—old women of both sexes, who have the ignorant reformers talking sense developed to such a pernicious degree. The air is dark with the empty words they belch forth, but from their deeds the world remains light and free. If the regeneration of the theatre from the base influences that now possess it, is to take place it will not, I am sure, be by the work of the drama leagues and so-called “art” theatres. The work of such managers as J. D. Williams and producers like Granville Barker and B. Iden Payne does more for the theatre by the working out of certain ideals than all the talk about those ideals and the jumbling with them by the old ladies’ leagues and the “arty” amateurs. A plague on them all!

In New York this season a new theatre is to be opened. Helen Freeman, who for a time was a Belasco star and later the leading woman with William Gillette, is to own and direct this latest attempt to establish a new spirit in the theatre. With Miss Freeman will be associated a group of six professional actors. All of them, like their director, have ideals which they plan to work for. For the first few months they are to produce one-act things. Among them will be plays by Evreinov, a young Russian not yet “discovered” by this rapacious country; two plays by the Spanish dramatist, Jacinto Benveneto, of whose seventy-five excellent plays not one has yet been given here; plays by other unknown European dramatists; new plays by Zoë Akins, Witter Bynner, Rollo Peters, and other American writers.

Miss Freeman has chosen as a name for this interesting theatre the hour of the curtain rise. It will therefore be known as “The Nine o’Clock Theatre.” Much is expected from Miss Freeman and much from her theatre. Success to it, and to her!

A New Play

When I heard that a new fantastic play was to be produced by Arthur Hopkins, and that the scenes and costumes were to be designed by Robert Edmond Jones, I booked seats as early as I could. I remembered the work of Jones in Anatole Frances's *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* and his work on the inner scenes and costumes of the Shakespeare Masque. Both were the works of a new decorative genius who had much to give to our theatre that is barren of the work of artists. I expected much of the new play, and lo! what was disappointment was waiting there.

The play first. It is the story of a princess of a mythical land, whose lover has been killed in war and who in the last act joins him. (The play is name *The Happy Ending*). The curtain rises on a dark forest, through which the princess is wandering and posing, and mumbling and moaning to herself. Comes then three Maeterlincian maidens also mumbling and playing chorus to themselves. Exit the mumbling maidens and enter the King and Queen of this mythical land. Mumbleth then these two for a while, till, without any warning, the King bluntly asks the Queen for a child! Yes! Right there in the forest he does it. It's the last thing one expects in a fantasy, this realistic demand for a son and heir. But that's a minor point. Like many another thing that happened, it had nothing to do with the drama.

After a dreary scene, in which the wandering princess seats herself on some potato sacks and mumbles to the accompaniment of "yes, princess," "no, princess," spoken at half minute intervals by a dull-witted woodsman, the curtain rises on a scene, entitled in the programme "The Hereafter." What a Hereafter! A bank of sunburnt stage grass: a bilious yellow tree: much amber light. Crowds of children with squeaky voices lolled and pranced about the place. The authors seem to have taken their cue from the old hymn:

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord in prayer;
In Heaven we all shall meet,
Oh that will be joyful!

I can assure you that it was anything but joyful. A sort of stagey joy was evident but not a sight of the real spontaneous feeling. There was a sort of Queen-hostess, who welcomed everyone. I have an idea

she was Mrs. God or maybe assistant to St. Peter. She wore an elaborate shiny yellow evening gown; and a set smile after the fashion of the ladies in charge of Y. W. C. A. hostels on earth. A nice, well-spoken motherly sort of person this Queen was, who did her best to make everybody feel at home.

When there was a wreck at sea or a railway accident, many male and female supers waddled their bodies in joyous movement across the stage and laughed and made mouthy noises. Oh, so glad they were to be in Heaven after the shocks they had gone through on earth. It was curious to note that they all entered Heaven with whole bodies and unmessed clothes, these merry wreck and collision victims.

When the curtain rings down on the scene of the Hereafter it does so to the sound of cheering. And why? A whole army has just been annihilated, and to the tune of "John Brown's Body" their spirits are marching toward Heaven. And so the happy inhabitants of the Hereafter must cheer to think of this influx to their land. After the tawdry Heaven one is refreshed by the beauty of the unnecessary scene, "On the way to the islands of sleep." They still use rowboats in that land it seems, but as they are rowboats with beautifully lighted innards one doesn't object very much. One does object, however, to the next scene. It is called "Space." Imagine Space as a back-drop sprinkled with stars like an old-fashioned frosted Christmas Card. In the middle of this a scarlet circle with the continents of North and South America painted in a muddy brown color. A sorry picture of space to come from an imaginative artist.

The last scene, and the best from the scenic and dramatic standpoint, takes place in the palace of the King. Here comes the princess after having wandered through the forest awake and the Hereafter in a dream, and after falling in some queer kind of fit dies and so joins her dead lover and the rest of the cosmopolitan group in Heaven.

A mess by masters! A very messy mess. A sloppy play to start with. Bad acting to carry it along. Mediocre music and stage setting that seem to have been influenced by the play instead of rising above it. I await with interest to see the work that Jones is to do for the Russian Ballet. He will have his chance to re-establish himself. I'm sure he is artist enough to grasp it.

The Reader Critic

Infantile Paralysis

D. H., New York:

Congratulations! You have the capacity for suddenly turning back and becoming young enough to say "All or nothing." And subconsciously realizing that you will get mostly nothing, you threaten your readers with blank pages. And all those who thought that *The Little Review* did publish only artistic writing have had the veil torn from their eyes and their faith in you begins to waver. Perhaps to vanish altogether!

Is all of the *Meistersinger* one continuous "Preislied"? Is all of Beethoven equal to his "Ninth"? Is all of Pachman as marvelous as his Chopin? All or nothing! You would feast, and have your readers feast, upon the perfection of art and give them none of its strivings?

Your challenge will remain unanswered. If you dare, or through sheer carelessness, allow this to appear in the next issue, I shall suspect you of considering the writing of an artist a work of art—even though he speak not in his own tongue.

Your challenge will remain unanswered! For who are *you*, to expect a staff of ready geniuses to fill your pages? You should be grateful for one pearl you may find among hundreds of near-jewels. And the world is grateful for one *Ave Maria* (Schubert) among a thousand near-songs. I preach no gospel of meekness to you, for I know you will turn again and leave your youthful,—nay, puerile,—cry of "All or nothing." It is the cry of the mad—of the foolish, impatient ones! You only want the miracle? You are like the child crying for the moon and, like him, you will accept a round cheese instead.

Do come to New York, and I will play more than an hour uninterrupted for you, and perhaps for five minutes (if I am lucky) you will have a miracle. If I am unlucky, you will have only a near-miracle, which will be just very good violin playing.

But what did I say about wanting only the perfection of art and none of its strivings? I said—Art. That includes the strivings, doesn't it? Surely we needn't go back to definitions. Ezra Pond has a nice analysis somewhere—to this effect: In such measure as an artist expresses himself truthfully, he will be a good artist; in such measure as he himself exists, he will be a great one. I want a record of the process of that "existing" from as many artists as possible. The process of each will include many things that are not perfection, but who ever told you that perfection and Art are synonymous terms? Some one sent me a sketch, in answer to my editorial, with this note: "You said you wanted Beauty. I am sending you something which I think has it." I thought it had beauty, too; but it had no Art. What do you people think I meant by the "miracle"? I meant simply those *strivings and achievements* which show that the great process is really "on." We published Ben Hecht's *Night Song*. It had much beauty and no perfection, but it had Art quite apart from either of those elements. Amy Lowell's poems (not *Off the Turnpike*) have an Art that

happens to include perfection. The "miracle" was very much present in *Malmaison*, for instance. Flint's *London My Beautiful* has it. The principal trouble is that miracles usually have to be explained to be recognized. It's like the painter who took a friend to hear Powys. The friend went to hear what Powys had to say—"and I told her what he looked like," said the painter.—*M. C. A.*

From your letter you sound like a lot of other young things paralyzed by smugness and complacency. You become a one-stringed instrument and you hope to play the violin. If you dared to be an artist, and all that means of madness and impatience and foolishness and crying for the moon, you'd dare promise more than five minutes miracle in an hour. It would be outside of promises.—*jh.*

A Word From Real Art

Frank Lloyd Wright, Chicago:

The less money *The Little Review* has the better it *looks* anyway! Your resolve is interesting—but it looks like the end. . . . I don't see where you can find the thing you need.

But miracles do happen—I wish I had a million or a pen.

Freudian

A Contributor, Chicago:

The Little Review sickens me. I don't understand why in the devil you talk imagism and color and beauty and fill your magazine full of that sputtering trash, that colorless-degenerate edgarleemasters junk. Why not leave blank pages? And your article. . . . Good Lord! . . . It was like warm candle grease just after the little candle flame has been sniffed out. I see and feel *The Little Review* as a case of feminine callowism gone mad.

The idea of writing anything about Masters fills me with disgust. Masters doesn't even inspire me with rage. I regard his work as a pretentious mediocrity. There isn't a poem in his books that I couldn't have written myself in twenty minutes on a typewriter. Why write about Masters? He's only one of the many dub artists overrunning the country. He isn't to blame, even if he is cocky about his success. In fact, he is to be commended for putting it over. The fault, in my mind, lies with the great tribe of morons who yap over his doggerel—pro or con. I have read three or four things in his first book, and as many in his second book, and I see no occasion for rubbing it in on him any more than on Luke McGlucke, the poet laureate of *The Hickville Clarion*. Put him out of your head, why don't you? Criticism doesn't concern itself with the feverishly inflated mob banalities of the moment. Selah!

You say *The Little Review* sickens you? With the above temperature and tongue? I should diagnose the case as autointoxication.—*jh.*

Query

Mitchell Dawson, Chicago:

I have read the August number, and have read only the poetry—which makes me sad. Does the new cover represent the Western afterglow?

Consoling Us

Rex Lampman, Portland:

Don't you think you're asking a little too much of yourself and your contributors, that *The Little Review* be absolute in each number?

No. I don't mean that. It's fine to aim at Art, always, but it isn't failure to miss it most of the time.

As for me, *The Little Review* has been an inspiration and a delight. A paper that will publish anything so wonderful as John Gould Fletcher's *Green Symphony* doesn't need, so far as I'm concerned, to "do it again" for quite a while, and I'm quite content that you should fill in with such stuff as Ben Hecht's *The Poet Sings to the World* until you get something as good, again, as the *Symphony*.

I'm a newspaper man, and I'm supposed to "write something" every day. Of course, it can't be done; but once in a while, when the powers are kind, I am permitted to write something that delights me and others. That's the best I can do, so help me, and I am reminded of the Western epitaph, which went something like this:

Here Lies
JIM JONES.
He Done His Damnedest.
Angels Can Do
No More.

And so I hope you'll never get out a *Little Review* with any of the pages blank.

You are wonderfully honest—one of the honestest persons, I think, that I know, and I shout for joy at your godlike impatience with imperfection. But patience—pardon the platitude—is also a godlike attribute.

More Consolation

C. A. C., Chicago:

Bully! Since your outburst of righteous indignation towards yourself and your contributors I have been comparing your magazine with the others I receive. *The Forum*, *Vanity Fair* (Oh, dear, yes!), *The Masses*, and sometimes I see *The Bang*—a weekly pamphlet of Alexander Harvey's, which he distributes discriminately. Your wail seems not wholly justified. True, Arthur Symons's *Spiritual Adventures*, *Plays*, *Acting*, and *Music*, and other essays, are things to be sought after by any editor. His stuff is appearing in America in *Vanity Fair* and *The Forum*; it seems to lack his first fire, except that he has put a new ring to Cleopatra's statement of herself:

Kings have cast their crowns
Into the dust, and kings that are my foes
I can take up into my hand and cast
Into the dust for love of me. I am a woman
But I have power greater than any man's.

And his poems—Symons never was much of a poet. Then, again, that Wright person who writes for *The Forum*—any magazine is the better without his squibs on Art.

Max Eastman had an article in a recent number of *Vanity Fair* on "Magazine Writing." He claims it is amazingly well done, so well done that there is "not a speck on it"—the main fault being that "it is professional. It is work and not play. And for that reason it is never profoundly serious, or intensely frivolous enough to captivate the soul. It lacks abandon. It is simply well done." Now, the fact that the very essence of your magazine seems "pure living," brings it out of Eastman's indictment. One cannot say that Sherwood Anderson, Hecht, and Kaun, or even yourself, have been guilty of "earning your living" at the expense of play. "In that play alone is the heart altogether gay and inconsiderate."

And *The Bang* has been pounding away steadily for a magazine that exists for the fun of it, the joy of it, and is not built upon the circulation manager's point of view. Does Harvey get your magazine? Does he ever feel, if he sees it, that the "Ideal" he holds for magazinedom is being realized in your magazine?

Summing it up, Miss Editor, you who once declared you had none of the qualifications of an editor, it seems to me you have been doing rather well. We don't want you to stand still—you can't do that—or to stop trying. Please, for our sake, keep it up.

Casting a Slur Upon What?

Ruth C. Sweeney, Chicago:

I simply cannot understand how a person who could write such a beautiful thing as your poem, *Life*, could allow *The Nymph* to appear in *The Little Review*.

How can you hope to encourage Art when you will print such a thing? I have noticed these free-thinkers, and with the casting aside of "forms that have to be respected" has gone whatever taste they had. They gulp down everything, provided it casts a slur upon something. Does one have to lose all his finer sensibilities because he wishes to be free and open minded?

I have thought of you people when Nietzsche says, "Sensualists are they now become—a trouble and a terror is the hero to them."

I join with you in your cry of blank pages if *The Nymph* is the alternative.

Give over reading Nietzsche for a bit; you belong in the primary class. The person who wrote *The Nymph* has a background of life, if not of Art. And your hero? "A Trouble and a Terror" would make him appear the villain.—jh.

Why Editors Go Insane

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

I am going to tear to pieces your "A Real Magazine."

No one ever reaches the "Ideal." The moment he does, there has ceased to be an "Ideal." Our ideal is an ever-advancing goal. Art is the embodiment of the human ideal—which ideal is the ever-advancing goal of human life.

Art is *not* the ultimate reason for Life. Life *is*,—for its own sake. Life lives for the ideal—for the ever-advancing goal, which embodies itself in Art—that Life may become ever more and more abundant *life*. Life continually seeks to express its absolute essence in Art, and it will never cease this seeking through all eternity. Such expression will always be compelled by the aspiration to reach the ever-advancing goal—the Ideal which will continually incarnate, and reincarnate, itself in an ever-renewing body—Art.

Art is the incarnation of the Ideal—the shed Chrysalis. The Ideal is the Psyche—continually wending its way toward a new goal and a new Chrysalis (which it continually sheds, leaving with us its mortal part only—Art.

Facts About the Preparedness Bomb

OUT here in the big West, a whooping, yelling mob of "Vigilante" business men is trying to wipe out the last labor union. Hiring an army of bristling gunmen for a spy- and strike-breaker system, they have slowly advanced from conquered Los Angeles to the siege of San Francisco.

The opening fight here was to force Labor, against its will, into a "preparedness" parade. Every organized man refused to move, and the parade for military tyranny was cut down to a handful of the unorganized who were bulldozed into line.

Organized Labor, victorious, was satisfied and completely through with the affair before the day of march.

But some individuals, fired by the wild propaganda for military violence, sent hundreds of warnings through the mails, saying that they would blow up the parade with a bomb. Employers and newspapers tried to keep this quiet, but Organized Labor men discovered it and requested their followers to avoid any chance for such a thing to be laid at their door, by abstaining from all activity and treating the parade with silent contempt. This was done.

The ranks of the unorganized marched down Market street behind their employers and society women, unaware of the warnings. A bomb exploded which killed six people outright, three more dying later. A prominent Chamber of Commerce man was heard to remark: "This is a fine chance for the open shop."

Immediately the Chamber of Commerce, through its tools in public office, swooped down on its most hated enemies in Organized Labor ranks. They took the leader of the recent attempted street car strike, Thomas J. Mooney (as well as his wife, an inoffensive music teacher), ignored his complete alibi and charged him with heading a "conspiracy." The chief of pickets of the recent Machinists' strike, Edward D. Nolan, was taken for vengeance's sake, without evidence, and they announce in the papers that they "have the hemp stretched around the necks of all." Israel Weinberg, prominent in the Jitney Bus Operators' Union, which is troubling the United Railways, was jailed and accused of murder. Warren K. Billings, past president of the Shoe Workers, was charged with the actual dynamiting, and an eye-witness who saw an altogether different man place the supposed suit-case bomb, was assaulted in the office of the prosecutor.

Five conspicuous enemies of the employers were thus caught and apparently doomed. The warnings in advance that had been received through the mails, were thereafter ignored. Direct evidence of eye-witnesses was ignored. The Chamber of Commerce had the men it wanted.

Every newspaper blandly declined to print a word without approval of the "Law and Order Committee." Several newspaper men working on the case came secretly to us to whisper that they knew the men were innocent, but "for God's sake don't mention us." One detective working for the prosecution told a member of the International Workers' Defense League that the men were to be convicted on fake evidence, now being cooked up, but "not to let on who told you." Only by keeping the men from having any defense could they be convicted, so the prosecution had the indecency to try to prevent any prominent lawyer from taking the case. A judge forced upon the principal defendant, fighting for his life, a greenhorn lawyer of one year's experience.

By making it clear to a prominent criminal lawyer that the accused are not guilty, we have gotten him, through a sense of justice, to take the cases for a fee much lower than his usual charge. But we have not even that much money.

Twenty-one Thousand Dollars blood money is in the sight of the horde of ex-Pinkertons and United Railways detectives, and they will not give up their prey without a tough fight. The prisoners are in the hands of men who consider labor unionism in itself a crime. They are now proving this by making peaceable picketing a prison offense.

We have demonstrated to many unions the innocence of the men and gotten them to send delegates to the League.

We are not defending bomb throwers, but innocent men. They will be executed practically without trial if we don't get the money to defend them.

Send money, and much of it, QUICK, to the International Workers' Defense League, Robert Minor, treasurer, 210 Russ Building, 235 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

The Truth From All Sides

"To understand all is to forgive all."

IN AN honest endeavor to present the truth about the great world war now raging, THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY authorized its London agent to obtain for publication in America books by eminent and reliable authors in all the belligerent states.

ROMAIN ROLLAND speaks for France in a wonderful appeal to humanity entitled *"Above the Battle."* Cloth, \$1.00.

HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL speaks for England and justice to small nations in a veritable classic entitled *"Justice in War Time."* Price, cloth \$1.00, paper 50 cents.

DR. J. H. LABBERTON speaks for Belgium and the question of Germany's right to invade Belgium in a book entitled *"Belgium and Germany."* Cloth, \$1.00.

MARSHALL KELLY, an English radical and labor leader, writes a bitter denunciation of England's foreign policy during the past twenty years in a book entitled *"Carlyle and the War."* Cloth, \$1.00.

S. IVOR STEPHEN, an international newspaper writer, denounces the policy of newspapers in general and New York City in particular, for their part in arousing prejudice in war time. His book is entitled *"Neutrality."* Cloth \$1.00, paper 50 cents.

ROLAND HUGINS, Cornell University, makes an eloquent appeal to the American people for justice and moderation entitled *"Germany Misjudged."* Cloth, \$1.00.

These books should be read by every intelligent person, no matter what his sympathies may be. It will help to enlighten this world and drive away the hatred and prejudice which a one-sided view is bound to engender.

The Open Court Publishing Co.

122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature

Drama

Music

Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EDITOR

NOVEMBER, 1916

Myrrhine and Konallis,

And—

“The Brook Kerith”

“Windy McPherson’s Son”

Paderewski and Tagore

“Pelle the Conqueror”

Introducing Jean de Bosschere

L’Offre de Plebs

After Thought

Das Schöne Papier Vergeudet

Prison Sketches

Yen Shee

Dreams

Memory

Fear

Hate

To Our Readers

The Reader Critic

The Vers Libre Contest

Richard Aldington

jh.

Jean de Bosschere

Mark Turbyfill

Ezra Pound

Stefan Brazier

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher

Fine Arts Building

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, Chicago, Ill.

Amy Lowell's New Book

MEN, WOMEN and GHOSTS

*By the Author of "Six French Poets,"
"Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," etc.*

A remarkable collection of stories in verse which will again affirm the importance of Miss Lowell's unique place among the poets of our day. Her work in this volume, whether written in old forms or new, cannot fail to awaken deeper interest in one who is perhaps the biggest inspirational force in contemporary poetry.

Now ready at all bookstores, \$1.25
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

M.A.C.

(Modern Art Collector)

An authoritative magazine published monthly in conjunction with the national movement instituted for the promotion and development of Modern Art in this country.

It abounds in beautifully colored plates which are very suitable for framing. The work of the foremost artists, together with informative text matter, poster stamp and students' supplements, etc., make this portfolio de luxe, an ideal reference book—something valuable, interesting and exceptional.

Lend your enthusiastic support—write for a copy on approval.

Ten dollars annually. Single copies, one dollar.

SOCIETY OF MODERN ART, INC.,
17 West 38th Street,
New York City

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1916

NO. 7

Myrrhine and Konallis

RICHARD ALDINGTON

I.

The Lamp

Darkness enveloped us; I kindled a lamp of red clay to light her beauty. She turned her dazzled eyes away from the flame, which glowed gently on her arms and the curve of her body.

Lamp! If you are a god, you must be broken; if a goddess we will honour you; none, but a goddess may look upon our caresses.

II.

The Wine Jar

This is a common wine-jar. The rough painter has drawn on it a winged Psyche, fluttering in fire. She is edged with a black outline, but the fire is red.

My soul is black with grief when you leave me, but glows red with delight when you set your lips on my body.

III.

Red and Black

Wine is black, but red are the points of your breasts; black are the figures of heroes on the tall wine-jars, but your lips are red. Black, the frail sea-grass, but flushed faint red the curled shells. Red is your life-blood, but black, deep black, the inexorable end of all.

IV.

After the Orgy

It is morning; the revellers of last night have departed; the music of flutes and the voices of girl-nightingales are silent now.

Half-filled wine-cups and empty jars stand by the couches; your torn golden chiton lies by a little pool of wine, your broken girdle dangles ironically from the Kyprian's wrist.

The flowers of your crown wither in my hand, shrivelled with the salt of my tears.

Silence and withered flowers and the empty wine-cups: Ah, the last silence and the last flower-crowns on the white stele, the last wine-cup poured in the last farewell!

V.

The Offering

Women have many gods: Astarte, daffodil-hair-curled; the apple-bearing Aphrodite; the wanton Aphrodite of Cyprus; Aphrodite Kottyto; the narrow-eyed Isis of Heliopolis; the great Mother of Ephesus.

Some worship the Aphrodite of the people; some Artemis, and the violet-crowned queen of Athens; some homekeeping Hestia and some peacock-loving Here.

All the gods are beautiful and to be revered but none more than the white-fingered daughter of Mytilene, to whom I bear these daffodils and this bowl of milk as offering.

VI.

The Wine of Lesbos

The wines of Chios and Samos are more esteemed than our heavy wine.

But I mingle your name with the draught and the wine is keener than the gold-flowered-crowned drink of the Deathless.

VII.
April

Yesterday we wandered out from the town, under the green silver-olive trees, gathering the flowers born from the blood of Adonis;

Under a sunny wall we found a shepherd-lad piping beside a red-crested god of gardens;

As he played the green-golden-scaled lizards and the many-spotted butterflies stayed beside him to listen:

Eros had stolen the pipes of Marsyas.

VIII.
The Paktis

Under your fingers the strings of the paktis tremble and cry out shrilly and vibrantly of love.

Am I not more beautiful than an ivory paktis? Is not my voice as sweet?

IX.
The Charioteer

Eros, charioteer of my soul, why do you torment and urge me onwards? For in her is absolute beauty and absolute knowledge and absolute—
“Not Sophrosyne,” you say? Ah, but Sophrosyne is her captive, even as I.

X.
White Rose

Here is a white rose. Take it—the sceptre of Desires and Kharites.

XI.

Her Voice

Some are lovers of wisdom, some of beauty; of Eros and the Muses.
But the Myrrhine's voice is more lovely than all, 'even than yours, O
soul of Plato.

XII.

Antre of the Nymphs

This is the antre of the Nymphs—sacred, hushed, and dripping with
white water.

Above the holy spring rustles a plabe-tree and about the sweet-breathing
meadows bloom many flowers;

River-dwelling narcissus, the rose of lovers, white gleaming violets and
the wind-flowers of Kypris.

I say to them, "Hail!" For these things are holy; yet I am sorrow-
ful, for this loveliness passes away, like the songs of the singing-birds at
evening.

Love also dies and there is none to mourn him, none to pour wine or
thread sombre garlands of grief.

XIII.

Unfriendly Gods

There is a god of Fortune and a god of Love; they are seldom friends.

XIV.

The Old Love

From an old love there is sometimes born a new Eros.

It was Akmene, whom I once loved, who first brought you to me.

Therefore today, we will hang a garland of white violets at her door.

XV.

Another Greater

Here are pines, black against vast blue; here, the cicada sings; here, there are sparse wind-flowers.

Above us, Helios; under our feet, the breast of the great Mother; far below us, the blue curls of Poseidon.

These are great and terrible gods; yet in your shape another greater and more terrible rules me.

XVI.

The Last Song

Along the shorn fields stand the last brown wheat-sheaves, casting long shadows in the autumn sunset.

White were the horses of Helios at dawn, golden at noon, blood-red at night—and all too brief the day.

So was my life and even so brief; night comes; I rise from the glad feast, drink to the gods of Life, cast incense to the gods of Death, to Love a shattered rose; and turn away.

Hail, all! Laugh, this is the bitter end of life.

And—

"The Brook Kerith"

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS has sued George Moore for blasphemy. The Queensburys were born to be fools: whenever art appears in England they become Wilde-eyed.

Whoever started the tradition of George Moore's naughtiness? *The Brook Kerith* is as reverent as Mr. Moore is chaste. A long time ago we used "psycho-analysis" on Mr. Moore and knew then that he could never get out of the world without writing a book about religion. *The Brook Kerith* is the story of the Christian religion made out of Mr. Moore's religion, which is Art.

"Windy McPherson's Son"

HERE is another man who hasn't written the great American novel. Where did the superstition arise which makes writers, dramatists, painters, feel that the goblins will get them if they don't hold to American subjects to make American art? It's as funny as if they should say: let's use only American-made materials and we'll have an American art. Landscape and atmosphere effect about the only difference of temperament in nations. At least Art is so universal that the temperament of your nation is the only thing that can stamp your Art. You might write about pink pagodas in China and have American art. The temperament in these American novels would make this country seem all a western plain under a steely sky. It's the same with their style: it's like going through underbrush, tough and tangled and scratchy, not like walking through rich old orchards or wandering in terraced gardens.

They all sound as though they had been written in the morning.

These writers want their novels to be strong. They are: strong like an ox, not like a tiger. And they don't even know about these American things they are writing of. Dreiser doesn't know what a genius is (I mean, what is a genius), so he makes one: a home-made genius who comes out like home-made clothes.

These writers want their books to be homely—the great American vice: made from the people, by the people, for the people. It's merely another form of the glorification of sockless senators, etc.

They can't even name their books:

"Sister Carrie"!

"Jennie Gerhardt"!

"Windy McPherson's Son"! etc., etc.

Paderewski and Tagore

San Francisco, October 1.

THIS morning I lay in bed looking at the ceiling and thinking about cats. How *elegante* they are, and impenetrable, and with what narrow slant-eyed contempt they look out upon the world. Perhaps that's the way it looks through little black perpendicular slits. . . . Anyway I thought of cats, and of violin strings made of catgut, and wondered about cats and music. Is it because violins are made of living things—wood and catgut and mother-of-pearl and hair,—that they make the most beautiful music in the world?

This afternoon we crossed the hills and the bay to the theatre where Paderewski was to play. We knew that Tagore was in the city too, and all the way over we speculated prayerfully as to whether he would be at the concert.

We bought standing room, and stood waiting in the foyer near the table, where Mme. Paderewska was selling her dolls for the benefit of destitute Poland. I looked at those dolls and wanted one so much that I was afraid I couldn't enjoy the concert. They were masterpieces! I shall make myself one—perhaps like the Polish Faust, a gorgeous man with fawn-colored kid boots; or perhaps like the Zaza, a little girl of pale pink sateen with somewhat the look of Mlle. Pogani in the Cubist exhibition. She had hair of red-brown silk thread, and her dress was emerald green. She had little pellets of bright pink satin sewed on to make cheeks,—“and she sits always on the piano when Mr. Paderewski practices.”

I wandered back to my standing-room and looked indifferently at the crowded house. There were too many people, I thought. And then with tears hurting my eyes and an ache in my throat choking me I called out: “There—there's Tagore—in the third box!”—and made them look quickly

so they wouldn't see me cry. There he sat in the first chair in a robe the color of grass-cloth and a pale violet cap upon his head. From where we stood it looked like a high forage-cap, but soft; and he wore great glasses made of horn. There were some East Indians with him, and two Americans—just men. I watched him until I was almost in a trance: the angle at which his head was put on, the cheek bones that were like an extra feature. . . . Everything that lies beyond the reach of thought and wonder seemed concentrated in that dark Stranger. I trembled, frightened by my imagination and a little melancholy.

At last Paderewski came out to his piano, *elegante* and impenetrable. I seemed to see him quite differently beside Tagore—a bright heaven beside a still universe. I was so filled there was no room left in me for the music. Once he came back and played Schumann's *Warum*: a nice touch: *Warum* for that great Wonderer. What could our *Warum* sound like to him?

All the while I watched Tagore who sat so motionless, not seeming to be there, until Paderewski began some brilliant harsh thing of Liszt's, when he smiled and leaned forward. Was he thinking "What wonderful children these are?"

After the concert we ran down to the front row for the encores. The theatre was filled with all its noises of banging seats and slamming doors and people moving. Paderewski looked out at them as he played, eyes narrowed, watching with contempt: a great cat! He stopped, waiting in silken rage for quiet, then smiled, raising his hand and striking the keys with a sheathed paw.

Tagore went behind, and we waited to see him by the stage entrance, in a narrow paved alley under hanging iron stairways. How he came out through the dusk, not looking, walking alone! And he went away on foot, simple and mysterious, into the crowds.

With that spell upon us we went back into the dark theatre. Under the one light, chattering women were packing the dolls and a man went about slamming up seats. An expressman came, the trunks were taken away, and the women left as noisily as they had come. The doors were closed, and we waited in front of the theatre under a blazing white light. A great limousine rolled up; a laughing group came from the stage entrance: Paderewski in a high silk hat, a loose cape about his shoulders. He got into the lighted car, waved his farewells to the group on the sidewalk, touched a slight kiss to someone, and was driven away into the bright city.

"Pelle the Conqueror"*

DAYBREAK, the last of the four "Pelle" books, will come from the publishers this fall. I wonder how many people in this country have read the other three, or have ever heard of Martin Anderson Nexø? I went into McClurg's last Christmas to buy the first two volumes, but they told me they had ordered only one copy and it had been sold. In all of Chicago there wasn't one to be had.

There was an epidemic of *Jean-Christophe* here; every one had to read it whether he was an audience for Rolland or not. Critics like to compare *Pelle* and *Jean-Christophe* by saying that Nexø has done for a labor leader what Rolland did for a musician. But he hasn't: Rolland tells the life of an artist and makes of it a great tract; Nexø tells the life of a labor leader and makes of it a great work of art. The difference is something like this: underneath *Jean-Christophe* lies a skeleton structure of Rolland's on which he is constantly working, through Christophe's experiences in art, to raise a monument to the life force; in *Pelle* the life force sweeps all treatises from Nexø's hands and raises a monument to art.

Labor itself is the only thing that can help labor,—the only thing except Art. People can read about the wrongs of labor in the social magazines until they are blind, and stop outside the words. But here is something to stir the imagination, to make them feel and then to think about labor. And the poor! Nexø has made an *Arabian Nights* of the poor. But instead of incense and magic and white palaces with gilded domes he tells of the fragile, perfect things the poor have out of Nothing,—out of which all beautiful things are made.

That first night in Bornholm when Pelle, left all alone in the shipyard, stoops down in the half dark to see if the ground is pink as he has seen it painted on a map in Sweden—that stuck me in the heart, and I knew how it would be with Pelle in the end. That is the whole story, really: Pelle was always looking for the painted ground. In *Daybreak*, although I have heard nothing of the book, I know Pelle finds it for himself and makes it for the poor.

The boy Pelle I love most,—that imaginative, creative little Pelle who went about carving his animals and ships, helping Lasse in the cow-barns

**Pelle the Conqueror: Boyhood; Apprenticeship; The Great Struggle; Daybreak*, by Martin Anderson Nexø. New York: Henry Holt.

and sleeping there on the dung-piles, making his way through the strange and violent life at Stone Farm. This Pelle seems to disappear entirely in the labor struggle, during the time when he himself feels that whatever he gains for the poor is not what the poor most needs. But through all the story the love of Pelle and Lasse runs like music,—dear old smelly Lasse who was never able to match his idea of himself with the world. After a life of crushing labor and frustrated courage he crawls away to die in some horrible cellars under the docks, bound to be independent to the last. Pelle finds him there,—Pelle who couldn't take care of one because he was caring for thousands. Like the rest of us he learned that little trick from God.

People say to me that the town where Pelle learned his trade is overdrawn. "Why make a town without one normal person in it? It isn't true to life!" It's truer than life: it's as true as art. Poverty, like some great Rodin, has brought these people out of the earth: some twisted, warped, grotesque, brutally handled; others beautiful or gigantic, cut passionately; their feet only left in the ground—all part of that from which they are hewn.

In the Ark Nexø shows you something quite different of the poor—the city poor. My heart always aches about the Ark, not because they are so cold there and so without every last thing in the world; but because it is such an amazing and wonderful thing to be poor. Nexø doesn't tell about the poor from any angle of the middle-classes; he doesn't thrust upon them the psychology of any other class; he leaves them their own souls, and their own world. He isn't writing of the abject, of failures, or of social settlement charges. He is writing of the Poor—the poor you have always with you. It isn't the things they don't have that make them so poignant: it's what they have. He tells you of one little possession and you know all they have never possessed.

I am waiting for the fourth volume to find out what it was that Ellen did. Every reviewer in the country has taken it for granted that Ellen resorted to prostitution to save Pelle and their children from starvation. But if I know Ellen she did nothing of the kind. She never could have done that. She took Pelle's carving of the ten-croner note and had it made into money, thereby causing Pelle's arrest for counterfeiting. If this isn't what happened then there is no psychology for women.

Out of all the stories in *Pelle* I choose these three: the story of Hanne, of the end of her proud youth; the story the old grandmother at Kalle's tells.

of her love; and the story of the Great Power and his wasted Art. There never was a story like the Great Power. It alone tells all there is to tell of the working classes,—how labor jumps at the throat of labor and the poor destroys its own.

Introducing Jean de Bosschere

THE most 'modern' writer Paris can boast, not excepting Apollinaire," is the word that comes from Ezra Pound. His *Ulysse fait son lit* was published in the August issue and *l'Offre de Plebs* will be found in this one. He has brought out many volumes, has been translated into Russian by Veselofsky, and before the war contributed frequently to *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise* and *L'Occident*.

The starting-point for all systems of æsthetics must be the personal experience of a peculiar emotion. The objects that provoke this emotion we call works of art. . . . There must be some one quality without which a work of art cannot exist, possessing which, in the least degree, no work is altogether worthless. . . . What is this quality? . . . Only one answer seems possible — significant form — and "Significant Form" is the one quality common to all works of visual art.—*Clive Bell*.

L'Offre de Plebs

JEAN DE BOSSCHERE

Le Misanthrope

Je t'ai devinée, Plebs, c'est aujourd'hui
Que tu veux me faire l'offre unique.
Ce don qui, pendant l'hiver et l'automne,
Se cachait aux plis de ton manteau logique.
Et dont, sur ta bouche, tremblait l'annonciation.

Plebs

Prends solitaire, mon offrande substantielle, c'est l'Ami.

Le Misanthrope

Dis-lui ce que tu sais, Solitude,
Et n'ouvre point la porte!
Garde-moi de la Revendeuse.
Elle me cherche, comme la menagère ou le gueux
Cherchent l'azaignée entre l'armoire et le mur,
Ou la puce dans le plis troué de la chemise.

La Solitude

Il ne veut pas un Ami.

Plebs

Solitude, femelle cynique, anachorète équivoque,
Laisse parler l'homme.
Et si tu sors de ton panier d'inviolabilité,
Nous te battzons, moi Plebs, et t'attacherons dans les ceps.

Le Misanthrope

Je ne veux pas d'un ami
Qui peut baiser les pieds d'une femme,
Je ne veux pas d'un ami
Qui peut s'agenouiller en Dieu.

Plebs

C'est ce que je t'apporte;
Il est vierge et athée.

La Solitude

Il ne veut pas d'un athée,
Plebs au nez de truie.
Je lui enseignai ce que tu caches
Avec ton masque
Volé au jeune Printemps
Et à la très vieille loyauté.

Le Misanthrope

Je veux qu'il ait un Dieu !
Il faut que cela soit mai . . .
Je veux qu'il ait un Dieu,
Et qu'il brûle en sacrifice toutes ses amours
Et ses maisons ;
Et que, pour moi, son esprit prenne
La robe des moines
Eclore comme la peau des grenouilles
Je veux que cela soit moi

Plebs

En vérité, il est sans amour.
Ouvres à l'ami chaste, O ! Misanthrope,
Il n'a point encore de Dieux ni de Vices.
Il est beau, et son coeur est
Comme une sphère d'or
Dans la nuit.

La Solitude

Ne parle pas d'un homme qui ne soit beau
Ni d'un homme moins pur qu'une fleur fermée
Ni moins souverain que l'image d'un palmier dans le désert.

Le Misanthrope

S'il était sur notre terre ou dans les cieux
L'ami serait plus pur qu'une fleur fermée,
Ecoute, Solitude, ce masque croit
Qu'un ami peut n'être pas splendide
Parle aux vers, Plebs, offre leur
Tes choses multilées, tes oranges gâtées,
Tes femmes veuves et tes amis !

Plebs

Il est fidèle aussi, dix années il eut un ami.

La Solitude

Tu as perdu, Plebs, ton jeu est perdu.

Le Misanthrope

Je ne veux pas d'un coeur qui a aimé
 Je ne veux pas d'un ami qui sera hérétique.
 Il y a la chair et le démon de l'esprit.
 Il y a des arbres et aussi des parfums;
 Il y a des ombres, des souvenirs;
 Il y a des images, des rêves,
 Et il y a l'espoir
 Et la douleur
 Il y a la pensée qui serait à lui,
 Et non pas mienne,
 Et qui serait dans lui comme un sale chose étrangère
 Dans un coffre fermée. . . .

Plebs

Il ne te quittera pas, O! Poète. O! Misanthrope.
 Lui, c'est son ami qui L'abandonna.

La Solitude

Un ami ne quitte pas so ami.

Le Misanthrope

Je ne veux ni d'ami que l'on quitte,
 Ni d'un ami qui recule.
 Je veux celui qui, marchant avec moi dans les crimes,
 Chante avec moi
 Le coeur de paradis!
 Je veux d'un ami qui sache mourir.

Plebs

Il sera ton esclave, O! Poète!

La Solitude

O Beute misérable, tu as perdu!
 Retire-toi, il ne sortira pas de la toile d'araignée de son ombre,
 Ton masque est plus cruel que mon panier!

Le Misanthrope

Je ne veux pas d'un esclave
Je ne veux qu'il ait un Dieu.
Il faut que cela soit moi.
Je veux d'un ami qui soit un Dieu,
Et qu'il goûte des mêmes herbes que moi,
Et qu'il trempe ses mains au même sang.
Je veux qu'il me suive
Et qu'il embrasse ma tête coupée.

After Thought

MARK TURBYFILL

Sometimes you smile
(Now that it is all over)
And drop me little, thin, gray words,
Like the coins we give to the blind.
Oh I am not blind!
And they are grayer to me than your
"Do not come any more."
I dare not think that you care
How I cared then,
Or now!
And yet you smile,
And drop me your little words
While I
Hold out my hand!

Das Schone Papier Vergeudet

EZRA POUND

BEFORE you issue another number of your magazine half blank, I must again ask you seriously to consider the iniquity of the present "protective" tariff on books.

This tariff has contributed more than any other one cause, and perhaps more than all other causes, to the intellectual isolation of America, to her general ignorance, to her sodden parochialism.

I have expressed myself on this subject many times. Mr. George Haven Putnam has been fighting against the evil for years. It is one ground on which all intelligent Americans, whatever their disagreements as to literary canon may be, can come together.

I am too much buried in work to write you an article at present. There are hundreds of young men with more time than I have, to whom this is a matter not of mere general interest, but of vital and personal importance.

The simple fact is that it is very, *very* difficult to get foreign books in the United States. There is *no* facilitation of their sale. The 25% tariff serves as an excuse for an exorbitant elevation of the price of all foreign books, whether imported in sheets, or bound.

Result: Editors of sodden and moribund "better" magazines talking about De Regnier and De Gourmont as "these young men", in 1914.

Result: provincialism, isolation, lack of standards of comparison, and consequent inability to recognize good work when it appears. When it gets praise it is praised in company with rubbish.

American writers handicapped in competition with men living in civilized countries. Export of best, and even of moderately good, artists instead of export of art.

I can't go into the whole question of free trade. It has worked in England. It has, more than anything else, made the "Empire." I do not see why it should ruin the Republic.

But that is not my business. I mean, Free Trade in the widest sense is not my present affair. The prohibitive tariff on books is very much everybody's affair if they care a hang for the intellectual state of the country.

The state of the copyright laws is barbarous, but it is perhaps more the affair of the maltreated authors than of the country at large. It is evil only as other obstructory measures are evil. *But* this matter of excluding foreign books in the interest of a few artizans* (who are better paid than authors and who seek nothing above immediate gain, and whose loss in the event of reform would be negligible) is immediate and vital.

The whole question of censorship, as to Dreiser, as to Hokusai prints destroyed by customs officials, etc., are all really minor issues, largely dependent on this matter of the exclusion of the words thought and knowledge.

If among the young writers gathered about *The Little Review* you can not find two or three to take up this question, to study it, to marshal the data (vide Putnam's "Books and Their Makers" to start with, re. the causes of the rise of Paris as the world's intellectual capital),—if you can not find such young authors, then your young literati are a set of rotters and the Great West is more of a mud-hole than I should have thought it.

Form, in the narrow sense, is nothing but the separating line between surfaces of color. That is its outer meaning. But it has also an inner meaning, of varying intensity, and, properly speaking, form is the outward expression of this inner meaning. . . . The artist is the hand which, by playing on this or that key, i.e., form, affects the human soul in this or that way. So it is evident that form-harmony must rest only on a corresponding vibration of the human soul. The more abstract is form, the more clear and direct is its appeal.—*Kandinsky*.

Prison Sketches

STEFAN BRAZIER

Yen Shee

Languorously,
In my bunk within my cell
I lie:
About me circles the reek of excrement
And the more putrid inanities
Of my fellows. . . .

However,
Sentiently,
No awareness comes to me.
About me clings a gaseous vapor,
Impenetrable!
O warm black armor,
O fragrant yen-shee cloud. . . .

Thank you, unscrupulous jailer!

Dreams

When wakedness
Surged over me like a sea
And derelict dreams
Drowned themselves
In that deep pool of mind
Whence only bubbles come again—
At that moment
A voice crashed inhumanly,
Unlike the cadenced rhythm
Of the speech I know. . . .

A large tin cup
Was thrust at me:
Coffee. . . .

But dreams would not drown.
The voice said
"Here's your Java!" . . .

Java! . . .

Visions in the word,
And palms,
And coral strands,
And copper bodies leaping in the surf. . . .
And anything but jails!

Memory

Today,
Walking the corridor,
Glimpsing the sky,
And champing at the leash of life,
I saw the lake. . . .
And the green-fringed park
That borders it. . . .
Do you remember,
Distant One,
The green-fringed park,
And the night,
And the coming of Love?

How long shall it be
Before we shall lie again,
Lip-kissing, limb-kissing,
There on the green grass
Of the park
That borders the lake?

Fear

Big,
And brutal,
And hateful. . . .
I shivered in his grasp.
Hair bristled on his great paws,
Oaths stammered to his lips,
Rage clouded his huge red face,
And I was afraid. . . .

Fear is a hell of a thing
For a man to feel. . . .

But when I looked
And saw his eyes,
Dropping before my steady gaze,
And marked his mouth agape,
Inarticulate,
I laughed. . . .
Fear is a hell of a thing
For a man to feel
Toward an ox.

Hate

I shall destroy my prisons.
Not because I hate them
For from them has come to me
A brighter shaft
From Freedom's pharos-tower.

But yet I shall destroy my prisons
Because they are false idols
Worshipped by lovers of hate. . . .
To these
My scorn shall be a scourge,
My most tender thought a scorpion.
And the fire of my hate
Shall consume their concepts.

To Our Readers

WILL you make *The Little Review* a Christmas present by renewing your subscription if it has run out? We will value it more than having our stocking filled with gold. It will make the December issue possible for us and will insure your having the magazine during the year when it is to become really good.

We couldn't have an October issue, owing to our usual embarrassment about funds; so this will have to serve as a sort of October-November, though I can't put that on the cover because they tell me it would violate some new law.

We are back in Chicago where we shall stay for a month before moving to New York. Word comes from every part of the country that young magazines are dying, and that even *The Masses* may have to succumb before the increasing cost of paper, etc. That *must* not be! *The Masses* is too valuable to lose and everybody must do something about it. As for *The Little Review*, we may have to come out on tissue paper pretty soon, but we shall *keep on coming out!* Nothing can stop us now.

I feel as though we have an entirely new lease on life and were just starting with what we have to say.

The Reader Critic

For So Much Imagination, Our Thanks

[The following letter was written in the thirteen blank pages of the September issue. If the understanding in it were divided among two or three million people the ways of editors would not be so difficult in a prosaic and literal world.]

Roy George, San Francisco:

I said you couldn't be as valiant as you looked, but you are. Nobody thought you'd do it. And then my blood screams through that "must say it" stuff. It's violent and it's dear. Did you call for art or artillery?

"jh." may wreck your ship. I don't doubt the sincerity of the people who feel her rocking the boat right blithely, but she'll save your soul and this issue she certainly has saved. Her page! No one out of San Francisco can get the rest of it and no one in San Francisco can get this that she's pulled down right out of the stars; but it's just the touch to put you in Abraham's bosom at the last. Imagine it now in the grins of your friends, and around the hearthstones of your enemies—your worst enemies. The Breakfast! The Sheriff! "Tearing her hair for humanity" will save "her" when she's arrested for her seductive, seditious, and sudoriparous diatribe against—is it "against"? It's not a diatribe, it's an exposé, it's an exposure, an indecent exposure of the crying disloyalty of humanity to humans, stripped stark. Families? And oh, there are some such nice families. But maybe they never thought about this. The great process is "on." But who'd have known the earth was beginning to whirl on a new axis poking out through the crust in Mill Valley? Oh I think you said a lot in a little, flaming Angel. With discernment, too.

You were right. Why should the pages be filled until by something that simply will not be denied? Your analysis is sound, if it is in a footnote, and there's a mighty sane protest in the blank pages against the general welter. It's only the beginning. It is the beginning. It shows that even an editor may claim a little the inner sense of the dignity of life, that the prosy demands of a paid-up constituency for fodder—paid up, hell!—may be deliberately set aside if one needs a sweep for one's vision or room to swing an axe or a chance to breathe, or if he sees a chance to save his soul by suddenly taking a firm hold on that fundamental of individualism that says "I will not do what I really don't want to do" and by holding on until he's chinned himself three times whatever chinning the rest may do over it. Look like the end? How can it! How can a man like F. L. W.?—but maybe he's right: maybe he means the other end; maybe he could see what a beginning it was; but to most people it takes the actual sight of the blank pages to get a sense of what's written so clearly on them. You saw it. You felt it. And aside from the effect it will have on the world,—for it can never again be said that "they have to print it because they can't get anything better"; and it will be said many and many a time in defense of Modern

Letters, or a Summary of the Best of Contemporary Thought that an editor did one time assert her belief in herself, did blue pencil an entire issue and did contribute twelve consecutive pages to contemporary thought, the best thought at least that her subscribers are capable of, for they're left to do their thinking for themselves, and if the thought's not as consecutive as the pages it's not the first time that that little matter has come to light when readers have been brought to book; and when you've said something so directly that "it can never again be said" it will have its effect, and when you've made a contribution to pure thought it's bound to have its effect for it's the confusion of tongues that keeps even the other kind (not impure but unpure thought) from having its effect somewhere in an ineffectual world—aside from the effect it will have on the world look at the impetus it gives you. Here are you with twelve pages that you can tuck under your arm any time, day or the black night between days, and march straight up to heaven's gate and demand a reckoning on. The end? when you've here said twelve times over, for the first time, absolutely, that it's ever been perfectly said: "No compromise"!

Would to God some judge—(he will; they will,—I was near showing a lack of faith in the power of this thing you've done)—some judge *will* step down from his bench and leave a sentence unpronounced because the law shan't bind him to injustice. Some preacher *will* come to his pulpit with his manuscript a blank because he can't compel his hand to write more platitudes. A thousand artist hands will break the thing they've chiseled at, and search their souls with yearning for the thing they are. The end? This will be quoted. I refrain from mentioning the time when all else is pried, including magazine magpies, and when the arch-fiend has gathered disloyal architects and all their works.

This says: "Life is long." This denies all that the poets have sung, and the prophets have wailed and philosophy has deluded us with. If the poets have gathered rosebuds while they may, this makes no haste to gather thistles. If the Jeremiahs have said Woe! Woe! this says "Whoa" once and compels it; and the philosophy of this thing, instead of dividing art from its essence and proclaiming that art is long and life is short, identifies life and art and says they're both long—long enough. Life is long enough for art—just. For art proves itself worthy only as the work of the artist proves him able to work true while he lives and proves him great in so far as his record shows him able to live true while he works. Dauber was all wrong, if art is achievement, or he could never have had it in him to do the thing he was to do and yet lose his grip on the yard-arm however the wind blew; but he was right, whether of life or of art, in his dying cry "It will go on." He knew you.

These pages are a record bearing on life and art and you. They say that life is long—long enough for pauses, long enough that haste is your only real sacrilege and the artist's great outrage on life. They do not deny that the seasons are short, whether seed time and harvest or the mating of turtle doves and snails, or even the theatrical season or the press date; but they do define an attitude towards one's work, and it's the direct expression of the artist mind. Here is a protest against that haste that does what it may instead of refusing to do what it must not. And this is not youth saying I will do as I damn please, but judgment saying I will avoid doing what I please not; not a baby demanding the moon at all,—merely a proper young entity refusing a rotten piece of cheese. And as for its bearing on you, here is a record

of existence, a record of a striving toward that happiness that comes through an understanding of life, a grip on life—the grip that Dauber didn't have.

You have life in your hands. You have everything. Never mind, you *have*. Something for your hands to dig into—a friendly attitude towards life, and an abiding faith. And these are the essentials. They are. Absolutely. They are the three essentials. A piano and a friend and one star—it's enough. It's all there is: something congenial for the hands (literally) to do when heart and mind can't quite, quite get the grip on things; the capacity for friendship; and faith in one's stuff. And I said no one could be as valiant as you looked!

It's easy to imagine your young god springing from the ranks of labor, and as for the oppression of family life I'm starting a subscription to establish a perfectly new ocean and build one big springboard for the proper-launching of an army of sixteen year old girls that I see heading this way from a thousand typical American homes. God bless us, but your mind is a crystal stream out of the high hills. I can see it,—I who had the one perfect home in all the world, with a mother who was afraid I'd be hanged and a father who was afraid I wouldn't, with grandfathers who painted all the world for me and a pair of grandmothers who made home better, with a brother to keep me beat up and a sister to mend my bones and bind me with bands of affection,—with all the loveliest ties and with freedom in everything from the first—if I can see it who is there that can't?

Just to have a race free so they can have a friendly attitude toward life, with eyes for the marvel of it and half an understanding of each other—it's such a little thing you ask because it's what everybody really wants. Surely the world won't have to be told it twice.

Loyalty?—how it crowns the graces and means the thousand things never dreamed of in a marriage vow and the platitudes of family pride. Your loyalty to yourself this time will feed your individualistic marrow in its bones. I glory in your shame.

Wuzzed Thinking

Anonymous:

Recall to mind the ultimatum of Max Eastman: " . . . Our literary intellectuals will have to go to work. (!) Otherwise we shall merely have to enjoy them like a song. They will have to *pass their examinations*. (!) Science holds the power to make all intellectual literature mere dilettantism and nothing but resolute giants of brain with feeling can prevent it." Reflect the philosophy of the age, and you will have served Art. Do not attempt to rise precipitously and gaze rapturously into the Blessed Isles, floating without our sphere, situate in the fourth dimension. Come to Jesus!

[Reflecting the philosophy of the age has no more to do with Art than holding the mirror up to nature.]

From France

Muriel Cielkowska, Bellevue, S. et O.:

The last number pleased me especially for your satisfying definition of art versus life. It is the most complete and the most epigrammatic I have ever met with.

"My Word!"

Louise Bryant, New York:

BEAUTY

O foolish ones
Who lament
Because all the beauty
That you discover
Or that you create
Out of your minds
Is not posted
On a mountain
Before the eyes of the world—
Know you,
It is no less beautiful
Because all do not behold it;
It is no less beautiful
Because it remains in darkness.
Beauty is the same always,
It is itself
No less and no more.

From Berlin

Charlotte Teller

To my surprise, I found that Marsden Hartley had stayed on in Berlin in spite of the war; and that he was still living in the same place, the garden house, up three flights, at number four Nassauische Strasse. The world was whirling in martial mid-air, and all the planets were out of place. But Hartley had the same rug on the floor, and the same Persian stuff on the brown wall. And the next room was full of canvasses—some forty; a few, done in Paris when he was just beginning to want the Northern Light stronger than France could give; most of them done right here in these rooms.

When the door was closed, the room might have been a magic carpet carrying us out into anywhere, where there are planes cutting into each other, where lightnings zig-zag outlines against black space, where colors refuse to fade, but stay sharp and clean, like good morals.

Marsden Hartley used to be told that he looked like Ralph Waldo Emerson. But since I last saw him he has lost that look of strife with the flesh which gives all Emerson's portraits a tortured undercurrent. What was before New England philosopher with a touch of the bird of prey is now Indian,—the old, rare, eagle-like Indian whom we have betrayed without counting the loss to the land whose life he knew back to Aztec days. On the card over Hartley's door-bell some boy has drawn in pencil an Indian. It looks like him. He does not know if it were done to protect him from being taken for an Englishman, or as a portrait. It serves as both.

The portrait I had seen of him when I was in Berlin two years ago was a dream he told me he had had. He had seen a pigeon tied by its feet to a great rock, struggling to get free: He watched it in torment; and saw finally how it flew off, leaving its feet bleeding upon the rock. And he has flown far.

One canvas that he showed me was painted in June, 1914, before there had been the slightest whisper of war. It expresses his feeling of what he calls "ecstasy" on the part of the dragoons at the manoeuvres he had seen. A rising dome, the eternal symbol of endeavor weighted by the desires of the flesh, not able to cut clean like the triangle, the flame-sign of the Persians. And in this dome, and on either side, white horses, mounting, red trappings, white uniforms, and black boots; all of them pouring upward to a high point somewhere far outside of the painting itself. Here is the very spirit of Germany, proud of its display, not yet chastened by the grief of glory.

He has caught Germany and America, and grappled with them in the depths of their own consciousness. Planetary things there are in his work, gracious and balanced, weird and restless—"sensations" he calls them for fear of intellectualizing the emotions he has. But it is all *his* world. He does not pretend to share it with anyone, although he spreads it before you and listens, or half-listens, to your interpretation of circle and star and streaked skies.

I do not pretend to understand even the theories of these new schools which burst out before the war; and I have no theory about Hartley's paintings. I feel them, as I might feel a lyric from the Sanscrit if it were read me by one who knows that our modern speech is buried deep in this old language and must inevitably echo forth. When the rhythm swings round and round within the four sides of the frame, I know it as rhythm, although I might not be able to tell what begot it. When the motion set up by color and line goes sweeping out beyond the frame, beyond the walls of the room, beyond Berlin, and Europe, and the age we live in, I get the excitement of it, and I don't mind the loss of breath.

What Does It Mean?

Arthur Purdon, Livingston, Montana:

"A Real Magazine" just arrived, but it isn't. Art, like music, dies when talked about. The September Want-Ad makes me smile. *The Little Review* is degenerating into the newspaper class, and has become a common beggar. It does not know how to keep its machinery out of sight. I sometimes wish I knew how to make a bomb. If I did I would be tempted to place it under *The Little Review* and blow its talk

about past, present and future straight to hell. I am interested in an infinite present above time and space, that indefinable something expressed in music. There are no such things as Past, Present and Future. They are hollow hallucinations. *The Little Review* still worships at the altar of time and attempts to concern itself with temporal things.

Music or Art when labelled disappear. The think itself is quite sufficient. Don't you sometimes get a bit tired of talking so much about Art?

[No; what we get tired of is people like you and Alice Groff who talk out of the air, as though thoughts are made of air as words are made.]

Officer, She's In Again!

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

You are an insane isolist (ha! ha!)—a mad little self-made God, setting yourself on a pedestal as the *only* judge of Art (? ! ! !)

Every artist is the *sole* judge of *his own art*. Don't you know that? You may not *like* his art—but you have no right to say that it is *not* art. It is the embodiment of his ideal, and this is all that art is—an embodiment of an ideal by the soul that conceived the ideal. There is no such thing as good art or bad art. There is *only art*. Of course, you, as an editor, cannot publish every boy's art. You must discriminate and select, to appeal as far as possible to your clientele. But don't presume to say that what you reject is *not art*.

All that an editor can ever be as to art is a medium between the artist and the world. All that he can ever do is to bring the artist to the light of day that the latter may have a chance to speak the word to those of whom it is the word of life as it is for himself. This is all that the editor can do for *himself* even as an *artist*. The editor who fails to do this is unworthy to be an editor.

We Also Await

Anonymous:

I have never enjoyed any number of *The Little Review* so much as the September. Those blank pages linked with the cosmos: space before creation. I await Prometheus.

Everyone scolds you. May I? Forget propaganda and give us beauty, eternal, immutable, radiant beauty.

So Did We

Daphne Carr, Columbia, Missouri:

I bless your new enthusiasm and its effects. That half blank number was splendid—what there was of it, but I wanted to see as spirited things on the other pages too.

The Vers Libre Contest

The poems published in the Vers Libre Contest are still in the hands of the judges. There were two hundred and two poems, thirty-two of which were returned because they were either Shakespearean sonnets or rhymed quatrains or couplets. Manuscripts will be returned as promptly as they are rejected, providing the contestants sent postage.

The results will be announced in our December issue, and the prize poems published.

—The Contest Editor.

Subscribe to "The Little Review"

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

\$1.50 a year; 15 cents a copy. Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE EGOIST

An Individualist Review

Present Features

LINGUAL PSYCHOLOGY: THE SCIENCE OF SIGNS: a series of subtle and illuminating articles working out a new conception of the function of philosophic inquiry—by Miss Dora Marsden (started in July number).

Literary criticism, reviews and other prose articles.

Paris chronicle and a series of articles on modern French prose writers, by Madame Ciolkowska.

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE, translated by Mr. Ezra Pound (started in May number).

TARR, a brilliant modern novel by Mr Wyndham Lewis, leader of the English "Vorticist" group (started in April number).

Poem by young English and American poets, mostly belonging to the Imagist group.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price Fifteen Cents a Number

Yearly Subscription, One Dollar Sixty Cents

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W. C.

Appleton's Latest Books

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION

By FRANK JULIAN WARNE

The fundamental economic forces behind immigration and the governmental machinery that has come into existence for the purpose of regulating immigration. The first book to discuss restriction in the light of recent developments in Congress. 8vo. \$2.50 net

CONTEMPORARY POLITICS IN THE FAR EAST

By STANLEY K. HORNBECK

An up-to-the-minute book giving the political history of China and Japan. Of value and interest to the student and to the business man. 8vo. \$3.00 net

THE PANAMA CANAL AND COMMERCE

By EMORY R. JOHNSON

The first authoritative and practical volume showing the utilitarian use of the canal and possibilities open to our merchants. 12mo. \$2.00 net

VOCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

By H. L. HOLLINGWORTH

A book for the employer of labor to help him select capable men; a book for the individual to help him judge his own capabilities; a text-book in applied psychology for colleges. 8vo. \$2.00 net

PATRIOTS IN THE MAKING

By JONATHAN F. SCOTT, Ph.D.

Out of the wonderful spirit of the re-made French Nation today, the author draws a lesson for us in this country of a new patriotism. 12mo. \$1.50 net

TO-MORROW

By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

Professor Münsterberg wrote a book which was a German's view of the Great War. He wrote a second volume—a German's view of the Peace to come. This third volume is his view of what is to follow the war. 12mo. \$1.00 net

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF SOCIETY

By CARL KELSEY

A study of heredity, and the general idea of evolution as applied to human beings. 12mo. Probably \$1.50 net

D. APPLETON & COMPANY

35 West 32d Street,

New York

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

Dec - JANUARY, 1917

The Great Emotional Mind
Chinoiseries
And—

Margaret C. Anderson
Eunice Tietjens
jh.

A Decadent Art!

"What Is Art?"

Little Theatre Atrocities

Moore and More

"A. E."

Fritz Kreisler, Pianist

H. M. for Art; H—L for Artists

Paint and Personality

Frederic Stuck!

"Huppdwupp"
The Reader Critic

Retold from the German

Published Monthly
MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher
Fine Arts Building
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, Chicago, Ill.

The Consumer's Company

220 South State Street, Chicago

We had hoped to publish the prize poem in this issue, after having arranged to do so for the last four months. But the poems are stuck fast with one of the judges, from whom it has been impossible to extract a verdict.

We promise it definitely for February.

This issue will be officially known as the December-January. (The usual excuse, explanation, and regret.)

The February issue will contain the most inspired article ever written about Mary Garden, and will have a deep-purple label in her honor.

M.A.C.

(Modern Art Collector)

An authoritative magazine published monthly in conjunction with the national movement instituted for the promotion and development of Modern Art in this country.

It abounds in beautifully colored plates which are very suitable for framing. The work of the foremost artists, together with informative text matter, poster stamp and students' supplements, etc., make this portfolio de luxe, an ideal reference book—something valuable, interesting and exceptional.

Lend your enthusiastic support—write for a copy on approval.

Ten dollars annually. Single copies, one dollar.

SOCIETY OF MODERN ART, INC.,

17 West 38th Street,
New York City

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1917

No. 8

The Great Emotional Mind

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EVERY one talks about Art when he wants to be interesting. Whether he knows anything about it or not makes no difference. You can tell a man that unless he's an expert in interstate railway regulation he mustn't argue with a man who is. That sounds sensible to him and he will defer to the expert. But if you tell him that he mustn't argue with an artist, not being one himself, he considers your remark insulting.

Some people condemn artists and their ways; some praise their work and condemn their ways; some imitate their ways and patronize their work; some believe in their work and discredit the whole scale of values on which alone such work could be built. The latter seem to be the most numerous in these days, and they are the most exasperating. But all of them together act the same way when it comes to talking about Art. If the artist disagrees with them they are sure he is in the wrong, and if in their eloquence they have tried to make him out a fool it's difficult to understand their rage when the artist says, "Very well, you are not an artist, why should we be expected to agree?" You can tell a man that he knows nothing about philology or philosophy or metaphysics or comparative religions or science or

Copyright, 1917, by Margaret C. Anderson.

plumbing or gardening, and he will confess that he doesn't. As for aesthetics, he can't deny fast enough any connection with such a subject, as though it were something beneath his character. But the moment Art is mentioned the thing seems to have become personal, and you realize from his angry or injured air that not to know about Art is a sin instead of a lack, a thing one can be blamed for, a matter not to be compared to an incapacity for metaphysics or plumbing, for some mysterious reason.

This is the great emotional mind, holding itself proudly above the much-maligned lay mind but really only articulating the beloved theories of them both. The lay mind says: "I don't know anything about Art but I know what I like." The emotional mind says: "I am capable of being moved profoundly, and what moves me is Art." Here are the articles of its faith—every one of them as untrue as education can make them. It believes:

That beauty is loveliness.

That beauty is art.

That truth is art.

That truth is beauty, beauty truth.

That taste is art.

That reproduction is art.

That technique is form.

That style is form.

That "significant form" is an unstable quantity. (They say: "What is beautiful to you is ugly to me. Therefore, what is art to you is not art to me. Therefore, how can you say what is art?")

That there is no distinction between feelings and imagination.

That an emotional experience is the same as an aesthetic experience.

That the fundamental impulse behind art is the search for truth.

That art can be gauged by meaning.

That the capacity to suffer intensely makes art.

That the artist is the interpreter of life.

That the artist paints life as he sees it.

That the artist mirrors the problems of his age.

That art springs from the fever and turmoil of life.

That art is a medium for expressing life.

That art is a criticism of life.

That art is a justification of life.

That art is the release from and the compensation for pain.

That the ideal of the arts is the expression of the human spirit.

That art ministers to our desires.

That the function of art is to make the race happier.

That art will free man from lies and superstitions.

That art is to dissipate reality.

That the social vision implies the creative vision.

That man's organic necessity to listen to music or be thrilled by poetry is identical with the art impulse.

That to live fully is the requisite of art.

That intellect is the motive power in creation.

That philosophy, which directs or explains, has some relation to art, which makes or reveals.

That special insight implies creative power.

That special knowledge means special intelligence.

That one must experience to know.

That facts or fancies belong to art.

That a poetic temperament makes a poet.

That to act with great feeling and passion is to be a great actor.

That to "be Mary Garden in every role she does" is to be a bad actress.

That "the books we read and reread" are those that stand the test of literature.

That the artist escapes from life into beauty.

That this "escape" is a falsification of life.

That criticism should be sincere and unprejudiced.

That artist and genius are identical terms.

Finally, that art is the expression of the whole man, as even Mr. Willard Huntington Wright and *The Seven Arts* believe. It is not. It is the expression of the thing that man brings into the world with him. His life is the expression of the whole man. His art is the carefully-selected expression of his personality.

Chinoiserie

EUNICE TIETJENS

Crepuscle

Like the patter of rain on the crisp leaves of autumn are the tiny footfalls of the fox-maidens.

Festival of Dragon Boats

On the fifth day of the fifth month the statesman Kūh Yuen drowned himself in the River Mih-lo.

Since then twenty-three centuries have passed, and the mountains wear away.

Yet every year, on the fifth day of the fifth month, the great Dragon Boats, gay with flags and gongs, search diligently in the streams of the Empire for the body of Kūh Yuen.

Kang Yi

When Kang Yi had been long dead the Empress decreed upon him posthumous decapitation, so that he walks forever disgraced among the shades.

The Dream

When he had tasted in a dream of the Ten Courts of Purgatory, Dr. Tsêng was humbled in spirit and passed his life in piety among the foothills.

Poetics

While two ladies of the Imperial harem held before him a screen of pink silk, and a P'in Concubine knelt with his ink-slab, Li Po, who was very drunk, wrote an impassioned poem to the moon.

The Son of Heaven

Like this frail and melancholy rain is the memory of the Emperor Kuang-Hsu, and of his sufferings at the hand of Yehonala.
Yet under heaven was there found no one to avenge him.
Now he has mounted the Dragon and has visited the Nine Springs. His betrayer sits upon the Dragon Throne.
Yet among the shades may he not take comfort from the presence of his Pearl Concubine?

Yin and Yang

At the Hour of the Horse avoid raising a roof tree, for by the trampling of his hoofs it may be beaten down;
And at the Hour of the cunning Rat go not near a soothsayer, for by his prescience he may mislead the oracle, and the hopes of the inquirer come to naught.

And—

jh.

A Decadent Art!

WE have had grand opera in Chicago for several weeks. I am going to write here of grand opera, not of singing classes.

Grand opera, like a great hand whose fingers are the different arts, is trying to give us what the closed hand holds. Galli-Curci has undone the critics for adjectives of praise, has fulfilled the hopes of managers, and filled the Auditorium with the sleep-walking public. We have had Muratore with his beautiful voice and his treacle personality. We have had efficient and awful Wagnerian singers. We have had satisfaction in our opera. And now comes Mary Garden, so surcharged with life that she sends a thrill of it before her—Mary Garden who outsings the composer in her feeling, who outpaints the painter in her acting, who outsculps the sculptor with her body. Mary Garden gives us grand opera; she gives what the closed hand holds.

And so the fight will begin again and the old favorite record will be put on all the cheap human talking machines: "Of course Mary Garden can't sing, but she can act."

Grand opera by its very character is outside such simple criticism as this; it is outside all talk of voice production or singing off key or distracting the conductor. There is a measurable value in the component parts of any art, but the test that cannot be analyzed lies in the unity of these parts. This unity is the principle of Art. But grand opera is a composite of the arts, and the true test for it should lie in the unity of the employed arts, not in weighing any part of any one art. People will rave for days if Mary Garden fails in a note, although the aesthetic and emotional experience of the whole was unmarred; but the same people will never be disturbed if Galli-Curci moves about the stage like a lost cloak-model and breaks up the picture of the whole illusion by holding her body in positions not possible in human awkwardness; and is so intent on breathing that she almost forgets to attend to Juliet's funeral. So long as she sings according to a fixed standard she need go no further than a moving-

picture screen. And Mary must be decried, though her performance hold in color like a tapestry and move in rhythm like a frieze.

When anything is as far from life as sung dialogue it must have a different treatment than either pure song or pure drama. Decoration should be the design for opera: a libretto that is a dramatic poem, music working itself out in a decoration for the poem, scenery a design of the matter and feeling of the libretto, and actors that can point the design not in the realistic day-life manner of the drama but with decorative acting. With this we might have great grand opera. One thing we have now: the great decorative actress and singer, Mary Garden.

Mary Garden is the biggest thing on our horizon today. To think that flesh could be so intelligent! She gives as generously of her undraped body as a Rodin statue; and the audience gives her back their applause, grudgingly, not knowing the great art of her. To put Rodin into inspired motion, but to do more than that even—! In the next issue I shall try to write of all she does,—Mary Garden,

"This Cyprian
She is a million, million changing things.
She brings more joy than any god; she brings
More pain. I cannot judge her. May it be
An hour of mercy when she looks on me."

"What Is Art?"

WHEN Tagore first gave his lecture on Art in Chicago I was not here, and all I could read about it or find out about it by asking was that it was anti-Tolstoyan. But I got the whole truth of it in a sentence when I asked a pupil of Tagore's, a young artist, "What does Mr. Tagore say in his lecture on Art?"

"What does he say? Oh, he just says what it is, this Art."

Every layman in this country who finds it necessary to establish himself a critic of Art and artists should hear that lecture and try to understand it, if only in parts. But I suppose they wouldn't accept Tagore's word for it because he doesn't take them in on the ground floor, in the manner of *The Seven Arts*, for instance.

I can't quote directly, as the lecture is not yet published, but he has said all the things that one longs to say oneself. He defines the artist as

one who says to the world: "I see you where you are what I am." Art is the most personal thing in the world. Man reveals himself and not his objects in Art. Matter and manner find their harmonics in our personality. The artist does not particularize through peculiarity, which is the discord of the unique, but through the personality, which is its harmony. Art is man's answer to the "Supreme Person." Art is personal and beyond science. So, too, is beauty. Beauty is not a fact but an expression. "Facts are like wine-cups that carry it." To all the confusion and misconceptions about beauty in Art he answers: The creation of beauty is not the object of Art. Beauty in Art has merely been an instrument and not its complete and ultimate significance. And to those who demand teaching or utility in Art there is this answer: The stage of pure utility is like a state of heat which is dark. When it surpasses itself it becomes white heat and then it is expressive; and when man thwarts his desire for delight, wanting to make it into good or into knowledge, it loses its bloom and healthiness.

Taking up the old controversy of Art for Art's sake, the fact that the phrase has fallen into disrepute is a sign of the return of the ideals of the puritanic age when enjoyment as an end in itself was held to be sinful. The idea of Art for Art's sake had its origin in a surplusage of life, not in asceticism or decadence. When our personality is at its flood-tide with love or other emotion it longs to express itself for the sake of expression; and we forget the claims of usefulness and the thrift of necessity.

After all the fighting and arguing one has to do up and down the world over what is Art, and Art for Art's sake, one comes from this lecture feeling: "He leadeth me beside the still waters; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he restoreth my soul."

Little Theatre Atrocities

LAST month the Chicago Little Theatre strayed down into the Playhouse with *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. I won't say anything about the acting, nor even of Mrs. Warren and her Oak Park vulgarity—Mrs. Warren of London, Brussels, Budapest! But I can't let the scenery go by without a protest.

There is a subtle but definite sense of analogy of line which goes through all the arts. It is obvious in acting and painting. Why shouldn't it be sought in decoration when decoration is dependent upon words? Bernard Shaw has perhaps but one line—the straight horizontal line. He cuts through clear and straight—a cross-section of life. He brings people and

all their relations out upon this broad flat plane. That's Shaw. I didn't mind that the text of *Mrs. Warren* called for period architecture; it was the insistence on the long perpendicular line that maddened me. And the color! There, too, was a chance for line. But—well, who can tell how bad the performance was with the futile effort of the denying horizontal lines of the play against the asserting perpendicular lines of the scenery?

Moore and More

I HAVE been reading Frank Harris in *Pearson's* on George Moore's *The Brook Kerith*. What Mr. Harris really does is to jump on George Moore for not writing a history of the life of Christ—the sociology, biology, and geology of Jerusalem.

Only in books of information and science does the writer have to submerge his personality and let the facts have first place. But Mr. Moore thought he was making a work of art, and here no one will deny the first right to the personality of the artist. Mr. Harris cavils about types, landscapes, customs, etc.

Almost the only presentation of Christ outside the Bible has been in painting. Have those painters "defiled our most sacred spiritual possessions" who, from the day when Florence knelt in her streets before Cimabue's Madonna, have painted every incident in the life of Christ and of the Holy Family in every setting from an Italian pasture to a Medici palace, using Italian types, Italian dress, Italian gestures? Has the great El Grece defiled the Christian religion because he painted Spanish Christs and saints in tomb-damp colors? Did Michael Angelo dethrone God because in his *Creation* he painted him with beard and flowing robe on his own authority? And the Germans and the Dutch? They must have been all leagued together to "misrepresent through ignorance," according to such critics as Mr. Harris. But who can say that they have not raised the tradition to a height the old Jews dared not dream?

"A. E."

THERE is a great interest in America just now over A. E.—poet, painter, mystical teacher, labor leader, economist, and editor. There are lectures by Colum, reviews of his books, studies of his life, a revival of the reading of George Moore's *Salve* where he is portrayed with such love, and in

January we are to have an exhibition of his paintings brought from Ireland by a Chicago woman at her own expense and loaned to the Art Institute. To my knowledge only once before have any of A. E.'s paintings been seen in Chicago. There were two with the "Cubists."

The coming exhibitions will have pictures in several manners: a group of wood interiors where gay young things sport—the trees human and the girls wild; joyous sea pictures with cockle-gatherers and bathers; and one frankly symbolic. One is called *Dove-Grey Sands: The Face of Brooding Love in the Sky*. I love most those close-toned ones in which he has seemed to paint the very spirit of the air to create his subject—a painted intuition of mood. Most painters do no more than paint the nature of the atmosphere to give the mood of their subjects. There seems to be in all A. E.'s painting a sense of a living divine soul in all things that make up the universe, and their unity with the soul of man.

Fritz Kreisler; Pianist

KREISLER came and played the piano—accompanying a young Russian baritone, de Warlich. It was a lesson for all pianists and accompanists; but of course they were not there. Very few were there, so excited are people in Chicago over music.

It was good to see how Kreisler subdued the strength of his own personality and the sound of the piano and let the boy sing. But he did more than that: he subdued the authority of a great violinist and let the piano play.

It would have made you glad to see how he came to the instrument. He reached out as if he were drawing it to him; with hands and feet at once he seemed to swing it into place.

H. M. for Art; H—L for Artists

AT a recent exhibition in the Art Institute a committee granted honorable mention to Stanisław Szukalski, the young Polish sculptor, and it is told that he tore up the H. M. before their faces. He would undoubtedly have thrown back the thousand-dollar prize to them.

Well, who of them all is able to give him place? Better be free of their praise for his work if he cannot be free of their criticism for his personality. The newspapers take it up and call him the eccentric young sculptor. A citizen may be eccentric—so eccentric that his fellows may

shut him up in an asylum; but that's a game among themselves. How on earth can a sculptor be eccentric? It's a waste of terms. One who creates as indirectly as through Art must always seem eccentric to society; but he is not eccentric to life: he creates as an artist: he exists as an artist.

Paint and Personality

THE new Arts Club opened its galleries with an exhibition of Sargent and Dearth—just wild enough contrast for great interest: Sargent resting back on old methods, expressing himself only in his subjects; Dearth vitalizing his method with feeling and creating a manner full of life-stuff to express himself in his peculiar subjects.

Next came an exhibition of Henri, Bellows, and Sloan—a matter of men, not of manner.

The courtesy with which Mr. Henri treats all his subjects stamps his technique and his color with that final necessary thing. In Mr. Bellows the organization stands the test, but Bellows seems to be wanting. Mr. Sloan, with his humpy line, makes one feel a soul that has never blown out like an unfurled scroll.

Frederic Stock!

THERE is an unintentional explanation in the German pronunciation of Mr. Stock's name as to why the Orchestra programs never "move on" with new music or with much variation of the old.

“Huppdwupp”*

HE lived on the side of a mountain near a dark pine forest. His house was built of great pine logs and the cracks were so well plastered with clay that the wind could never blow in. When it blew very hard the little house laughed and sent the smoke gaily up the chimney which had once been a stove pipe. There was only one room in the house, with one window, but the sun loved the little room and shone in always when the day was at its height.

Friedel lived here almost alone, for his father was dead and his mother washed clothes for strangers. With the money she earned every day she

**Retold from the German.*

bought bread and a little butter for her boy, and every year trousers or a coat; but she could not earn enough to send Friedel to school. This gave him no sorrow, and that they were so poor had no meaning for him. In the summer he grazed his goat on the mountain-side—a willful goat who always sought his feed where it was steepest and always ran away; but Friedel knew that at last he would come back and so he sat quietly by the brook which sprang zig-zag down the mountain and through the thickets of slender pines. The pines tried to catch the water but they were not quick enough; and the little stream leaped down to a great city which lay not far away in the valley. As it dashed over the bare feet of the little boy it said, "Come, little Friedel, run with me, run with me and help turn the great water-wheel of the mill."

"I'm not so stupid as that," answered Friedel. "I wouldn't get a penny for it. But you will wash away a few shovels of yellow clay for me, won't you?"

Out of the clay he made all kinds of curious things: Meckerbart, his goat, and Hans, the miller's boy, who always let him ride on his donkey; or even the donkey himself. And as he worked he thought of nothing but his work; he saw nothing, heard nothing—not even the blackbird singing like a flute.

So it was in the summer. But when winter came Friedel sat in the room on a chair which he had made himself, and in the stove crackled the fir-wood which he had gathered. At his feet lay Miez, the cat, who was so old and lazy that she could scarcely make her spinning-sound. When the clouds would allow it the sun looked in through the window and wondered over the boy who carved such lovely things. He carved with a knife which had belonged to his father—a knife so sharp that he could have cut both hair and beard with it.

It was the day before Christmas and Friedel was working on a Wonderful-Beautiful horse which held one foreleg lifted and threw back his head proudly. One would not be surprised to hear him neigh the next moment. With three feet he stood upon a smooth board on which were wheels so that he could run. He had no saddle but there was a bridle, a narrow strip of brown leather. As the sun went down Friedel's work was finished and his eyes shone with joy. "Now will I ride out, old Miez," he said; "will you come with me?"

"No," said the cat, "it is too cold outside for me and this evening it will snow; then I couldn't find my way back home again when you fall off your steed."

"Do you really think I shall fall off?"

"Of course," muttered the cat; "you have no claws: with what will you hold fast?"

Then the mother came home from work and said, "Lay your knife away, Friedel. Holy Evening is here, when one must not whittle and carve or the great Mountain Chopper will come and carry you off."

"No, mother, when it grows dark two little angels will very softly open heaven's door, which is there where the sun is gone down, and the Christ-child will ride down to earth on a silver white horse and visit the good children."

"Yes," said the woman, and turned away to light some pine chips; then she opened the cupboard and placed bread and butter upon the table. Friedel said very thoughtfully, "Why doesn't he come to us? I have always been good!"

But the mother sunk her eyes and whispered, "Because we are too poor. The Christ-child comes only to people who have money and we have none."

"But that's a shame," said the little fellow. And when his mother heard that she began to cry bitterly. Friedel ran to her, put his head in her lap and said, "I have a big horse called Eolopdiwupp which I will sell. I shall get much money for him, and then the Christ-child will come."

When he had said this he took his horse and went out of the room; his mother, crying softly, did not watch after him; and then, because she was so very tired, she closed her eyes and sank into a deep sleep.

The little boy opened the door very gently, put his horse outside, got upon it and cried, "Hü!" But the horse didn't understand: he was still too young; and besides he had a hard head and would not run.

"If I only had a whip!" said Friedel; and because he had none he dismounted and dragged his steed by the bridle behind him.

When the sun had gone down there rose slowly a great cloud mountain, but the greater part of the sky was still clear. There the dear moon wandered. She shone brightly but she was no longer full, for she had given of her light to the young stars as she rose over them. In return they let her cling to them a little, for it is no small thing to walk there above much higher than the highest church tower and not grow dizzy. In all the air a solemn silence ruled; the dark pines stood motionless; they held their breath, as though they waited for a king to pass. But the earth trembled softly; she was freezing and she longed for a soft white covering in which she might wrap herself to sleep. At first the little boy froze too, but soon

he grew warm from running and his heart beat fast with the desire to sell his precious horse. As he trotted along he met a fox.

"Where are you going, Friedel?"

"To sell my horse. Will you have him? I hear that you are a rich man and eat roast goose every day. You should not go on foot."

"Of course not," said the fox. "But I see what you hold there is a white horse. I prefer to ride my own red-brown one."

"Oh well, pardon," said Friedel, and went on. Soon he came upon a raven who wore a heavy black coat and called out in a deep voice: "Trot, trot!"

"Yes," answered Friedel, "but he won't trot, and alas, I have no whip. But tell me, won't you buy my horse?"

"I don't want it," croaked the raven, very much hurt. "I have wings and can fly."

"That's different," said Friedel, "I didn't know that."

A little farther on he came upon a sparrow and he asked again: "Master Greyhead, you have so much to do on the streets, won't you buy my horse?"

"Yes, if it were only summer," said the sparrow, "I could make good use of him; now in winter it is very difficult to get enough food together for my own span of horses. But we will go down into the city: there it's easy to get rid of a horse like this any day. See how it shines out there with her thousand lights. Come, I will guide you. I must visit a few courtyards which are under my care." Friedel was glad in his heart, for where could he have found a better guide or one who knew the world so well?

The street sloped down rapidly. The sparrow and Friedel stepped along lightly, the horse close upon their heels. "Now you may see how well he can run, if he only will," said Friedel; and Master Greyhead said very calmly: "One must have much patience with such unreasonable animals."

They went past the water-mill; the great wheel had made a holiday and was standing still, so the brook had nothing to do and called out to Friedel:

"Go back home, go back home;
It is cold here outside;
Flowers are gone to bed,
Frogs sleep deep in the mud,
Bats hang in the corners,
Cuckoos sing no more,

Behind the mountain waits the wind—
Back home, go back, dear child!"

"Hear what he's trying to make you believe," said the sparrow. "You mustn't give heed to him; he is one who is always coming down. He who would rise in the world must have no fears."

The boy intended to remember this good advice but as he saw the brightly-lighted windows of the miller's house he thought: "Now they sit within by the warm stove having Christmas."

It was not long before they were in the city. There stood high houses, crowded so close together that the street could scarcely pass through, and the little fellow was afraid. Sometimes his mother had taken him with her to the city, but that had always been in bright day. He had never wanted to wander about the streets alone; he would rather be where the leaves rustled and the birds sang. Now all the windows were bright and behind the polished panes stood the loveliest things. Along the footpaths hurried many people, all carrying packages and bundles under their arms. Fortunately there were no more wagons, so Friedel chose the street. But even there he was not safe. First a fat woman crossed over the way; she carried on either side a great pack, puffed like an old steam engine, and gave him such a shove that he fell to the ground—and his horse too. But he stood up quickly and helped Huppdwupp to his feet. "One mustn't make anything of that," said the sparrow; "that happens every day. But there come some dangerous fellows; we must pass them very cautiously."

But this didn't happen. Three street urchins came along who could see more with one eye than ten men with two. The first two seized Friedel by the jacket and the third planted himself impudently in front of the boy and said: "You wooden-shoe fellow, are you taking your horse to the blacksmith? You can get it done cheaper here; we'll shoe him for nothing."

"That's not necessary," said Friedel, "I wish to sell him." Then the three shouted and the boldest one began to talk again: "Listen, you, you can't sell your horse; we won't have it. Give it to me and I won't tell that you stole it." And then he reached out for the bridle and tried to snatch away from the boy the only thing that he owned. Then the sparrow whispered: "Take off your wooden shoe and give him one on the head." Friedel thought this good advice and followed it. There began a great battle, and even though there were three of the others they lacked a weapon and got many blows. Perhaps it might have gone badly with the boy at the end, but like thunder and lightning a man came between them. He had

a polished helmet on his head and a sword at his side; under his nose he wore an enormous mustache which always trembled as though in fear of the frightful words that flew past it. He shouted: "Separate, you boys! keep the peace or I'll pepper and salt your backs! Who started this?"

"He!" cried the three, as one mouth.

"No, they!" peeped the sparrow; but no one heard him.

"You see, Watch Master, he still has his wooden shoe in his hand," said the boldest one; "he attacked us with that."

"Be silent!" thundered the man, "we'll get the right of this. You, put on your shoe, and tell me what you want here in the street with the horse."

"He has stolen the horse," said one of the boys.

"No," said Friedel, very boldly and clearly, "the horse belongs to me; I made it myself."

The man couldn't well believe that and said: "That's very suspicious. Follow me, we'll soon find out."

So Friedel had to follow him and the bad boys exulted. They gave a howl of joy and started after; but he with the helmet motioned toward his sword and they gladly ran away.

The man stalked ahead while Friedel, the sparrow, and Huppdwupp followed as fast as their legs would carry them. The poor little fellow was very disheartened and thought it a bad adventure. But the sparrow whispered to him: "This is nothing; I can manage it." At the next corner he gave Friedel a sign and they swung to the right, unnoticed, while the man of law went straight ahead, seeing nothing, intent only on his own steps.

"That's the way to manage such people," said the sparrow. "You must never follow their orders if you wish to be a clever fellow. But wait! Here we are at the right place. In this old house lives a merchant who deals in cats and dogs, donkeys and horses. Take a look; his window is full of them. Go in and try your luck."

The small boy opened the door, went into the shop, and asked the merchant: "Here is my horse Huppdwupp. I want very much to sell him. Will you take him?"

"Why not?" said the merchant. "What does he cost?"

"A thousand thaler."

"That's too dear for me," said the merchant, and made a very thoughtful face. "Just look, my horses are much handsomer than yours and even then much cheaper than a thousand thaler."

"Yes," said Friedel, "I believe that. But your horses are dead and

mine is alive. I should know, I made it myself. But tell me, what will you give me?"

"Half a pfennig."

"That's much too little," said the boy and went quickly out the door. Huppdwupp sprang over the threshold, as enraged as he. Little Greyhead was much annoyed when he heard the story and peeped very distinctly: "Such a common fellow! It's a pity I didn't go in with you, so that I could have given him a piece of my mind. But wait! See that strange fellow coming there? Notice how his spider legs bend under him. His body is so thin that he throws no shadow, and his face looks as though it were plastered with copper money. Ask him, he is surely a horseman. I tell you the best horse deals are always made in the street."

Friedel waited until the man came up and then said, very shyly: "Dear Sir, won't you buy my little horse? My mother and I have no money." But the man merely said, "Beggar!" and passed on, leaving the three not knowing what to do.

"Don't cry," said the sparrow, who recovered quickest; "that's the way with people. I know them from my grain deals."

"I'm not crying," said Friedel bravely, but he was as sad at heart as a horse who has won a race and waits in vain for his rider to pat his neck. "I shall stay no longer in the city, and I shall have nothing more to do with these people. I know very well what I must do. Tell me, Master Greyhead, have you already seen the Christ-child this evening?"

"To be sure. I see him every year. Today he came riding in from the door of the East and he will go out again at the West door. If you wish to speak with him we must hurry and reach the bench by the spring where he will surely pass."

And now the three went together out of the city. There was no one to be seen, and Friedel's wooden shoes made klapp, klapp on the hard frozen road. He pulled his fur cap down over his ears, because he was so cold, and thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. "Shall I lend you my handkerchief, Master Greyhead?" he asked. "Out of it you can make some stockings for your bare legs."

But the sparrow laughed. "Never mind; even in winter my feet are quite comfortable. Now look about you—this is the place. Sit down on the bench and rest, but take care not to go to sleep. Meanwhile I'll watch and tell you when the Christ-child comes."

The little fellow sat down, and the sky grew darker and darker. The stars put out their lights and the moon disappeared. Then it seemed to

Friedel that the world grew stiller, and he himself grew wearier, and soon there came fluttering down through the air, very softly, thousands and thousands of butterflies. They settled on the bare branches of the trees, and when there was no more room there they sank down on the road and the ground, covering the whole earth. "They have woven a white cloth," said the sparrow; "that is really too bad. But what can one do? The Christ-child has given away his horse and stockings and shoes and must not walk on the bare ground. See, there he comes."

Great heavens; Friedel had fallen asleep. But he had to open his eyes again. He saw a shimmering light coming nearer and nearer. Then Friedel stood up and walking was so easy for him, so wonderfully easy, that he moved toward the light. At last came an angel's child with long hair and a blue robe, with nothing in his hands, who went with bare feet and stepped so lightly that not a trace of him remained in the snow. All the light which Friedel had seen came from his two eyes, and about his mouth played a smile as though the Mother Maria had just kissed his lips.

"Are you the Christ-child?" asked Friedel.

"Yes," answered he, and looked so long at Friedel that a strange warmth ran through the boy's whole body.

Then the little fellow took heart and asked fervently: "Dear Christ-child, people will have nothing to do with me and no one sees my need. Buy my little horse Huppdwupp. I have carved him with my own hand. You cannot go back to heaven on foot. You can pay me what you will."

"Oh," said the Christ-child, "I have no money."

Friedel was astonished: "No money? And yet you bring such lovely things to the children? Every year you've gone to the rich miller; of course you have never known where we poor people live."

"Yes, little boy," said the Christ-child and smiled so strangely. "How that comes to be I cannot say. And then you are not poor."

"But mother says so."

"Give me your hand. Did you carve that beautiful horse with this hand?"

"Yes."

"There is a gift in your hand," said the Christ-child, "which a rich man cannot buy for a whole sack of gold," and he stroked his hand and blessed him. But Friedel was not content and pleaded: "Haven't you one more nut in your pocket or at least a fig or a cake?"

Then the Christ-child said sadly: "I really didn't think of you and I have given everything away. But if you will lend your little horse Hupp-

diwupp to me then you shall see a lovelier Christmas tree than any child on earth has owned tonight."

Friedel was satisfied. The Christ-child seated himself on the horse, took the little boy in his arms, and before them, between the ears of the horse, Master Greyhead perched himself. And now it was wonderful to see how the horse grew larger and larger. It was as if wings grew to him, and he rose slowly up and left the earth beneath. It snowed no more, the sky had become clear again, and the stars gleamed like diamonds in the dark hair of a queen. And as they kept rising steadily higher and higher the heart of the boy rose too. It was wide with joy, but it was strange that he could not feel it beating. His body was so light that he felt he could jump to the stars; he could not feel when his foot touched the neck of the horse. But he thought no more of this for he was so happy: his own work was bearing him up to the highest places. Far below he saw meadows and forests which shone whitely up; there, too, were the mountains and the cliffs stretching up like giants and yet unable to reach him. From the distance the bells toned very softly—as if their clappers were wound round with velvet. They were calling to Holy Festival. Friedel flew higher and higher and the earth grew as small as the wheel of the water-mill, and even smaller. Finally they went past the moon who was polishing her lamp which had almost gone out. She nodded to Friedel very kindly: "Bravo! You'll soon be able to fly yourself!"

And then they came into heaven, a place so splendid that one cannot tell of it. There stood a great palace of transparent blue crystal; in it was a hall with walls of white marble and a table which gleamed like a single diamond. Upon this table was a green pine tree and on it hung a thousand stars: five hundred of them burned with a quiet light, the other five hundred glittered and flamed like children of the sun.

"Is it not lordly, Master Sparrow?" asked the boy.

The other answered: "Yes, but a full cherry-tree with the fruit showing dark red through the green—I do not know but what I should prefer that."

Then the Christ-child led them to the table, for under the pine tree, in a very simple arm chair, sat the dear God. He was stone old but he looked about him as kindly as a father looks at his children. Upon his left knee he rocked a little angel who sang.

"Ah, dear God," said Friedel very shyly, "now that I am up here I should like so much to see my father again."

"I believe he is not here," said the Christ-child. "He has gone to another place because he scolded and beat your mother."

"Oh," said Friedel, "that doesn't make any difference. Mother has often beaten me, but I love her just the same."

"That's very different," said the Christ-child, and the dear God smiled a very little. Friedel was near to tears but he took heart and said: "See, dear God, I have brought a beautiful horse with me. His name is Huppd-wupp. He is without, before the door, for it is too slippery for him in here, as he has no iron hoofs. But he is no common horse. He has brought us all up to heaven. The people would not buy my horse. They did not know what he was worth. The Christ-child has no money, so you take it and give me for him what I beg you."

And as Friedel finished the dear God set the little angel on the floor and it tripped away. Then he stretched out his right hand and drew the little boy toward him; and Friedel knew that he was to receive his wish.

At ten o'clock a lusty fellow knocked at the window of Friedel's mother. "Wash Margaret, get up! It's I, the miller's Hans. I found your youngster down below by the fountain almost frozen to ice."

How frightened the mother was! But she rubbed her little boy with snow and he grew slowly warm again. She held him the whole night through and kept saying, "My poor boy! My poor boy!"

But Friedel stammered, sleepy and snow-drunk: "I am not poor. I can make the Christ-child out of snow-white stone and he will shine like the sun."

The poor woman did not know what to say but she clasped her child with both arms to keep him warm; for outside the wind had risen and was slashing the roof.

Finally they both fell asleep, mother and son; and at their right stood Need and at their left stood Sorrow, watching over them. For these are the angels of the poor, and whom they lift up they make the Conquerors.

The Reader Critic

"Mutable Emotions"

Alan Adair, Fovant Camp:

Yesterday your paper came to me, sent forward from my home. For the last four months it has come to me through change of camp and bullets, the delays of censorship, and the uncertainties of civil and military posts. And each time it has provoked me, and tonight, as I read it in the flickering obscurity of my hut, it provokes me excessively. For I am a soldier and my life is the immemorial life of soldiers. That is to say it is the life of a barbarian; of an antique legionary; of a serf of the Middle Age; of those that fought before the Arts were born of leisure and the life of cities. I am a soldier and live according to the ancient lore of camps: incessant occupation and equally unceasing tedium; recurring orgies of physical exertion prolonged to the verge of utter exhaustion; an inexorable discipline that is with classic exactness termed blind; the constant and elementary hardships of animal existence experienced in forms unmitigated by any of the devices of civilization; above all, a complete and almost splendid intellectual vacuity, a complete and almost splendid indifference to the customary enthusiasms and inclinations of a life outside the armies: these are the chief elements that shape the life of a soldier on active service and these are the influences amongst which, throughout Europe, the men of my years are coming to maturity. That is why you provoke me, and your paper provokes me, and your contributors all provoke me when there is talk of the Arts. Our experiences are alien to each other; and Art is so completely a matter for man's inner soul, for that inner soul wherein distil to essence the labors, sufferings and lusts of a man's life and from which the deepest elements of individual character take form and color. As your quotation from de Gourmont puts it, there is a difference in our sensibility; and that difference lies in this: that we in Europe are soldiers. The other influences that separate us in sympathy are negligible, and spring solely from our different opportunities of acquaintance with the cults and works of contemporary schools and artists. But the military influence has turned the city of Art to a tower of Babel. We who are soldiers no longer understand the tongues that Art once spoke to us. The old language of unrest, of delicate eclecticism, of an indecision of taste that hungers by turn for the remotely archaic and the fantastically modern, is become unintelligible to us who amid the discipline and adventures of arms are learning new values for all the sacraments of life.

In a Phillistine world, where money was a god indecently obtruded and death a presence solicitously hidden, it was well enough to seek among the Arts for spells to dissipate reality. With life secure in our hands and without imperative

desires in our hearts, it was reasonable, to find in contemplation of the creations of man's love of beauty, a satisfaction of the many dissatisfactions of the spirit. But when a man has seen death, very clear and huge, straddling the way, and learned to think patiently of the final extinction; lost many friends; met fear in twenty shapes, and in the light of an unhopèd-for morning felt the fresh, unshattered joy of living, the Arts, if they do not lose influence, do at least change in the significance that they have for his soul.

They become not a means for satisfying the inexpressible and vacillating impulses of the spirit, but a means of satisfying the desires of a whole man. To have lived and survived as a soldier teaches a man the worth of his life; and life is desire. To live fully is to desire much and to have found means for the satisfaction of one's desires. Art as you speak of it, as you advertise for it, is not a thing to minister to the desires of a man. It is a coloring matter to conceal an anæmia of the spirit, a way of spinning dainty webs across the void of a purposeless existence. At the best it is an echo for awakening the senses to the mysteries and subtleties of life, but without power to interpret them into action. I suspect, it is merely a device to avoid boredom. But for us, with lives still in hazard, the world holds too many desirable things for our souls to feel need of an art of this kind.

Art for us is no longer a means for the evocation of emotion; a magic net cast over all the nude and undesirable body of life. We are too full of lusts for such an art. We are done with "the brooding East", with the Tagores; with the Ajanta caves; with the dun yellows and faded crimsons of Hindustan. We know ourselves again to be of the European tradition: the tradition of men who think and act. Our art must serve life. Which is to say it must serve our wills and desires. For we desire multitudinous things: loves, travels and insurrections. We have lived too long as mud in the hands of chance and a military system. Every fibre of body and soul is athirst. We desire women, horses and dogs, and wines. We desire adventures that are adventures of the spirit and not solely a hazard of blood and health. We desire a society reshaped and to be concerned in that inflaming and organization of the people that alone can precipitate so vast a change. We are ready to turn again to our old purposes: to that large movement that will control the fate of all existing polities and is called Syndicalism, the new Unionism, Industrial Unionism, Anarchy as latitude or language alters; to our intentions in Ireland, Catalonia, or among the broken nations of the Slavs; to the fantastic keenness of a sculpture and a painting become militant and seeking ever further into the reality of man's consciousness and semblance.

But we return to these enthusiasms disciplined by unaccustomed rigors. We have learned to live directly; to think clearly, to act and have no doubts. Henceforward, for us Art will be a thing of clear outlines, simplicity, and practical purpose. It must administer to our desires. It must be part of our will: that is of our philosophy and lust. It must be evangelist. It must carry a sword in its cloak. We shall have no use for the Imagist telling three lines of the passage of some faint tremor of joy or repugnance. Nor shall we applaud the Vorticist poet jerking in angular words a cinematograph picture across the mind. We want a verse with

blood in it. We want verse in a hundred manners—aphrodisiac or insurrectionary, mournful, obscene, or profound. Only we want a verse that is not trivial and is not cold. Similarly we want plays and essays and tales. But we want a drama that is less a drama of discussion than one of action, essays that are shaped to a purpose, stories that show life untruly, venomous, unfair, eloquent tales that inflame, that espouse and condemn. We want an art inspired by a love of action. We want an art that is the evocation of sustained and coherent desire. We want an art astir with the conscious movement of a soul that wills; an art of purposes and lusts. For we have ventured our lives and received them back invigorated by danger: we have learned in hardships the value of desire and through endurance have discovered how contemptible is an art of delicate and unsure pleasures, of dilettantism, of varied, sterile, and mutable emotions.

And such is the Art of your contributors and such the definition of Art that even the blank pages of your paper imply.

[This is so beautiful an expression of the typical confusions about Art that I scarcely know where to begin to answer it.

In the first place, you say that the life of war is an artificial life—a Philistine world. Then why talk about wanting Art in such a world? Art and Philistinism have never mixed.

In the second place, why did you need to go to war to learn to live directly, to think clearly, to act and have no doubts? The artist never has life secure in his hands; he always has an imperative desire in his heart; and he is always "seeing death, very clear and huge, straddling the way," always "thinking of the final extinction," always "losing many friends, meeting fear in twenty shapes, and feeling the fresh unshattered joy of living." If going to war did these things to you, then you simply confess that it took war to "quicken" you: but the artists is born "quickened." And now that you wish to react against something, after the quickening, you complain that Art will not receive your reaction. Why on earth do you insist on going to Art for all those things, you want? If you want blood and lust, go on fighting. If you want meat, eat meat: don't try to eat Art. Who ever imagined that Art administers to men's desires? When Bernhardt acts for the French soldiers, are they "too full of lusts for such an Art," or does she change her immortal Art to meet their desires for "women, horses and dogs, and wine"?

You say that Art for you is *no longer* a means for the evocation of emotion. Remember that the evocation of emotion has *never* been a test of Art, any more than Art has been "a magic net cast over all the nude and undesirable body of life" or "a spell to dissipate reality." Life serves life; Art doesn't do that. Art will never be part of *your* will: it is the artist's will. Your philosophy and lust can be served by the claims of philosophy and lust. What you call your Art-need will be served by Art; but only when you have fulfilled your part of the bargain: since you are not a creator your will must go toward appreciation—or, first, toward the capacity for appreciation.—M. C. A.]

Growing Pains

Stephan Böcklin, Denver:

I did enjoy the Greek sketches by Richard Aldington. Some of them are very beautiful: the first, fourth, and sixteenth especially so. I am glad that a few of our writers are beginning to see the capacities of what Baudelaire calls "poetic prose."

And there is one article, *Paderevski and Tagore*, which gave me much pleasure. It is an excellent study in contrasts. A score or so of such impressions would be well worth publishing in a more permanent form.

The rest of this issue left me cold—if I may be pardoned for possessing standards as exacting as, if somewhat different from, yours. But this is only saying that nine-tenths of what passes as "art" in America leaves me cold: and on this I suspect you would heartily agree with me.

I should dearly love to open a discussion with you on "art". Your views; as you expressed them here, interested me greatly, and also tantalized me. I had the feeling that you were eternally trying to catch a flame between your hands—a flame that eternally eluded you—or burned you into silence. You left me wondering whether there was any value in trying to perform this feat: and as I have already told you, I felt that you were nearest to "understanding" art when you *were* burned into silence.

As for me, I have no "views" at all. Sometimes I write something—a line, a phrase, that seems made to live forever. For lack of any other word I call the result "art". But I do not know *why* it is "art", and I am a little afraid that if I try to find out I shall lose the gift, such as it is. It is something like the Medusa-head: one cannot look upon it direct without being frozen into stone—or, what is worse, into dogma.

You are very fond of the word "miracle". Your highest praise for anything is to say of it, "It has the miracle". But tell me: is it not in the very nature of a miracle that we cannot tell in what way or how it will come about—let alone trying to determine within what fixed conditions it *ought* to come about? Perhaps I am mistaken, but it has seemed to me that you have, in your magazine, frequently taken the stand that this "miracle" has certain fixed qualities, which must be recognized by all. And my own personal feeling is that there are as many kinds of miracles as there are faiths: and that every faith whatsoever can produce a "miracle" which is anything but art—is, indeed, the rankest form of fanaticism or superstition—to the holders of an opposite belief.

You understand, of course, that I am not speaking *ex cathedra*: I so much dislike to "make a circle" around my ideas: especially when it is a question of things as little understood as the reasons for our belief in immortality—or in beauty We seek the beautiful when our sense of the tragic in life becomes too keen, too poignant, too unendurable: we wish to *escape* from this bitter and sardonic realization, to falsify it somehow, to invest it with qualities that have no existence beyond our own minds. And the result—each after his own fashion—is beauty.

But "art"? Well: one might say that this ceaseless falsification of life through the escape into Beauty becomes Art when it compels all men—or all those men who act as the interpreters of life—to look upon reality and to see there, as though it had always been there, awaiting our attention through the ages, just that one particular type of Beauty. "How strange that we could not see it before!" men will cry, after some great artist has performed a "miracle" through his passionate sensitiveness to the spirit of Tragedy . . . And so we rediscover the meaning of Art . . .

But I said that I had no "views"—and I immediately give myself the lie. I have views—one must, I suppose, when one deeply believes in anything. Let my genuine interest in your efforts to find a needle in this haystack of American culture-philistinism serve me as a partial buffer against your impatience with my ideas.

[What do you mean by Beauty?—the idea that education puts upon the minds of people, meaning lovely, pleasing to the senses and the emotions? That isn't Art; it is not necessarily a feature but may be an "instrument" of Art. What of real Beauty, which surpasses the spirit of joy or tragedy? It may be "too keen, too poignant, too unendurable" for the mind; but the soul claims it always. The artist does not falsify or interpret life: he *creates* with joy!—even if the joy in the creating is the surplus of his agony.—j. h.]

The Blindness of the Social Vision

Louis Puteklis, Cambridge, Mass.:

When I looked on the empty pages of your September issue, two important questions arose, along with many minor ones. Not having the time to go into details I will ask one question: What is *your* definition of art?

You say: "Art for Art's sake"; that is only a phrase. But in this world people have different understandings of art: what is beautiful for one is ugly for another. What is praised by the capitalist class with its religious atmosphere is despised by the proletarian class with its progressive atheism. What is a picture of an angel to an atheist? Such a product of an artist's imagination, which perpetuates religious humbug, is to be condemned without hesitation. What is a poem about the Virgin worth to a class-conscious worker if his own daughter or sister is slaving in the sweat shop, is ever in all kinds of danger and temptations under this glorious capitalistic system? So we cannot say "Art for Art's sake," until we know what is meant by Art.

Moreover, nobody fell down from heaven a master artist. We shall teach and train them *with patience*, and not with . . . "scolding" . . .

Why is there no encouraging editorial on Art? Thirteen empty pages and not a word from the pen of the Art-sick Editor? Why was not the whole magazine a blank, or is only half of it to be devoted to art? What was the idea, for Art's sake, in printing the frivolous caricatures of the Editor? Her ways of spending her leisure moments have scarcely enough of the universal to stimulate the artistic na-

ture of the readers. I am glad, of course, that she has fudge for breakfast, but I am sorry for the thousands that go without bread. Hunger does not produce art nor does upbraiding . . .

In looking over the pictures I should judge that in comparison with others the Editor must be placed among the fortunate ones; the unhappiness she lays claim to must come from within her own nature.

Again, for whom is *The Little Review* published? For artists only, or for all people? I must admit that since I have known *The Little Review*—for more than a year—it has not always been artistic; many articles have been artificial only (for the simple reason that there are not enough real artists in the country to support such a venture). And as for the general run of readers, they want stories, that, whether artistic or not, have the ring of real life in them.

There can be no art without social vision, and without definite ideas—progressive or retrogressive. If *The Little Review* takes both of the ways, it can satisfy no class of readers. *Art has ever been the handmaid of oppression and superstition, even more than of progress: the church, by music, architecture, oratory, and pictures has held the minds of men enthralled.* It is sad to think how artists in the past have used their energies to perpetuate dreamy imaginations, things non-existent. It is painful to see the artists doing the same thing now.

The free human intellect must and will develop the most beautiful art there has ever been, but not for Art's sake,—*for truth's sake and for humanity's sake.* And if *The Little Review* will take one of the ways, let her take the progressive one. I appeal to the Editor's Art-sick heart to make more definite her policy; to look less on the empty form and more on the animating *truth* which agrees with reality and life.

Life is short. Don't call on the artists already in the grave, but encourage the genius that lives now and may soon disappear without a chance of development and self-expression. Be sincere and please don't pose. Don't put Art in a frame and don't "frame-up" artists.

[What is this you're telling us about Art? The greatest and freest human *intellects* in the past have never created Art. Intellectuals do not have aesthetic experiences. (You might as well ask a gas-engine to run a human being instead of that indefinable force called life.) The dreamers, the ones of imagination, have the whole vision—the outside and the inside, and the vision of the two working together with all things. Why do you want to limit them to one—the social vision? You say that Art has always been the handmaiden of oppression and superstition, that the Church has used all forms of Art to hold men to it. True. Let me salute the far-seeing and mighty wisdom of the Catholic Church that has so recognized the power of Art. If you who are trying to extend the social vision could learn that one lesson, what a strength you could add unto yourselves:—the only strength.

You say "Look less on the empty form and more on the animating truth which agrees with reality and life." Form is the only thing that remains forever: truth changes every day; form gives a thing its truth in Art and in life. Even the great social movement will have no truth until it has Form.

And for whom is *The Little Review* published? God knows.—j. h.]

"Sue Golden":

So This Is Art!

MURINE AND KOKA-KOLA

I.

The Lamp

Darkness enveloped us. I led her under a street-lamp of wrought iron from which hung suspended a round white moon which shone upon her unreal beauty. She turned her hurt eyes away from the hard light, and rested them upon an electric sign overhead which, flashing in and out, read:

"Don't tell your age. Murine your eyes."

Sign, if you are a lie, you must be broken. But if you tell the truth, you may increase the ecstasy of our manufactured passion.

II.

The Jar

This is a common jar set in the druggist's window to attract attention. It is without design, filled with a burning red liquid, flashing iridescent lights from concealed depths. Near it is another jar filled with a bright green liquid which leaps like fire whenever the light from a passing automobile falls upon it.

My soul is like the red jar, burning within itself; yours is like the green one, attracted by each passing fancy.

III.

After the Orgy

It is morning; the revellers of last night have departed; the music of the phonograph and the voices of the cabaret singers are silent now. In the pale light of morning, frayed wisps of paper float up and down the street; from the brass handle of the saloon door a drenched veil is hanging; on the floor of the automobile lie scattered hair-pins. Ah, frail hair-pins, ah, tender vai, how slight you are beside my grief!

Silence and pale dawn, and empty emptiness. Ah, the last silence and the last heart-ache, and the last nickel, and the last green pickle lying on the last cold plate on the last free-lunch counter in the world! How sad it all is!

[Yes, how sad it all is that some minds have to jeer everything in the world, from Helen's beauty to Bernhardt's "wooden leg."—*jh.*]

The Illiad of America

Daphne Carr, Columbia, Missouri:

The first number of *Blast* had among its veins of gold ore and volcanic deposit a certain precious spot: "American Art When It Appears Will be Immense."

That is the way I feel about Sherwood Anderson's Art as revealed in his first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*. Here is the beginning of our story telling art, primitive, to be sure, coarse, but a-quiver with that life whose pulsing reality we are forever eager to touch, to know.

Sherwood's hero is the typically primitive hero—a brother to Agamemnon and Charlemagne, the born leader, the maker of destinies. But Sam McPherson's background is not the helmet plumes of the knights or the nodding heads of the Council of Elders. He is of our time, of our own middle West, with our well-known background of nodding corn tassels and steer-fattening farmers, with our stinking, deafening Chicago for a battleground. For he fights, furiously, and, like Achilles, for the love of fighting, but not, like Achilles, with the lives of men, but with their potential lives—foodstuffs—with their time, and their peace of mind, their happiness, their everything—summed up in money. And, for the love of the fight he wins. And then, because he is a white American with twenty centuries of Christianity behind him and not a pagan Agamemnon to be satisfied with the mere winning, he turns aside from his victory and goes seeking an ideal.

So there is our hero, the forever worshiped König-man. But Sam McPherson is not the glorious part of the book, or the reason that our grandchildren, and probably our great-great grandchildren will still keep *Windy McPherson's Son* as living words.

Sherwood Anderson has dredged up from the mud of our prairies the same appalling rhythm of life that Æschylus found in the stone of the Acropolis. And even as Æschylus built his rhythm in cedar-wood and overlaid it with ivory and gold and polished marble and carved it and set it with jewels balancing his ornaments to the nicety of a hair, and so finished his symphony to please the blue and white spirit of Hellas, so Sherwood Anderson has taken his discovery, re-built its same rhythmic proportions and scooping up grey gravel and sand and concrete rocks from his own prairie has built his symphony. Will we see the wonder of its form in spite of its grey surface? Can we feel the force, the genuineness of Sherwood's discovery? Can we see the bareness of American reality and yet shut our eyes to that reality?

"Oh, then this Anderson is a realist", you say. "We're getting tired of them."

No, he is not a realist. He does not cypher as the realists do, adding and subtracting cause and effects to reach a hypothetical absolute. Sherwood Anderson is a primitive, reflecting the immense movements of the life about him.

Yes, he is cinematographic.

He is the American epic, just appeared.

[I read clear through your spasm about Sherwood Anderson and wondered what was the matter with you until I came upon "He is cinematographic." Then I saw you knew what you were talking about. You've got them all in, too—it's as good as a Griffith show: Aggamemnon, Charlemagne, Achilles, Æschylus, etc.—*jh.*]

[*Windy McPherson's Son* will never be "living words" for any age because it was done before Sherwood Anderson had learned to write. In some of his short stories, done quite recently, he has achieved that organization known as Form. But *Windy McPherson* is as devoid of Form, and consequently of Art, as any of Theodore Dreiser's catalogues. It stands as a faithful record of life, touched even with imagination, but quite untouched by that quality which makes a good story literature. As Rebecca West would say: it is simply another book coming out of America teaching the great lesson of style.—*M. C. A.*]

Information

Charles F. Roth, New York:

That *Paderewski and Tagore* in the November issue was a delight. But to be exact violin strings are not made of catgut, but of sheep sinews and skins. Can't you hear the bleat of the sheep—the baah of the tender lamb at times? Can you imagine that such music as Kreisler or Maud Powell draw forth could come from a cat? No! But from a lamb. Ah yes!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1916.

State of Illinois, County of Cook—ss.,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. A. Zwaska, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building; Managing editor, Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building; Business manager, C. A. Zwaska, Fine Arts Building.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, held stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities as so stated by her.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of November, 1916.

(SEAL)

MITCHELL DAWSON, Notary Public.
(My commission expires December 20, 1917.)

THE EGOIST

An Individualist Review

Present Features

LINGUAL PSYCHOLOGY: THE SCIENCE OF SIGNS: a series of subtle and illuminating articles working out a new conception of the function of philosophic inquiry—by Miss Dora Marsden (started in July number).

Literary criticism, reviews and other prose articles.
Paris chronicle and a series of articles on modern French prose writers, by Madame Ciolkowska.

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE, translated by Mr. Ezra Pound (started in May number).

TARR, a brilliant modern novel by Mr Wyndham Lewis, leader of the English "*Vorticist*" group (started in April number).

Poem by young English and American poets, mostly belonging to the Imagist group.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price Fifteen Cents a Number

Yearly Subscription, One Dollar Sixty Cents

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W. C.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature

Home

Music

Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

MARCH, 1917 (*last of Vol 3 - See p. 22*)

On a Certain Critic

Amy Lowell

Photograph of Mary Garden

Mary Garden

jh.

Prose Poems:

Richard Aldington

Thanatos

Hermes-of-the-Dead

Harold Bauer's Music

Margaret C. Anderson

And—

jh.

The War, Madmen!

"Daybreak"

A Blow!

James Joyce

The Price of Empire

Harold Bauer's Hands

Zoluaga

The Reader Critic

To Subscribers

Published Monthly

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher

31 West 14th Street

NEW YORK CITY

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, New York, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tuesday Evening, March 6

AT 8.30 O'CLOCK

ONLY APPEARANCE

ISADORA DUNCAN

Cesar Franck, Schubert
Tschaikowsky

ORCHESTRA:
OSCAR SPIRESCUE, Conductor

WE

DEDICATE

THIS ISSUE

ECSTATICALLY

TO

MARY GARDEN



Paul GERALDY
wrote it in French
W. B. Blake translated it

The War, Madame

Out of the trenches for
24 hours—and in
PARIS!

He couldn't bear to go
back to his camphor smell-
ing apartment, with its old
associations—yet somehow
he found himself there.
How curious his thoughts—
how wonderful his re-born
sense of the beautiful, after
the trench harshness.

it costs
75 cents

In France they say this is the best thing since the war.
Write us about it mentioning Little Review.

Charles Scribner's Sons 597 Fifth Av. N. Y.

If Quality
matters to you,
even in a book,
ask anywhere
for Borzoi Books.

Published in New York
by Alfred A. Knopf.

*New Borzoi Books are on sale at
your Bookseller's the tenth of each
month, July, November and December
excepted. Buy them from him, but if
you want a complete catalog, address
the publisher, at 220 West Forty-second
Street, New York.*

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III.

MARCH 1917

NO. 9

On A Certain Critic

Amy Lowell

Well, John Keats,
I know how you felt when you swung out of the inn
And started up Box Hill after the moon.
Lord! How she twinkled in and out of the box bushes
Where they arched over the path.
How she peeked at you and tempted you,
And how you longed for the "naked waist" of her
You had put into your second canto.
You felt her silver running all over you,
And the shine of her flashed in your eyes,
So that you stumbled over roots and things.
Ah! How beautiful! How beautiful!
Lying out on the open hill
With her white radiance touching you
Lightly,
Flecking over you.
"My Lady of the Moon,
I flow out to your whiteness.

Brightness.

My hands cup themselves

About your disk of pearl and fire ;

Lie upon my face,

Burn me with the cold of your hot white flame.

Diana,

High, distant Goddess,

I kiss the needles of this furze bush

Because your feet have trodden it.

Moon!

Moon!

I am prone before you.

Pity me,

And drench me in loveliness.

I have written you a poem ;

I have made a girdle for you of words ;

Like a shawl my words will cover you,

So that men may read of you and not be burnt as I have been

Sere my heart until it is a crinkled leaf,

I have held you in it for a moment,

And exchanged my love with yours

On a high hill at midnight.

Was that your tear or mine, Bright Moon?

It was round and full of moonlight.

Don't go!

My God! Don't go!

You escape from me,

You slide through my hands.

Great Immortal Goddess,

Dearly Beloved,

Don't leave me.

My hands clutch at moon-beams,

And catch each other.

My Dear! My Dear!

My beautiful far-shining lady!

Oh! God!

I am tortured with this anguish of unbearable beauty."

Then you stumbled down the hill, John Keats.
Perhaps you fell once or twice;
It is a rough path,
And you weren't thinking of that.
Then you wrote
By a wavering candle,
And the moon frosted your window till it looked like a sheet of blue ice.
And as you tumbled into bed, you said:
"It's a piece of luck I thought of coming out to Box Hill."

Now comes a sprig little gentleman,
And turns over your manuscript with his mincing fingers,
And tabulates places and dates.
He says your moon was a copy-book maxim,
And talks about the spirit of solitude,
And the salvation of genius through the social order.
I wish you were here to damn him
With a good, round, agreeable oath, John Keats.
But just snap your fingers;
You and the moon will still love
When he and his papers have slithered away
In the bodies of innumerable worms.



Mary Garden

Strongly indited

jh.

WHAT did the critics mean when they used to say that never again in our generation would there come another Bernhardt? They didn't mean that there would be no other great actresses because they were writing of actresses, all the time, whom they considered great. In an argument they would talk largely of Bernhardt's personality. Let them call it personality if they are using the better Oriental meaning of the word: Individuality. But I fear they mean only to limit something unknown so that it may be understood. The more external nullities they bring to prove it personality the more its unknown nature is emphasized. The more talk there is of arresting qualities of person, acts, and dress, of frankness and ferocity, tears and terror—the more talk there is of all its eccentric sanities, the more it recedes and becomes definitely itself, aloof and unnamed.

Arthur Symons tried to express it when he wrote of Bernhardt: "Two magics met and united, in the artist and in the woman." But after all it is only that through the woman you feel the imminence of something as great and impersonal as the sweep of sea and the growth of flowers. In all the arts, whenever the magic of the artist has been united with this other magic the possessor has been of the first great. Michael Angelo and the dark troubled magic of him. . . .

I wonder why, even in those people to whom has come some appreciation of the magic of the artist, there is still so often such strong resentment and distrust of this other magic. Because of their adventures in the great emotions, those who have it loosen new forces of life; they recreate the great passions; *they add something to Fate.*

Everyone feels that he has a right to a share in that which the millions are working together in uproar to add to existence. Many long for a share in that which the artists are making in silence for the soul. But who is there except the artist who is willing to feel in this thing the imminence of something beyond life and personality? Who else in the world except the lonely insane, because of their adventures in illusions and hallucinations, ever add anything to Fate? How easy to say that genius is akin to madness. All great anthithises are akin: all unknown things are mysteriously akin, as all known things are naturally akin. But how poignantly akin are the

known and unknown! Why does anyone exclude himself from any connection with the infinite?

When I was a little child I lived in a great asylum for the insane. It was a world outside of the world, where realities had to be imagined and where, even through those excursions in illusions and hallucinations, there ran a strange loneliness. The world can never be as lonely in those places where the mind has never come as in a place where the mind has gone. There were no books to read in this place except the great volumes in the Patients' Library; and I had read them all. There was no one to ask about anything. There was no way to make a connection with "life." Out there in the world they were working and thinking; here we were still. Very early I had given up every one except the Insane. The others knew nothing about anything, or knew only uninteresting facts. From the Insane I could get everything. They knew everything about nothing, and were my authority; but beyond that there was a silence. Who had made the pictures, the books and the music in the world? And how had they made them? And how could you tell the makers from just people? Did they have a light around their heads? Were there any of them in the world now? And would I ever see one? One day a name came to me suddenly. Some one was talking of a "wicked French actress" who was touring America:—"Sarah Bernhardt." Even when *they* said it the name had a light around it! She would come as far as St. Louis. I would go at once. But I was too little. I had no money. . . . I would run away. I would walk the whole distance to her. But she would be gone before I could get there. . . . Some day I would go to Paris. Other people had got that far. I would go on living for that.

And then she came again! I was there, the first night, sitting in the balcony with some other art students. We had sold our futures to sit so close. I was burning with hot excitement and shaking with cold fear until the moment—it was *Camille*—when the long french doors opened and she came languidly and as if from a great distance; hands extended as if balancing her exquisitely upon an enchanted atmosphere, her suave voluptuous tawny head bent slightly down. I threw myself mind and soul into the waves of that carressing fiery magic which swept out to us.

After this came a new agony: the critics had said there would never be another. There was Duse, whom I have never seen; but she has always filled me with a restless trouble. What artist has ever so dared to offend Art? Never in all her life as an actress did she choose a play in which her great art could come into its own. It always seems that there is more

laid upon the artist than a willingness to serve; it is almost a command to serve. Did Duse deny the command and by so doing add the martyrdom of Art to a great personal tragedy? Or was it because she tried to create an art out of nature itself that Art revenged itself upon her through nature? As an actress she had "no resources outside simple human nature." As a woman she had no resource in Art.

Then a new name came across the world, with a new radiance. Not with the glow of Duse's halo, nor with the threat of Bernhardt's heat-lightning, but with the radiance of the Northern Lights it shone above the horizon. . . . *Mary Garden!* Her magics have this kind of splendor. She has brought a new temper into the drama—something not Latin, not English. Duse could never be unnatural; Bernhardt can never be unsophisticated, un-French; English actresses can seldom be unconventional. But Mary Garden . . . She brings a sharp new ecstasy of life, an inexorable sadness of love; she brings an energy that is grace and a calm that is energy; she brings a frankness that is mystery. There is something Norsk about Mary Garden. In her the pure metal of the mind seems to have been annealed by an Oriental fire, adding to it a passion without vehemence. There is something unconquered about her, as if she came from that land where the sun shines at midnight; from that race which never made for itself a beneficent God.

I don't know where to begin to write about Mary Garden's art. There is art within art within art, and then there is Mary Garden.

First of all, she seems to be the only singer who knows that all the arts come from the same source and follow the same laws. Critics love to say that pure song and pure music do not express human emotion, although drama, poetry, painting and sculpture do. What logic! Pure music and pure song express exactly what drama, poetry, painting and sculpture express. But none of them expresses human emotion; they express the *source* of human emotion. To express the emotions of life is to live; to express the life of emotions is to make art.

I wish I could tell beautifully what a great creative artist Mary Garden is. It is one thing for the artist to create a character within the outlines definitely or indefinitely drawn by the composer; to put himself in the place of the character and act as he would act. But the creative artist *takes the character to himself* and then creates from his imagination in his own image—the image of his soul. The more universal the artist, the greater his power to reveal his soul in different images. What an infinite thing

Mary Garden has shown her soul to be: Thaïs, the Jongleur, Monna Vanna, Carmen, Grisélidis, Tosca, Mélisande, Salome!

And so when she creates a character she recreates the opera. Mary Garden is the only singer in opera to whom song is speech. Because in opera song and music have been fused with drama, the voice must become a medium for creating character, thought and emotion, together with the hands, face and body of the actor-singer. There is no need to discuss here what has or what has not been accomplished toward the creation of a new art by this fusion of the arts. You have but to hear and see Mary Garden in *Pelléas and Mélisande* to find poetry, music, singing and acting united so that the essence of each art comes to us with a rarer flavor than when free. No perfect thing can lose by being united with another perfect thing. However, it is no small task to do this in those older compositions in which music has been written to melodrama, to be sung by elaborate musical instruments. When the music carries beyond the true emotion of the drama, or when it does not reach to the limits of the drama, it is only an artist with flawless intelligence who can break over the barrier of the score and hold the music to the emotion with a backward line of the voice or carry it on by sheer genius to its full task.

And what a voice! You can't quite stand it when Mary Garden sings words like "amour," "pitié," "éternel." It breaks your heart in a strange way, because she makes you feel more precisely our brief longing, our frail tenderness and our deceiving hope. Many people don't like it—the same ones who don't like modern painting, the Imagists, Scriabine, and the rest. They have no idea that it is a new kind of instrument, to which they must bring new ears. They say: Why does she sing at all? Why doesn't she go into straight drama?—never realizing for a moment that she has a longer reach than Bernhardt, a stronger grasp than Duse. There is not enough resistance for her in pure drama. She must paint the canvas full.

Once before I called Mary Garden a great decorative actress. I am using decoration in the sense in which it is used in painting, where elimination and not elaboration is used to emphasize the intention of line and color. She carries this same idea into her costumes: she can give you the whole spirit and atmosphere of an historical costume by a mere silhouette of its lines. And she can draw in the whole psychology of a scene with one line of her body—the line of her walk. If she is to dominate a situation with her intellect or her beauty she walks from the center of her intelligence, which is the head, giving a length of line that makes the slightest step a stride; if it is a matter of the soul she walks from the center of her

presence, which is the top plane of the chest, moving like a Presence—not like a being; when it is love she walks straight from her heart, with a line that repeats a pain; when it is passion she sinks the line to a point lower than the hip, and prowls destructively. In *Thaïs*, when she is trying to enthrall the monk, she winds about the stage and him, bending slightly in hip and knee. Later, in a scene of contest with him, she lifts the line to her consciousness and stands to the height of her belief in her own beauty and power. When she goes over to the nuns, she moves away with that beautiful-unconsciousness of action which is never so mysteriously perfect a thing as in *Mélisande*.

There is nothing so thrilling in life to me as to watch this living painting which moves in rhythm like a frieze. How I should love to see her working out her designs against a background that has carried out the line of intention of a poem. Imagine Mary Garden in the *Tristan Liebestod*, coming in upon a scene in which the short lines of a truncated castle rise from the endless planes of a black and purple sea; a fleet of violins in the orchestra singing the Love Death and Mary challenging all this dark negation with the one word "Tristan," in a voice which is a singing pain. But most of all I wish some one would make operas for her of those exotic things that lie outside of common experience, but which have their place in life: nature too heavily laden or too fantastically free or too weirdly true; bright precious hidden things, corroded jewels, heavy-hanging flowers of sleep—moon-flowers of the day. How passionately and reverently she performed that ritual of dark heat and sex savagery which is *Salome*.

The electric abundance of life in Mary Garden and the splendor of her body are dazzling at first. But it is a stillness of soul, an exaltation of passion which really stamp her. There is something inviolate about her. Other actresses may be soulful, grave, or innocent; but Mary Garden has authentic purity.

But what talk of all these things? I only want to say, "Ah, Conchobar, have you ever seen her, with her high laughing turbulent head thrown backward?"—this Aphrodite of the North, this bacchante from the sea, this viking of the soul. There is no other who has all beauty. She is the white sincerest pledge of deity.

Prose Poems

Richard Aldington

Thanatos

Myrrhine, we have often sung of the sharp end of life, often mocked at death in the midst of the fierce ecstasy of our embraces.

We have heard of this savage and mysterious god from the stately words of Homer; and we also have mourned for beautiful Bion.

We have seen death graven in bronze as a drowsy youth scattering poppies from his delicate hands.

And all this seemed very quiet and lovely—a tender farewell to the sweet lips of life.

But when I saw for the first time the pallid shrunken face of a dead girl—and that girl our lover Kleone—my veins shrank with terror and I feared through all my trembling limbs.

Let others sing gaily or yearningly of death and deck this sombre lord with garlands; we are too timid, too frail-in-hope for that.

Others may dream of the gold islands of the happy dead or of the calm spirits among the phantom flowers in the meadows beyond Acheron;

We can only turn aside, holding heart to trembling heart, and number the dividing moments with close kisses, counting all time lost that is not golden with love. . . .

Drink, my beloved; drink from this wide silver cup; drink as the Maenads in the pine-crowned orgy of Iacchus! Drink, drink! And as our bodies meet tear the garland from my brow and the thin veil from my breasts.

Those who are about to die fear only chastity and an empty wine-cup.

Hermes-of-the-Dead

Myrrhine, when I was a girl in white Alexandria, I listened to the talk of poets, and of philosophers who came to my house to buy (as they said) "delicious remorse for five mines."

From them, had I been another Aspasia, I might have learned wisdom; but from poets I learned only to love and to know beauty, and from the philosophers I learned nothing except that "Death is not to be feared." And this I learned no better than they, for we are all cowards at the end.

But since I must go from you; since already the winged sandals of Kyllenian Hermes are rustling the Olympian air for me; since in your purse now lies the silver obol I must drop in the grim ferry-man's hand—listen a little to me.

When I am but a cupful of grey dust in a tall, narrow-throated stone vase; when the mouth that sang you and the lips that kissed you are withered and silent; when the hands that touched you have crumbled in the funeral flames; when the eyes that lighted at your beauty are quenched; when the ears that loved your beautiful voice are vanished; when the frail spirit that leaped and mingled with your spirit, like two flames, is a tenuous phantom which scarcely "is"; when life has left me: then you must live, live for yourself, but for me also.

For my sake Eos in a cloudless sky gliding from the many-isled sea must be more tender and more thrilling; for my sake the scent of ripe apples in the dim-gold autumn must be keener and more odorous; for my sake the music of Pindar and Theocritus must be more stately, more flower-like, more melancholy sweet; for my sake the ecstasy of love must be sharper, wilder; for my sake you must be more beautiful, more alert, more delicate.

I shall be loveless in a scentless land, where there is no change of light. I shall be desolate and alone and the memory of the dear words of poets will fade from me. But if you love and live fully and serve beauty for my sake, then some slight glow will lighten the dead sky and there will be some faint perfume for me in the chill blossoms of asphodel.

Now loose my hand, for Hermes-of-the-Dead clasps the other.

Harold Bauer's Music

Margaret C. Anderson

THE most interesting art in the modern world, to me, is Harold Bauer's playing of the piano. And one of the strangest phenomenon in the modern world is the fact that people go to hear him and talk about what he does in terms of what other pianists do.

Now there is no connection between Bauer's playing and that of any other pianist who has so far come to light. The whole root and fibre of it is different. As I have tried to say before, he has more concern with sound than any other pianist. He loves the piano more. He believes quite different things about its potentialities. But you needn't know what he believes to know that he is doing something different. You can *hear* that, surely.

But still they babble: he does this as well as Hofmann, and this less well than Paderewski, and this better than so-and-so. Why do they keep on talking of what he does or doesn't do?—as though it were a matter of technique, this colossal art of conception? How I love to think of all the famous pianists who have gone to the piano to reveal themselves, and then of Harold Bauer who has brought the piano to himself, to reveal it. It's something like the difference between the artist and the average man: when any one talks to you of how the struggles and agonies of the artist mould his art you can show him that it's just the other way around: the artist in him is what moulds his struggles and his agonies. And it's something of this kind that must be said about Bauer's difference of approach.

As for the things he does, most of them are the things that any good musician does: he makes his conception run just ahead of his execution, like a switchman who regulates trains from a high tower; he makes tone contrasts that—what do the critics usually say? Of course he does many things better than most good musicians: he throws out handfuls of color that most of them would give their souls to achieve; he makes the piano sing more deeply than any one else has done; he strikes chords that no piano except his Mason and Hamlin has ever given forth; he never hurts the sounds, and he never applies music to the instrument instead of drawing music out of it, as even the best pianists have a way of doing. There is

less diffusion of sound in his performances; you have a feeling that it is the most closely-thought music you have ever heard. He edits the composition until it is flawlessly adjusted to the piano's best values. All these are essentials of his playing; but they are not the "difference" of which I wish to write.

Harold Bauer uses the piano as if it were an instrument endowed with an intrinsic "significant form." I once heard Fritz Kreisler play some accompaniments, and I shall never forget how he showed his feeling that the piano has a mysterious life of its own with which he did not mean to interfere. It was as though he simply touched the springs which set that life in motion. Not being a creator on the piano he did not try to do more than that. Bauer believes the same thing; but on top of that theory he builds up the edifice of his own "significant form." With most pianists you have a feeling that what they want to say is interspersed with what the piano is saying on its own account, and the result is a muddle. What Bauer has to say is placed carefully on top of that life growing just beneath, and the result is the most consciously-intelligent art I have ever come in contact with.

This is making the piano not what paint is to the painter, but what color is to him. There's a great difference. Even Hofmann can use the keys as if they were paint—colors to be mixed into *color*; but to touch them as if they were color—something already complete and living—is to do a significant thing.

And so in the case of Bauer you are made to realize that the piano is the thing, even more than the music that is to be played on it—far more than the stunts that can be done with it. I believe he says something to this effect: that the piano is the only instrument for which no technique is demanded; and "How, if I were to practice all day, could I possibly play at night?" I know that he has no use for the agonizing drill of even the greatest teachers of the piano. You can imagine him asking "Is there any longer any meaning in that? Does the sound of it *interest* you?" You can get any effect you want, on the piano, if you can think clearly what effect you want. You needn't practise six months to achieve a chord in which the middle note sings louder than the other two: strike it the fraction of a second before the other two and the sound will be what you are listening for.

In January I heard his Modern Program in Chicago, and it was the most beautiful performance on the piano I ever dreamed of hearing. The other day in Aeolian Hall he and Casals gave a joint recital, in which

Bauer played the Schumann *Papillons* as his solo. In almost every measure of it you could hear effects attained by the kind of thinking I have described—marvelous values that can be offered only by one who can conceive greatly. But I heard musicians in the audience saying that they couldn't discover any new thing in this music. Casals is very close to the soul of music, of course; but sometimes his mastery of the instrument is unrelated to its best beauty. His playing seems not to be built solidly on the beauty of sound; while with Bauer the emphasis is always on sound—which means merely this: that an interesting and compact phrasing made out of thin or harsh sound is as worthless as beautiful tunes played on a worn-out piano.

How I love these concerts of his in which you need never think of the magic of finger-tips—"the hand the perfect instrument", etc., etc., because of long patient years of diabolical muscular exercise. Once I believe I said that Harold Bauer was not a genius. It must have been in that period when I thought that the genius carries around with him always the look of being submerged in great emotions. I know now that he is probably *the* genius of our world—the man who has made something entirely of his own, and something that will live not only as a tradition of great piano-playing but as a great invention of new sound.

And—

jh.

The War, Madmen!

Honor:

Speculations in misery, forced famines, sweat shops, child labor, suppression of free speech, leaks, lynchings, frame-ups, prisons. . . .

Protection:

Millions for munitions: Starvation for millions. . . .

Justice:

The death sentence for no crime and without trial: Conscription. . . .

Freedom:

The right to be free: Prison. . . .

Glory:

Parades, cheers, flags: Wooden limbs, blindness, widows orphans, poverty, soldiers' homes, asylums. . . .

"Daybreak"

IT would be easy enough to be disappointed in the last volume of *Pelle the Conquerer* if you did not go any deeper than the story.

It is so silent. All the people seem to be gone—all the people who passed through the other books like a dark secret procession, each carrying his story in his hands. You miss the sounds of the many, many footsteps,—the heavy footsteps of the workers, the fagged footsteps of the women, the searching footsteps of the children, and the wandering footsteps of the god-forsaken, which made a dull pattern of sound behind the story of Pelle. In this book the strong confident footfall of Pelle strikes out clear against the faint fall of those who walk beside him or those who walk far off.

It is only when you have finished the book that the design of the whole story becomes clear and perfect: the design back of the life of man.

In his childhood he walked with animals; in his youth he gathered to himself knowledge and those after his own heart; in his manhood he became a leader of multitudes; and then, forsaken by all, in solitude he found his own soul.

For those who wish to read it that way *Jelle the Conquerer* may be a labor novel. But it seems to me that through all the story Nexö has gone the strong way of the artist and not the strict way of the reformer. Here in the last volume he leaves the labor question,—leaves the question as to whether Pelle's cooperative workshop is the solution or whether his workingmen's homes are a success—as part of something that will work out its own fate or be worked out by the Pelles of the world. It is not something he has been teaching or solving. It is something he has been creating. Out of the drama of material poverty he has created the more profound tragedy of the poor-in-heart. And as if he could never forget them he turns to them again. With a few reluctant stories of prison life told by Pelle he makes the prison loom against our lives like "that dark mill over hell, grinding misery into crime."

And then, so that *you* may never forget, he chooses—not with that mere truth which is life but with that absolute truth which is Art—the child of the lovely dreaming Hanne, whom life so ironically sacrificed, to be again a sacrifice. The story of the death of this petulant child of little airs and sudden angers, of her pathetic and furious wrestle with the ghastly memories of her life, bites into your heart and you are maddened by the brutality of the life that takes away everything before it has given anything.

I should like to tell all over again why I think this book is *the* novel—greater than *Jean-Christophe*, *Jacob Stahl*, or any of them.

A Blow!

IMAGINE what it did to us to have Harriet Monroe say in *Poetry* that there is too much art in Amy Lowell's *Men, Women and Ghosts*? Too much art! And she is an editor and we know what kind of poems she has to read!

I can imagine a book having all sorts of too much, but art means not too much or too little of anything. How does Miss Monroe expect Amy Lowell to write, if not like Amy Lowell? She has not come the way of Masters or of Dreiser. She is really the first poet in America to express in her writing something of that leisure from which they tell us Art flowers best.

Men, Women and Ghosts is a beautiful book, full of stately measures.

James Joyce:

THERE isn't time for me to write about James Joyce's *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in this issue. It came too late from the publisher. So far as I have seen the whole comment of the reviewers has been on the background for the portrait: "the social, political, and religious life of Ireland today", etc. But there is the portrait itself—bearing a slight resemblance to the Playboy, a strong sensitive romancer; and the painting of the portrait—spontaneous, masterly, free: the color like this: "The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations."

Next time I shall have something more to tell of Joyce,—something thrilling and personal.

The Price of Empire

RICHARD ALDINGTON'S two poems, with their frail reticent sadness, were sent to us from the trenches. Why do poets keep on singing in a world which doesn't value them? Why does the moon keep on shining? Surely it isn't obligation!

Harold Bauer's Hands

HAVE you ever noticed how Bauer brings his hands in when he comes out to play? He carries them as if he didn't want to brush them against anything, for fear they would strike out music from whatever they touched. Or as if they were precious violins that might be broken.

Zoluaga

THERE is an exhibition of Zoluaga touring the galleries of America. If you have a chance don't fail to see how he carries on the tradition of Spain as a place where great painters grow.

The Reader Critic

Note

Otto T. Simon, Washington, D. C.:

Your last magazine has just arrived. Be happy. You are sowing seeds of Beauty. You dig into the earth, cut the worm in two, bring the chrysalis to the light that it may flutter its wings, and even the mole may blink and maybe after a while may see.

"Spirit," etc.

Allan Tanner, Chicago:

Why so much worship of Bauer's art? He is a mere man who has approached the goal of art through human effort—through such a material thing as hard practice. Anybody will tell you that when he was in Paris he was not even out of the ordinary in technical skill, and that he really transgressed the piano. Those beautiful tonal effects are only mechanical things done to perfection.

While Paderewski—that spiritual thing—who dares not even listen to his own breathing, who makes the piano a living thing, capable of everything. That god! who was born to touch the piano with such divine significance that you sometimes dare not listen. With Bauer it is only that you can listen—so wonderfully beautiful it is. It is the same with Mary Garden. There you have that same spiritual thing. With Paderewski it is now serenity. With Mary Garden it is the same. And Bauer can never reach that for he is not born into it. Paderewski may sometimes play badly—make mistakes—but that is only when something material disturbs or penetrates that far-a-way vision—that mind which communes with space. When Bauer expresses passion it is only that physical nervous tension. But when Paderewski plays! It is that scarlet-colored heat which dims the light of day!

[This sounds like my own ravings in the early days of *The Little Review*, when I talked straight out of the air without anything to back up my words. So I will have to excuse you. But if you're going to talk about "spirit", with any meaning behind it, you will have to give up those wild phrases like "communing with space" and "the goal of art through human effort" and that very awful "dimming the light of day".

I heard a woman say the other day that Marcella Craft "spiritualized" the role of Salome because she made her a spoiled child instead of what she really was—a woman in whom sex had become too mad a thing. How such denials of the essence of things can become "spiritualizations" is beyond my comprehension. I suppose, by the same reasoning, that because Mary Garden understands that drama of "nature too-heavily laden" her performance should be called a "materialization".

What do you mean when you say that Paderewski has that spiritual thing and Bauer has not—is not “born into it”? Any one with the slightest discrimination of human values will know from one glance at the two men that Paderewski was born with the look of a magician and that Bauer was born with the look of a maker. Both qualities are matters of “spirit”. What vague mist is in your mind when you talk of “spiritual”?

And what is this about transgressing the piano? As you say, Paderewski makes the piano capable of everything. That is what nearly all other pianists have tried to do. But the piano isn't capable of everything. It is capable of some very special things, and Bauer is the first man to prove it. He has stood for that all alone in a world of ignorant criticism. No “spirit”? And then what do you mean by “out of the ordinary in technical skill”? Is that one of your criterions of an art? Don't you remember Arthur Symons saying that it isn't what you can perform but what you can conceive?—*M. C. A.*]

Alice Groff Again!

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

In answer to Clive Bell, in the November issue, I would say, *words* are easy. What does “significant form” mean? Who is to decide what *is* “significant form”? An art form may be divinely significant to one mind, and be utterly insignificant, indeed without form at all, to another.

There is only one absolutely necessary condition to a good work of art, without which indeed no work of art can be brought into being, even; and that is: creative artistic faculty in the mind of some one artist. There is no human being or group of human beings capable of deciding whether such expression or embodiment of an artist's creative faculty is a work of art or not. The artist alone can decide as to his own work and leave it to evolution and time to bring a portion at least of humanity to agree with him. Meanwhile the petty critics continually spew out of their mouths the greatest miracles of art that have ever been given to the world.

[Answer this now, if words are so easy. I suppose if the sun were taken out of the universe tomorrow everything would hold its place as now and keep on going? The universe would hold without its significant form? Do you think we are talking of the *shape* of a vase when we say it has significant form?

I don't see where you get the word insignificant out of this talk either. You are like those people who talk about good and bad art. There isn't any such thing as bad art: there is Art and rotten stuff.

And who decides whether or not a man has “creative artistic faculty”? According to your generosity any one can elect himself an artist.

You are the woman who is always writing about art being the embodiment of an ideal. What's the ideal in *Œdipus Rex* or in *Salome* or in the *Mona Lisa*—in any of them? And speaking of ideals, what is the art in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?

“I am sick at my heart and I want to lie down.”—*An Artist.*]

Let Them Fight It Out!

Louise Gebhard Cann, Seattle:

This came out of me after reading Mr. Puteklis' letter in the January *Little Review*. I notice that all my socialist and anarchist friends hold a similar view, one going so far as to declare in the course of an argument on art with a well-known etcher that his etchings could not live because they did not portray the struggles of the masses. Being in principle an anarchist myself, and sympathetic towards much of socialism, I cannot speak as an antagonist to these people but as one of their number who sees that on this point of art's purpose they are mistaken.

Mr. Puteklis's communication reminded me again of the misconception of art's essence noticeable among various classes of those today who possess what they term "social consciousness". For though it is true that the strongest names in contemporary literature, painting, sculpture are those of men and women who in some extreme way are opposed to the existent social order, and the only being capable of producing profound and significant art is of revolutionary mind, essentially; nevertheless, we find in the socialistic university professor (as when Dr. Cox of the University of Washington writes in *The South Atlantic Quarterly* of "The Distemper of Modern Art and its Remedy"), in the intelligent working-man and the revolutionary worker, the same misunderstanding of art that we suffer from in the well-to-do bourgeois and in the church and other capitalistic institutions, with the same determination to degrade art to some form of direct utility.

The communal art of the past necessarily served the emotional life of the community. It was the "handmaiden", as Mr. Puteklis puts it, "of oppression and superstition". Much of pre-modern painting and sculpture, as we all so well know, was not painting and sculpture *per se*. It was merely symbols used like language for information on extrinsic topics by means of illustration.

A fallacy lurks in the too close judging of modern arts and institutions by their ancient history. Art as part of human progress has its revolutions. Once weak and a slave to ideas alien to itself, today, by recognition of the truth that it is entitled to its own intrinsic life, it is rapidly becoming muscular and self-sufficient. Those who continually regard modern art in the light of its history obstruct the progress of art, for in the course of art's century-long process of coming to itself, a transmutation took place, the precise moment of which is difficult to seize, and the aspect engendered by this transmutation is so different from the ancient aspects of art that many nonplused by it or dazzled, or blinded to ignorance of it, fail to grasp the fact of its quite complete newness. By this one would not be understood as saying that the history of art is illogical and contains bottomless and wide gulfs. The modern mind deeply cognizant of evolved art can trace relationship just as an anthropologist can trace the steps in the evolution of man; but we all admit in this latter department of human knowledge the looseness of judging modern man by the cave man. We concede modern man to be an entirely different being—a being in whom the struggle for animal existence is vastly complicated and modified as compared to his primitive ancestor, whose motives would be unseizable by that ancestor, and whose sensual, expressive, intellectual, moral and æsthetic forces have attained a volume which would

overwhelm to the mere ness of a wolf or a bear that progenitor. It is not for nothing that humanity has the vision of going beyond itself—the vision of the more-than-human. Somewhere in the history of animal life, spirit slipped in and we have a new species. Somewhere about the time of Cézanne, or a trifle earlier, from the old communal pictorial representations of sin, death, Christianity, the will-to-be-itself slipped into painting and today we are witnessing the evolution through several varieties of manifestation of a new species of art.

We of today are not discussing in contemporary art the old art of the Renaissance—beautiful as that revelation was. We are not discussing art as the Greeks understood it nor as the Japanese of the past understood it, nor the Indians. We are discussing the new species, the birth of which we have almost ourselves witnessed.

But now we need an Emmanuel Kant, who in a *Critique on Pure Art* will investigate for us art's necessary limits and authentic nature and free it for us from its inheritance of superstition.

Truly much of the "social vision" today is blind, as blind as the vision of any fanatic. Those who are under its spell (and one does not deny it to be a world-renovating spell, on the whole) are determined to halt art and shackle it with the command that it serve the "masses." These humanitarians are still deluded by the idea that subject is the important part of art; they would retain art as a part of informative literature—denying it even the right to be a literature of power—and they would have it reduced to the level of illustration for the propaganda of socialism and anarchy. This attitude is tyrannical, and it is a refusal to allow art its place under the sun. Those of true social vision should perceive that all the forces of life—and are is perhaps the most potent—should be accepted and allowed to lift humanity along their course.

The human spirit is broader and deeper than mere class consciousness; for among other consciousnesses it includes the consciousness of the rights of the masses as against those who deny those rights. If we narrow all our activity to a direct service of social betterment, we shall never attain social betterment, for this condition, like the condition of happiness, or health, or any other valued state, is missed by a too-narrow and direct seeking.

Art fulfilling itself will be an inexhaustible source of power, mental and moral fertilization, of vitalizing spiritual life to all who come within its influence. But art reduced to illustration of class struggle, bound in service to mere social consciousness, will soon turn sterile and will fail to inspire even those it serves.

It is significant that only those individualities that have attained self-realization—true freedom—have inspired and lead humanity. The same must be true of any spiritual movement.

Art's strength today is in its revolutionary character. And the revolution of art, like the social revolution which accompanies it in the world's awakening, will react beneficially on the human spirit, helping it to ever greater realizations and liberations. But art, as such, cannot even exist if ENSLAVED to the social movement.

This month really begins the fourth year of *The Little Review*, but since we have missed several numbers on account of our eternal poverty, and since we have a special editorial surprise for the next issue (a gorgeous surprise), I shall just call this the last of Volume III and let the next one begin the new year.

We are getting established in New York, and within a month can invite you to our office.

I am too embarrassed about the prize poem to say more than

that it will really appear in the next issue. After dynamiting the judge who was holding up the whole contest we managed to have the poems sent on to the second judge; but it was beyond human effort to get the verdict here in time for inclusion in this number.

The photograph on page 4 is from *Grisilidis*, an opera of Massenet's given this season, for the first time in America, by the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

Subscription Blank

The Little Review,

31 WEST 14th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

I enclose \$1.50, for which please send me *The Little Review*
for one year, beginning with the _____ issue.

Name _____

Address _____

Wabash Ave. Shop

Between

Madison & Monroe



State Street Shop

Ninth Floor

Stevens Building

An Advertisement Should Be

just as interesting, instructive and unusual as the periodical in which it is published. We told Miss Anderson we had the impression that readers of The Little Review might not believe the perusal of an advertisement either edifying or interesting, but this is not her opinion, so the results from this advertisement will prove whether or no we should still respect her verdict.

This shop, together with its woman's branch de luxe in The Stevens Building, is perhaps the most interesting store in the country—certainly in Chicago. Street Shoes, Sports Wear and Skating or Tennis things are sold within a delightful environment, attended by service of the very first order. Prices are really very moderate.

THE MARTINI TEMPERA COLORS

Have proved the "best" through their exclusive use by the best Poster and Decorative Artists.

Have you worked with Pogony Blue, Sesser Green or Hutfal Lavander?

Circular and color card furnished on request.

We carry all Standard Makes of Artists' Material.

FAVOR, RUHL & COMPANY

QUALITY HOUSE

425 WABASH AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE ARTISTS' GUILD

A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION INCORPORATED ON A
"NOT FOR PROFIT BASIS."

Paintings Sculpture

AND

Handwrought Objects

As security for the purchaser and to insure merit, all works
are approved by a jury.

Exquisite and Rare Gifts

The Artists' and Craft Workers' own organization

GALLERIES, EXHIBITION AND SALESROOMS

FINE ARTS BUILDING

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Viola Cole

and

Paulle Gruppe

Joint Recitals

MARCH 12
CLASSIC PROGRAM

MARCH 26
MODERN PROGRAM

ORCHESTRA HALL FOYER CHICAGO

FOUR BOOKS WORTH READING

ANDVARI'S RING

Arthur Peterson

"In verse having the dignity, nobility, and impassioned strength befitting a theme that has kindled the imagination of so many poets, Arthur Peterson gives a new interpretation of the ever thrilling and fascinating story of Sigurd and Gunther, of Brynhild and Gudrun."

12° \$1.25 net

THE WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

Rose Pastor Stokes

No imaginative play is this, but a stern picture of real life—life, harsh and brutal and strong. The scenes are laid in a mining town and before the reader passes the terrible struggle for mere existence of a typical miner's family. In the development of her heroine—the girl who is big enough to look into the future and rise above the conventions—the author discloses more than mere talent.

12° \$1.25 net

THE BLACKWASH OF THE WAR

Ellen N. La Motte

This is war of today—not magnificent and glorious, but naked, loathsome, as seen in an evacuation hospital a few miles behind the French lines. These sketches are all faithfully true, first-hand reports from the front, written in the bitterness of the moment, not by an hysterical assistant but by a trained scientist of world-wide reputation.

12° \$1.00 Net

THE SEXES IN SCIENCE AND HISTORY

Eliza Burt Gamble

The author has shown that the conclusions arrived at by scientists to prove the inferiority of the female to the male are not warranted by the very facts which they themselves have elaborated. Her investigations have covered all the accessible facts relative to extant tribes. She displays an amazingly wide research and the acutest of observation.

12° \$1.50 net

NEW YORK

All Booksellers—All Prices Net

LONDON

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

A. Selection of New Books

Great Companions

By EDITH WYATT. In this delightful record of the pleasures she found in the books of writers of genius, Miss Wyatt's subjects extend from the political career of De Foe to the nature study of John Muir, and from the works of Henry James to Fabre. \$1.50 net

Great Inspirers

By REV. J. A. ZAHM. A discussion of how greatly both St. Jerome, the most learned man of his time, and Dante were under the benign influence of woman, and how their immortal achievements were due to woman's inspiration and influence. \$1.50 net

Great Britain's Part

By PAUL D. CRAVATH. This book is unique among war books in that it deals with the "business" side of warfare, describing in an intensely interesting manner how modern warfare is conducted. Price, \$1.00 net

Women and Work

By HELEN MARIE BENNETT. An effort to determine whether present-day criticism of the college girl are valid and of the relation of a college education to the after activities of woman. Price, \$1.50 net

Pippin

By LAURA E. RICHARDS. How an orphan waif, after serving a term in prison for theft, fights his way to self-respect and faces perils and adventure in his effort to help others

Illus. \$1.40 net

Mary-'Gusta

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Takes its place as Mr. Lincoln's most successful novel.

Illus. \$1.40 net

Susan Lenox

Her Rise and Fall

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILIPS. The master story of American social life, complete for the first time in book form. "America has to its merit one more great novel—perhaps the greatest since 'The Scarlet Letter'."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

2 vols. \$2.50 net per set

The Alabaster Box

By MARY WILKINS FREEMAN and FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY. The romance of a young girl who persists in her endeavors to atone for the misdeeds of her father, even after she is misunderstood and suspected and actually driven away by those she tried to help.

Illus. \$1.50 net

THESE ARE APPLETON BOOKS

D. APPLETON & COMPANY 35 WEST 32nd STREET NEW YORK

What Sort of Poet is Flecker?

The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker

Photogravure Portrait

Introduction by J. C. Squire

*Laid paper, deckle edge, bound in terra cotta boards,
with vellum back and paper label.* Net, \$2.00

FLECKER died two years ago (in his thirtieth year) of tuberculosis. He was one of the most interesting of the younger English poets, a passionate lover of beauty in all its forms, and a devoted servant of song. His life as a consul in the Levant quickened him with a love of Mediterranean color and atmosphere, and his passion for Greece makes him akin to Byron. Clement Shorter, of the London *Sphere*, says: "I have infinite faith in his permanent place in literature."

"It is a unique pleasure to read a poet like Flecker, so well fluted, so mellow, so rounded, so masterful and secure, and of such inestimable benefit to a modern literature dubious of itself and without formulated principles."—*The Nation*, London.

WAR POEMS

By "X"

Net, 75 Cents

Who is "X"? An Englishman who has given two sons to the war, is all one knows. . . . These poems would do honor to any hand writing English to-day. There are sonnets of grave and mellow beauty, and more rugged verses where the voice of mature man rises to furious, supreme utterance, in a blazing glory of anger that makes the blood run fast. A book of notable and superb quality.

YOUR DEALER HAS THESE VOLUMES

Garden City - Doubleday, Page & Company - New York

THE MYSTERIOUS POETS

THE latest school of poetry is "The Spectrists." It denies any connection with all the other of the late and later schools of poetry, the Futurists, the Imagistes, the Vorticists, etc. The writers of the Spectric School follow the musical convention by giving no titles to their poems, but calling them merely "Opus I," "Opus II," etc. The first work of this school to be brought out is a book of verses entitled "Spectra," by Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan, published by Mitchell Kennerley.

These writers believe that Americans over-accent the personal circumstances and doings of artists and would rather let their work speak for them than their biographers. The publisher, however, suggests these few biographical details: Anne Knish is a native of Buda-Pesth, who has for the past few years lived in Pittsburgh. She is the author of numerous critical reviews in Continental periodicals, and of one volume of poems in Russian, but with a Latin title, "Via Aurea." Emanuel Morgan, the originator of the Spectra School of Poetry, has for years been interested primarily in painting, and is now beginning to publish his work in verse. He recently returned to Pittsburgh, his native city, after living for twenty years in Paris. Some years ago he met the late Remy De Gourmont, and out of this meeting there grew a close friendship. It was Remy De Gourmont, so it is stated, who suggested to Mr. Morgan that he devote himself to writing and to expression in the new form he invented. Mr. Morgan, however, does not claim that M. De Gourmont accepted the theories of poetry that are formulated and expressed in "Spectra."

Mr. Morgan, in answer to many inquiries from readers who are puzzled by Mrs. Knish's preface to the volume "Spectra," contributes this brief explanation of the theory: "The Spectric intention," he writes, "is to let the poem, or spectrum, focus through the surface to the heart of what is being considered."

Mr. Morgan and Mrs. Knish are preparing another volume of spectra, to include not only new poems of their own, but contributions by other members of the school. Meanwhile "Spectra," with its strange cover, and stranger contents, is meeting with a large sale at all bookstores.

PELLE THE CONQUEROR

Martin Andersen Nexø

English translation just completed in four volumes. Each, \$1.50 net.

"When the first part of 'Pelle the Conqueror' appeared, in 1906, its author, Martin Andersen Nexø, was practically unknown even in his native country, save to a few literary people, who knew that he had written some volumes of stories and a book full of sunshiny reminiscences from Spain. And even now, after his great success with 'Pelle,' very little is known about the writer. He was born in 1869, in one of the poorest quarters of Copenhagen, but spent his boyhood in his beloved island, Bornholm, in the Baltic, in or near the town Nexø, from which his final name is derived. There, too, he was a shoemaker's apprentice, like Pelle in the second part of the book, which resembles many great novels in being largely autobiographical. Later he gained his livelihood as a bricklayer, until he somehow managed to get to one of the most renowned of our 'people's high schools,' where he studied so effectually that he was enabled to become a teacher, first at a provincial school, and later in Copenhagen.

"'Pelle' consists of four parts, each, except perhaps the last, a complete story in itself. First we have the open-air life of the boy in country surroundings in Bornholm; then the lad's apprenticeship in a small provincial town, not yet invaded by modern industrialism and still innocent of socialism; next, the youth's struggle in Copenhagen against employers' and authorities; and last, the man's final victory for the benefit of his fellow-workers. The background everywhere is the rapid growth of the labor movement; but social problems are never obtruded, except, again, in the last part, and the purely human interest is always kept well before the reader's eye

through variety of situation and vividness of characterization.

"The great charm of the book seems to me to lie in the fact that the writer knows the poor *from within*; he has not studied them as an outsider may, but has lived with them and felt with them, at once a participant and a keen-eyed spectator. He is no sentimentalist, and so rich is his imagination that he passes on rapidly from one scene to the next, sketching often in a few pages what another novelist would be content to work out into long chapters or whole volumes. His sympathy is of the widest, and he makes us see tragedies behind the little comedies, and comedies behind the little tragedies, of the seemingly sordid lives of the working people whom he loves. 'Pelle' has conquered the hearts of the reading public of Denmark. There is that in the book which should conquer the hearts of a wider public than that of the little country in which its author was born."—OTTO JESPERSEN, *Professor of English in the University of Copenhagen.*

VOLUME I. **Boyhood.**

VOLUME II. **Apprenticeship.**

VOLUME III. **The Great Struggle.**

VOLUME IV. **Daybreak.**

SOME PRESS NOTICES.

"One of the most momentous books which this century has so far produced."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Possesses the literary qualities that burst the bonds of national boundaries."—*Springfield Republican.*

"It is a book which posterity may well call the Iliad of the poor."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

"The book is world-wide in its significance. It is the chronicle of the growth of labor to consciousness of its rights and its strength to win them."—*New York Tribune.*

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

33 WEST 33rd STREET

NEW YORK

"A practised technical hand, and a gift for etching character that may be compared with De Maupassant's."—James Hunker, in *The Sun*.



Mr. Huebsch presents

James Joyce

An Irishman of distinction whose two books compel the attention of discriminating seekers after brains in books:

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

This account of the childhood, adolescence and young manhood of a gifted Irishman of middle-class family enables us to understand the forces—social, political, religious—that animate Ireland to-day. The home life, the boys' school, the university, politics, religion, economics and aesthetics are present or implied so as to reveal the undercurrents of Irish character. Psychological insight, masterly simplicity of style, and extraordinary naturalism make this book more than a promise of great things. Joyce stands pre-eminent among the young Irish writers to-day.

Dubliners

Firmly etched into these pages are Irish city life, character, types and traits, Dublin serving as background. With perfect objectivity and the reticence of reserve power, each of these short stories proves a tensely wrought composition, disclosing in balanced relief some idea of situation of universal import. No reader can fail to become a Joyce enthusiast.

at all bookstores, or of the publisher

Each, \$1.50 net;

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth avenue, New York

Ap. 30. 1917

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

APRIL, 1917

I, Mary MacLane	<i>jh.</i>
The War	<i>M. C. A.</i>
Isadora Duncan's Misfortune	<i>Margaret C. Anderson</i>
James Joyce	
The Verse Libre Contest:	
Sea Poppies	<i>H. D.</i>
Images of Friendship	<i>Maxwell Bodenheim</i>
Stream	<i>Richard Aldington</i>
Flower and Foam	<i>Edward J. O'Brien</i>
The Master	<i>Jeanne D'Orge</i>
Autumn	<i>Charles Wharton Stork</i>
Once More—the Road	<i>Charles Ashleigh</i>
Lovescape	<i>Adolf Wolff</i>
Victory	<i>Sarah Bard Field</i>
Art is Born	<i>Miriam van Waters</i>
The Flower-Smeller	<i>L. R. Bonham</i>
November Afternoon	<i>Marjorie Allen Seiffert</i>
Book Store Announcement	
"Surprise"!	
The Reader Critic	

Published Monthly
MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher
31 West 14th Street
NEW YORK CITY

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice, New York, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED
PLEASE RENEW





*The
Novelist
of the
Insects*

J. HENRI
FABRE

*Author of
"The Life of
the Fly",
"The Life of
the
Caterpillar".*

The Latest Translation from Fabre's Works
by Teixeira is now out

THE LIFE OF THE GRASSHOPPER

You may think you care nothing about
grasshoppers but Fabre's story about the
grasshopper reads like a romance.

Send for our little illustrated descriptive pamph-
let on Fabre's Life and Work, mentioning the
Little Review

Dodd, Mead & Co., 4th Ave. & 30th St., N. Y.

ARNOLD
GENTHE

PHOTOGRAPHER

STUDIO
1 WEST 46TH STREET
THORLEY BLDG.
FIFTH AVE & 46TH STREET

TELEPHONE. BRYANT 2388

The Greenwich
Village Theatre

now in course of construction will
open in September. Situated at
the junction of Fourth Street and
Seventh Avenue—it will have a
seating capacity of 450 and a
stage complete with modern equip-
ment. The theatre is easily acces-
sible. The new Seventh Avenue
Subway near completion, has a
station practically at its doors, while
the Sixth Avenue L and the Fifth
Avenue busses are only two blocks
away. Books now open for sub-
scribers. Full particulars from
offices, 1 Sheridan Sq., N. Y. C.

Wanted

Will any one who has a
fairly good violin for
which he has no further
use please give it to us?
We want to give it in
turn to an old man who
is lonely.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL. III.

APRIL 1917

NO. 10

“I, Mary MacLane”

jh.

WHEN I heard that there was to be a new Mary MacLane book I was full of excitement, remembering vaguely her first book. “What has the world done to you?” I thought as I went rapidly and curiously through the pages. I came upon parts that made me more excited. Has she made poetry—has she made literature? Then I read it through properly from first to last.

It seems to me that Mary MacLane's *Diary of Human Days* is the best answer in the world to all those people who hold that to express yourself completely and sincerely is to have to create Art. Mary MacLane says: “So I write this book of Me—my Soul, my Heart, my sentient Body, my magic Mind: their potentialities and contradictions.”

Aside from the story, which is a sort of Spoon River of thoughts, emotions, rebellions, unconventionalities, humor, the writing of those parts which promised to be poetry in the whole became a too-pretty prettiness, a kind of Ladies' Home Journalness. There is a way some maiden ladies hold a brush when painting still-life—we call it Spencerian. . . . But what makes me the most weary is the tape-worm words: *Feel-of-my-Fingers*, my *Boredom-of-the-Moment*, etc., etc.

It is an amusing book. It is an unhappy book, and it is surprising in all kinds of ways. It is chiefly surprising because it is not the contradictions

that contradict: it is the potentialities, the affirmations. Whatever she affirms in the letter—that she is artist, pagan, radical, outlaw, humorist,—she denies in the spirit. She is really a rather set little conservative with a Presbyterian conscience. She is an interesting and entertaining neuresthenic. Her book is surprisingly ungrown, surprisingly commonplace. It is surprisingly not a surprise.

She makes much talk of her old soul "worn by long cycles of time"; she names herself an artist—a double title to a universal consciousness; and then proceeds to analyze toward a universal consciousness. She lovingly cherishes her free analytical mind and then in chapters like "I am someway the Lesbian woman" and "I am not Respectable nor Refined nor in Good Taste" she refutes her free analytical mind in the best manner of the "good non-analytic creatures." I cannot find the interest to a free mind, to any thinking mind, in questioning the refinement of the natural feelings induced by a shower bath in the solitude of a mountain gorge. A grown mind does not consider whether it is unrefined to be natural or expect that it ought to feel "timorous, sexless, or hygenic" under such circumstances. A grown mind does not question the integrity of its emotions.

I, Mary MacLane is good fun to read and there is enough charm in its abrupt realism to make up for its cloying fancifulness. It is annoying and exasperating—annoying because it makes you feel sorry for Mary MacLane and exasperating because it makes you wish you could help her clear up the design a bit. It is too personal. It is an intrusion. The artist reveals not how he lives but how he Exists, not his objects but himself. And if he chooses himself as his object, as Mary MacLane has done, he has not made his task any different or less difficult. It is as foolish to talk about the artist as the man as to talk about Art as life. Whether an artist tells out his whole soul in a single verse or in great creations through a long life time, or only exists fully and no one has known how he passed one of his "human days", what he has created will tell forever how he Existed. It is never what life does to the artist; it is what the artist does to life.

Mary MacLane has created nothing. She has given us an anatomical drawing of her life, has wistfully told her story with some imagination, some beauty of phrase, some poetical conceptions, with honesty, sincerity, with the humor of a martyr. The newspapers will take it up; it will be praised and jeered and quoted by wits and half-wits; moral fossils will refuse to sell it and others to read it; Lady Writers will say "she has made a contribution to literature." She has made a contribution, but it would seem rather to the sexual theory.

20. day.

It is the edge of a somber July night in this Butte - Montana.
The sky is overcast. The nearer mountains are gray, melancholy.
And at this point I meet Me face to face

I am Mary Mac Lane; of no importance to the wide bright world
and dearly and damnably important to me.

Face to face I look at me with some hatred with despair and with
great interest.

I put me in a crucible of my own making and set it in the
flaming trivial Inferno of my mind. And I assay this:

I am rare - I am in some ways exquisite.

I am pagan within and without.

I am vain and shallow and false.

I am a specialized being, deeply myself.

I am of woman-sex and most things that go with that, with some
other pointes.

am dynamic but devastated, laid waste in spirit.

I'm like a leopard and I'm like a poet and I'm like a religiousse
and I'm like an outlaw.

I have a potent weird sense of humor - a caring and a
demoralizing grace.

I have brain, cerebration - not powerful but fine and of a remarkable
quality.

I am scornful-tempered and I am brave.

I am slender in body and somehow fragile and firm-fleshed and
sweet.

I am oddly a fool and a strange complex liar and a spiritual
vagabond.

I am strong, individual in my falseness: wavering, faint; paniful in
my truth.

I am eternally self-conscious but sincere in it.

I am ultra-modern, very old-fashioned: savagely incongruous.

I am young, but not very young.

I am wistful. I am infamous.

In brief, I am a human being.

The War

Margaret C. Anderson

[We will probably be suppressed for this.]

Isadore Duncan's Misfortune

Margaret C. Anderson

IT is impossible to write about the art of Isadora Duncan. She has no connection with that mysterious phenomenon.

Now, please, all you people who put us down as æsthetes or shallow cultists or youth rebelling for the sake of sensation, or tiresome upholders of art "principles," or sapless supporters of art as a "hole and corner" affair—please for a moment, just listen. If you get enraged with the censorship of the vicious Mr. Sumner every one knows it is not because you wish to flaunt your theories of good literature to the heavens for the want of something better to do. Very well. Grant me the same sincerity. And grant me also another thing: that I may possibly have something true to say.

I have waited five years to see Isadora Duncan. I went to the Metropolitan expecting to see the Dionysian, "the feet of the Centaur trampling the stage," etc. I expected inspiration in a form that you are lucky enough to experience a very few times in your life. Everybody had talked to me this way about Isadora Duncan; every poet, painter, sculptor and musician, every radical I know, had said, "She has real greatness." Well, this is what I saw:

Isadora Duncan ran jumped and skipped and stamped and swooned about the stage, dragging with her a body that was never meant to move in rhythmic line, turning music into stories of war and religion, illustrating the stories with obvious gesticulations toward the heavens or maudlin manœuvres towards the grave, using the same gestures for the sweetness of Schubert as for the sacraments of César Franck, moving always *inside* the music, never dominating it, never even controlling it, never holding or pushing it to an authentic end. In all my life I have never felt such disappointment or such a weary knowledge of the public's predilection for what is truly bad. It didn't occur to me to conceal these ideas. I tried to explain what was wrong. I used Isadora Duncan as the best example I knew of the differentiation between the artist and the pseudo-artist. I tried to show how her conception of Art was identical with only one other conception in the world: the dream of the adolescent brain: that to feel greatly is to make Art and to put your passion and your anguish into expression is to create. Isadora felt a great deal. She shook her head and arms in such a fury of feeling that she appeared to be strangling; and when there was no way of reaching a further intensification she shook her whole

body in a kind of spasm of human inability to bear the grief of the world. And every move was a futile and pitiable one because never once did her body become that mould through which a design is to shape its course and flow into its ultimate form. If the music made a wide swinging curve she made a cramped sudden curve; if it made a descending line she interpreted that, for some mysterious reason, by reverently clutching her abdomen and looking to God.

"Oh," they say, "you are talking about technique."

No, no, no! I am not talking about technique. I am almost never talking technique.

Yvette Guilbert has so little voice that she couldn't sustain the singing of a single song through with beauty—as we commonly speak of beauty. Yet every time she moves her hand or turns her bird-like head or throws that voice into the creation of her design she shows herself an artist in the one real sense of the word. Is that a matter of technique? Cezanne studied light until he was able to paint objects as though they were reflected in a kind of eternal light. Is that merely technique? Harold Bauer studied sound until he has made the technique of the older pianists sound not like an end, nor even like a means to an end, but merely like a lack of full vision. What do you call that? James Joyce writes a novel in which a new kind of literary architecture is achieved not by his following of but by his departure from what has been established as the technique of good writing. What do you call that?

"Well, then," says Mr. John Cowper Powys, when we argue all this, "you are at fault. Whenever you allow any theory of art to interfere with your enjoyment you are doing a silly thing." But why should it occur to you that I am doing that? Is it the obtrudance of an obstinate art theory that makes you acclaim the poetry of Byron quite second-rate poetry compared to that of Shelley or Keats? You would not say that your esoteric art principles interfered with your enjoyment of Mr. Kipling, but that Mr. Kipling interfered with your enjoyment of what might have been his art. Isadora herself interferes with the possibility of any æsthetic experience out of her dancing. What she does is to inspire the mob with the only kind of feeling the mob is ever inspired with. If you were much moved by what she suggested to you—"the trampling feet of the Centaur, the look in her face as though she could drink blood"—why not realize that you can feel those things, *if you feel like it*, in the performance of the cheapest amateur.

Almost no expression of the arts is too decadent to give you such reactions. But that is no criterion of Art. In fact the more of those feelings

you have the more you will know that what you are viewing is not Art. Because in the presence of the latter you feel almost nothing, you imagine nothing, you are like a being in vacuo, "your mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal." So you are talking only of what Isadora made you feel, not what Isadora *made*. And the best—perhaps the only—test for Art is that your emotion is focused on the forms in the picture, not sidetracked to what those forms suggest to you or inform you of—as in descriptive painting or any other bad expression. Clive Bell has said all this and said it more than lucidly. Why should I be repeating it? You all believe it, and all your shrines are built to this one miracle.

So you must not insist to us that Isadora Duncan is an artist. This generation can't be fed on any such stuff. We are tired of that kind of loose valuation. We all know and share the debt the world owes Isadora Duncan, and which the Russian Ballet acknowledged and put to a use she herself could not do. But you should not force us into a position where it positively takes courage to stand up for those values which you yourselves believe in. Isadora Duncan, as you will know after seeing her once, is a woman of small intelligence, a monument of undirected adolescent vision, an ingrained sentimentalist. The spectacle of her dancing draped in an American flag is bad enough; but her unconsciousness of how emotion must be transmuted through a significant medium is to me far more sad.

A soft liquid joy flowed through the words where the soft loud vowels hurtled noiselessly and fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking the white bells of their waves in mute chime and mute peal and soft swooning cry; and he felt that the angury he had sought in the wheeling darting birds and in the pale space of sky above him had come forth from his heart like a bird from a turrent quietly and swiftly. . .

Darkness was falling. . . . A trembling joy, lambent as a faint light, played like a fairy host around him. But why? Her passage through the darkening air or the verse with its black vowels and its opening sound, rich and lutelike?—From James Joyce's "*Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man*".

James Joyce^{*}

I SUPPOSE Mr. Joyce had some idea in mind when he gave his book the title of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. But the critics seem to want it their own way and say, "Mr. Joyce paints the Irishman as he really is." . . . Irishman, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, I suppose. Francis Hackett says it "reveals the inevitable malaise of serious youth." Why then doesn't this inevitable malaise of all our serious youth end inevitably like this: the call "to create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, a living thing, new and soaring, and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable."

H. G. Wells assures us that the youth of his country need not suffer such tortures of adolescence because of England's more common-sense treatment of the sex question. And all the time Mr. Joyce was talking about the artist of any land, not the youth of England or any other country. In this country there is only God to thank that the young artist does not go entirely mad over one and all of its institutions. In our country the young artists could suffer tortures far beyond anything suffered by Stephen, over the utter emptiness of the place. But he will always suffer. He will always be "a naked runner lost in a storm of spears."

There is too much geography of the body in this education of ours. You can talk about or write about or paint or sculpt some parts of the body but others must be treated like the Bad Lands. You can write about what you see that you don't like, what you touch, taste, or hear; but you can't write about what you smell; if you do you are accused of using nasty words. I could say a lot more about the geography of the body, and how its influence goes all the way through until the censor makes a geography for your mind and soul. But I want to talk about nasty words. The result of this education is that we have all the nasty words in the world in our language. How often a European or an Oriental will say: "Oh, to us it is something very nice—beautiful; but to you it would not be nice; it is much different in English." When they told James Joyce he had words like that in his book he must have been as surprised as a painter would be if he were told that some of his colors were immoral.

His story is told the way a person in a sick room sharply remembers all the over-felt impressions and experiences of a time of fever; until the story

^{*}*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, by James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

itself catches the fever and becomes a thing of more definite, closer-known, keener-felt consciousness—and of a restless oblivion of self-consciousness.
jh.

This James Joyce book is the most beautiful piece of writing and the most creative piece of prose anywhere to be seen on the horizon to-day. It is consciously a work of Art in a way that *Jean-Christophe* made no effort to be; it is such head and shoulders above *Jacob Stahl* or Gilbert Cannan's *Mendel* that one must realize those books as very good novels and this as something quite more than that. It can be spoken of in terms that apply to *Pelle the Conqueror*, but only in this way: each is a work of Art and therefore not to be talked of as lesser or greater; but while *Pelle* is made of language as it has been used the *Portrait* is made of language as it will come to be used. There is no doubt that we will have novels before long written without even as much of the conventional structure of language as Mr. Joyce has adhered to—a new kind of "dimension in language" which is being felt in many places and which George Soule has illustrated beautifully in an article in *The New Republic*.

But that isn't the most important thing. The interest in *Pelle* is in the way its stories are told. The interest in the *Portrait* is in the way its æsthetic content is presented.

For instance, these fragments:

He thought his face must be white because it felt so cool. He could not get out the answer for the sum but it did not matter. White roses and red roses: those were beautiful colours to think of. And the cards for first place and third place were beautiful colours too: pink and cream and lavender. Lavender and cream and pink roses were beautiful to think of. Perhaps a wild rose might be like those colours and he remembered the song about the wild rose blossoms on the little green place. But you could not have a green rose. But perhaps somewhere in the world you could. . . .

The corridors were darkly lit and the chapel was darkly lit. Soon all would be dark and sleeping. There was cold night air in the chapel and the marbles were the colour the sea was at night. It was cold and dark under the seawall beside his father's house.

There was a cold night smell in the chapel. But it was a holy smell. It was not like the smell of the old peasants who knelt at the back of the chapel at Sunday mass. That was a smell of air and rain and turf and corduroy. But they were very holy peasants. . . . It would be lovely to to sleep for one night in that cottage before the fire of smoking turf, in the dark lit by the fire, in the warm dark, breathing the smell of the peasants, air and rain and turf and corduroy.

The altar was heaped with fragrant masses of white flowers: and in the morning light the pale flames of the candles among the white flowers were clear and silent as his own soul. . . .

. . . The air of the late March evening made clear their flight, their dark quivering bodies flung clearly against the sky as against a limp hung cloth of smoky tenuous blue.

He watched their flight; bird after bird: a dark flash, a swerve, a flutter of wings. He tried to count them before all their darting quivering bodies passed: Six, ten, eleven: and wondered were they odd or even in number. Twelve, thirteen: for two came wheeling down from the upper sky. They were flying high and low but ever round and round in straight and curving lines and ever flying from left to right, circling about a temple of air.

He listened to the cries: like the squeak of mice behind the wainscot: a shrill twofold note. But the notes were long and shrill and whirring: unlike the cry of vermin, falling a third or a fourth and trilled as the flying beaks clove the air. Their cry as shrill and clear and fine and falling like threads of silken light unwound from whirring spools. . . .

A soft liquid joy like the noise of many waters flowed over his memory and he felt in his heart the soft peace of silent spaces of fading tenuous sky above the waters, of oceanic silence, of swallows flying through the seadusk over the flowing waters.

M. C. A.

The Vers Libre Contest

AT last after many months the prize contest has been decided. I know very little about prize contests, but I imagine that there has never been one in the history of poetry which could boast so many really bad poems. Personally I think there are not more than four or five with any suggestion of poetry in them: the rest are either involuntarily humorous, like the one printed at the end, or pompously anachronistic like the one which asks: "Shall I with frantic hands unloose the cord that binds me to this life?"

The judges were Eunice Tietjens, Helen Hoyt, and William Carlos Williams. They came to no unanimous decision as to which two poems were the best, and the only two they voted for mutually are those printed below. *Sea Poppies* turned out to be by H. D., and *Images of Friendship* by Maxwell Bodenheim. (The former had not yet been published in H. D.'s book).

Sea Poppies

H. D.

Amber husk
fluted with gold,
fruit on the sand
marked with a rich grain.

treasure
spilled near the shrub-pines
to bleach on the boulders:

your stalk has caught root
among wet pebbles
and drift flung by the sea
and grated shells,
and slit conch-shells.

Beautiful, wide-spread,
fire upon leaf,
what meadow yields
so fragrant a leaf
as your bright leaf?

Images of Friendship

Maxwell Bodenheim

Grey drooping-shouldered bushes scrape the edges
Of bending swirls of yellow-white flowers.
So do my thoughts meet the wind-scattered color of you.

The green shadowed trance of the water
Is splintered to little white-tasseled awakenings
By the beat of long black oars.
So do your words cut the massed smoothness of thoughts of you.

Split, brown-blue clouds press into each-other
Over hills dressed in mute, clinging haze.
So do my thoughts slowly form over the draped mystery of you.

The two prizes of \$25 each go therefore to H. D. and Mr. Bodenheim.
But it may be interesting to print some of the others. For instance, not
a single judge mentioned the following:

Stream

Richard Aldington

I.

Pebbles, that gleam dully,
white, faint ochre, drab green:
mosaic under pale sliding water.

II.

Foam;
mobile crests leaping, sinking:
thin fingers grasping round cold rocks.

III.

Pines, white ash-trees,
black-thorns, winter grass,
mirrored trembling in you, O vagrant,
bending away from you and towards you :
hesitating, importunate lovers.

IV.

Small blue waves straining to meet,
never touching, always elusive :
mocking, half-virginal lips.

Eunice Tietjens mentioned *Flower* and *Foam* with this qualification :
"Provided Richard Aldington wrote them. Otherwise not. My point is
that if he wrote them they are authentic as well as lovely, but if he did not
so flagrant an imitator ought not to be encouraged-even if he is a successful
copyist."

Flower

Edward J. O'Brien

Here by the pastures of Hybla
Dreameth in azure stillness Daphne, a maiden.
Her throat was softer than light and honey-haunted.

Foam

Here by the foaming sky with cloud-capped horses,
I, a maiden, lie by the windy ocean,
Dreaming of quiet waters
Guarded by willows.

Dr. Williams's first choice was *The Master*, "for the reason that it has
most imaginative charm while possessing at the same time a fairly even unity
of rhythm, a simple straight forward diction and a very subtle depth of
thought. The image is progressively developed to a fine and natural con-
clusion with great simplicity and restraint, without waste of materia, without
redundancy of any kind."

What or where is the subtle depth of thought? Almost every kind of person in the world has had this thought: it is not even a poetic thought. And what is there in the treatment to make it poetry?

The Master

Jeanne D'Orge

In the dusk a child sits playing
 Five-finger exercises
 Up and down, down and up
 Jagged notes and even,
 Down and up, up and down
 Interminably.
 About him all unseen
 In the folds of the shadows
 Stand the great shades
 Bach . . . Beethoven . . . Brahms . . .
 Listening with exquisite attention
 As to a master.

Helen Hoylt mentioned the following:

Autumn Ballet

Charles Wharton Stork

Oh dancers in yellow!—
 Tall, saffron-garmented poplars with arms uplifted,
 Slender-limbed beeches
 Draped in a modester russet,
 Chestnuts, walnuts and sassafrasses,
 And ruffle-skirted maples—
 Why do ye stand at pause?
 When will the music begin
 For you, oh dancers in yellow?

Dr. Williams's fourth choice is a poem of Charles Ashleigh's which he describes as "a spirited and well-constructed defiance." I think it is a very trite effort—one of those loose though rather happy expressions of mood that has no more to do with art than a man's exclamation that he means to tramp in the woods on a bright spring day.

Once More—The Road

Charles Ashleigh

The printed page
Whispers vainly
In my memory. . . .
The locomotive howls!

Limping philosophies
Murmur weakly
And then are silenced
By the laughter of wanderers.

The sadness of creeds
Dies
Under tramps' ribaldry.

And my road-thirst,
Avid and aching,
Conquers the muttering
Of puling scholarship.

Let my heart blossom in journeying;
And my maw be well stuffed
With delectable incident!

Eunice Tietjens would have been willing to give *Lovescape* a prize if either of the other judges had chosen it, but they did not. And in spite of its cadenced mounting and falling—which is an attribute of technique, not necessarily of art—it remains merely a slight puff of poetic feeling, not a good poem.

Lovescape

Adolf Wolff

Sky
Deep blue sky
Clouds
Thin clouds

Drifting drifting
Grass
Soft cool grass
Breeze
Soft warm breeze
Hands pressing
Mouths mingling
Love
Passion
Ecstasy
Faintness
Calm
Resting
Sky
Deep blue sky
Clouds
Thin clouds
Drifting drifting.

Helen Hoyt chose the two following for the prizes. Now I hope these judges will not get provoked with me or feel that I am being personal or any of the other things that one is usually accused of when one is most impersonally talking his "cause." I am simply overflowing with criticism of their valuations and I must speak it out. These two poems are pretty awful, I think. Where are the winged words that make poetry something beyond thoughts or ideas of emotions?

Victory

Sarah Bard Field

When we were lifted high on the crest of the wave
And Passion made you oblivious,
I reached above you for a star
And caught it.
When we sank deep into the trough of the wave
And satisfied desire over-flooded you,
I reached below you for a pearl
And possessed it.
You have nothing left from that night

But a memory, chained to yourself.
I have something left from that night
That will one day fill his eyes with star-dust,
Measuring the heavens,
And tangle his feet in sea-weed,
Searching the Ocean.
Because of that night
A thought stirs in you.
It will grow weaker with Time
It will be dead when you are dead.
Because of that night,
A child stirs in me.
He will grow stronger with Time
He will plant pansies on our graves
When we are dead.

Art Is Born

Miriam van Waters

My leisure has flowered: a new thing has come into my hands,
Time has come. I possess time as though it were a thing.
I lie still in the scented grass and the hours come into my hands.
They float up as little balloons float from the hands of children,—
Like golden, silken spheres sailing high into the air,
One by one they mount slow and as fragile as dreams.
The hours from my hands go up like kites,—
I hold their slender thread,
I move it faintly and they sway,
Rocking in the clear blue of the sky.
They do not return to me, but very gently they vanish. . . .
Somewhere,
While I hold their silken, slender thread in my hands.

My leisure has come sharp, like a crystal:
It glows and is pointed,
The poignancy of weapons has come into my leisure.
I possess time as though it were a thing.
The hours come into my hands like spears—

Flashing crystal spars of light
That is winged.
I seize them as they come to me.
I throw the weight of my body
Into my stroke and boldly
I hurl them into space,—into the heart of my enemy
The Stillness who lurks there in the depths of the dark.

Dr. Williams says of *The Flower-Smeller*: "It might have been a very fine thing indeed had the author known how to come to a conclusion properly. Parts of this poem have more promise than anything in the whole batch of manuscript." It is, obviously, better. But it isn't a gem by any means; it belongs rather with those almost fine things that make you impatient because they didn't turn out to be gems.

The Flower Smeller

L. R. Bonham

Bubbles, mist and visions
colored shapes winging against the sky
a sip from a brown Venetian glass.

Meseems
gauze drops are pulled upwards
and confetti flung into the past.
A fairy queen in a crystal coach
opens the door, she beckons,
the painted crest looks familiar.

Six little men with sticks
pass by, one taller than the rest
laughs and points at
a junkheap of keepsakes.
Distant music in the park
you and I at the bay window,
gossiping neighbors, a cool breeze,
old second hand furniture, ice cream and moonlight
all painted as in one stroke.

Spirals of smoke, crushed tissue paper,
colored ribbons and black masks,
floor sweepings after a ball—
I twirl a flower between thumb and index
I feel golden dust on the tip of my nose—
a futile occupation
yet something has happened.

And this one, which was among Helen Hoyt's choices, belongs also in the exasperatinly "somehow good" school.

November Afternoon

Marjorie Allen Seiffert

Upon our heads
The oak-leaves fall
Like silent benedictions
Closing autumn's gorgeous ritual,
And we
Upborne by warship
Lift our eyes to the altar of distant hills.

Beloved
How can I know
What gods are yours,
How can I guess the visions of your spirit,
Or hear
The silent prayers your heart has said—

Only by this I feel
Your gods akin to mine,
That when our lips have met
On this last golden autumn afternoon
They have confessed
In silence
Our kisses were less precious than our dreams.

To-day
Our passion drowned in beauty

We turn away our faces toward the hills
Where purple haze, like incense,
Spreads its veil.

Here, I think, are two very interesting ones, the first of which Dr. Williams considers worthy of special mention—"the image evoked is charmingly successful." The authors are respectively Fritz Peters and his brother, Thomas Willing Peters.

The wind blows hard
No bird is there
And the smoke is drowning in the lake.
(Dictated at the age of two years and ten months.)

When it rains it makes beautiful colors
It makes red and blue and white
And red and blue stripes on the water
And the pier goes out to get the sky.
(Dictated at the age of three years and eight months.)

The following four were not mentioned by any of the judges, but in my judgment they are better than many of the "honorable mentions."

The Soldiers

Horace Holley

Whom I long since had known,
Long since forgotten;
Who cast their names behind them like a dream,
Like stagnant water spitting
Their tasteless souls away;
These are the soldiers,
The nameless, the changelings,
Monstrous with slow tormenting Number,
Pestilent with unremitting Machine.

Soldiers . . .
These are they whom I suspected, guilty and glorious,
Crouching in my own thought's background,

Released by the whirlwind of fate
To move as winds that scream about the Pole,
As darkness of sea-depths,
As meeting of ice and flame.
Priests of the mystic sensual death,
When shall they return?
When shall they return, broken, from Hell?

The fuse of a thousand years has burned:
Lord, quicken the groping hands of to-morrow!

The Assault

John Cournos

You come—
black of wing,
black of beak,
flock on flock—
ravenous, cawing.

Your cries—arrows—
shrill, clamorous, strident,
pierce the heart.

O wounded reverie
on still water,
white in faint mist,
you spurt red drops.

O white swan,
shape of magnificent sadness,
spread out your wings,
flutter white through the air,
disperse the black—the raucous.

Girl of Jade and Ivory

Mitchell Dawson

Thru the dark arches of many nights
 Your voice has led me,
 Groping.
 Across the echoing pavements
 Of the nights that stretch before me
 And past the niches
 Where grotesque doubts
 Mock me for seeking,
 I shall follow
 The impalpable strands of your voice—
 Like thread fine-spun from melted pearls
 Drawn singing
 Thru the darkness,
 Until at last I shall find you
 In a deep hollow of that immeasurable rock
 From which all nights are hewn;
 And your eyes will bind me forever
 While your long white fingers caress me.
 I shall not heed the waiting days
 As they gutter and die out.

The South

Witter Bynner

O the true difference!—

The sun at last
 Gilds me again
 And my face is no more a white stalk of celery
 But a golden mango
 And the foot-tracked mud of my heart
 Is sunk deep down
 In the blue waters and purified with a scouring
 Of coral.
 Cranes carry peace to the east and the west
 And joy stands clear by the mangroves,
 A torch,
 A flamingo.

This last one may be printed as a sample of the rest of the contest, and speaks for itself. It came with a little note saying "I hope it may win one of the prizes in the contest, being original free verse and very patriotic."

A Mother's Sacrifice

The day has come, beloved son—
When duty's call resound,
Your father fought, and laurels won
He firmly held the ground.
Now honor calls you to be true,
To the dear flag, red-white-and blue
Long may it wave o'er land and sea—
Thou sweet land of liberty.

I thank the God who gave to me,
So true, so brave a son—
Who on the field prefers to be,
Until the battle's won.
The God on high alone doth know,
The torture and the nag—
In sacrificing all I own,
To help protect the flag.

Fare-well dear boy of loyalty,
To country and to home—
God will reward you royally,
Wherever you may roam.
And when the war is o'er—Oh joy,
How proud I then shall be—
To find my darling soldier boy,
Come home unscathed to me.

Announcement

WE are going to have a book store in connection with *The Little Review*.

This is not merely a plan to sell you books through a kind of mail order system, which we tried once before and which did not work out very well, but a regular book shop in the large front room of our office where you can sit by a fire and choose your books and perhaps even drink a cup of tea during your selection.

It will be a beautiful shop to look at and it will have all the books you will want; or if you are the kind of person who wants books nobody else wants we can guarantee to get them for you within half a day.

Also we can supply mail orders promptly to any of our subscribers. By handling this part of the business directly we will avoid all the confusion and delays inherent in our former arrangement.

We want to open our shop by May 1 if possible, and the next issue will contain the complete announcement.

We cannot take any orders until that date, but if you will deluge us with your patronage after that time we will be eternally grateful.

"THE LITTLE REVIEW,"

31 West 14th Street,
New York City.

“Surprise”!

THE “surprise” I promised in the last issue is this: Ezra Pound is to become Foreign Editor of “The Little Review.”

This means that he and T. S. Eliot will have an American organ (horrible phrase) in which they can appear regularly once a month, where James Joyce can appear when he likes, and where Wyndham Lewis can appear if he comes back from the war. Also it means two or three other names of the “young blood” who will contribute from time to time, and altogether the most stunning plan that any magazine has had the good fortune to announce for a long, long time.

It means that a great deal of the most creative work of modern London and Paris will be published in these pages. So that by getting “The Little Review” and “The Egoist” you will be in touch with the two most important radical organs of contemporary literature.

It all goes into effect with the May issue, and I can promise that it will not be “delayed on account of the war,” because the copy is already here ready for the printer.

Now will all you subscribers help to bring in as many new subscriptions as possible right away, and will all of you whose subscriptions are overdue renew quickly, and will any of you who are overburdened with money contribute a little toward our next issue? It is so terribly hard to get started in a new city, though everything will go so much better once we are fully started here. And though I have been looking for a printer who would do our work for nothing, or even for a small amount,—incredible as it may sound, I have not yet found him.

The Reader Critic

The March Issue

Harold Bauer, New York:

The only trouble with the last number of *The Little Review* is that there is not enough Bauer in it. Why drag in Mary?

Note

H., Cleveland:

I believe you have largely proved your contention that you are producing a magazine which has an understanding of what Art is by the splendid recognition you award Mary Garden. Clarity, in comprehending her, has been too frightfully rare.

To "jh"

Louise Gebhard Cann, Seattle:

I must love any one who can write as you write!

Even if I were a revengful soul I should be quite disarmed by your full-skinned satin prose-ecstasy. It is as seductive as the rice-eating women of Nippon. Such beauty brings tears to my eyes and I bend over it insatiate as over a flower whose perfume tortures me with too much delight and eludes the tentacles of my analysis.

I could have written like that once; but the indifference of editors and publishers has taken the bloom off my expression. My enthusiasms have turned cosmic. I love life's bitterness; I love my critics. I love the grotesqueness that I used to abhor; and nothing is hideous. The sensuous airs of the world I have passed by. They are there but in them I taste aloes and I hear cacophany. My zest is of clangors, the strident battles of the intellect and the spirit, juiceless acrid food whose sweetness comes only after long crushing. The implacable witch-forces of life have put a spell upon me! I live through my own superabundance of being, not through the abundance of others; amid my friends I am a strong hermit. And so your luscious "Mary Garden" is my yesterday. I love it as I love those sunny fruits of my past. . . .

I want to say, too, how much I enjoyed Amy Lowell's poem in this number and how glad I am that you give us Richard Aldington. The more I read of Amy Lowell the more she conquers me. She does not give me ecstasy; she stabs me with wonder. She transfixes me with her polished swords, gem-hilted, cold, glittering. I stare amazed as at a comet. Aldington lifts me to the torment of too much bliss. I fear the spell he puts upon me; I approach each new piece of his with reluctance, trying to avert a devastating possession of my being. Then bravely I read and my head swims. His aftermood is a long delicious intoxication, a deep rich dream of a Hellas that never was.

Isadora Duncan

New York subscriber:

How we have looked forward to seeing Isadora Duncan dance! I was glad to see you advertise her in that first splendid New York edition of yours. I went to see her, of course. But——! It's because I wonder if any people felt the way I did the night of March 6 at the Metropolitan that I am writing you. . . .

I was grateful, of course, for the César-Franck--what human movements will express this, I wondered. A dark blue empty stage. I have seen darkness attempted on the stage before,—but the shadow thrown by the orchestra light made this floor a blacker black—and a light lit up a crouching figure. Redemption, a fragment from a César-Franck symphony. This was only the first—I was willing to wait. Then Ave Maria and the figure was standing with a too-brilliant glare accentuating something that was not beautiful. The music goes on; the figure assumes some rather striking statuesque poses: arms uplifted, one arm uplifted, head thrown back—that too-glaring light again. She turns, the line of her thigh and leg heavy—the modern sculptors have taught us to believe it good. Then a Giotto figure she seemed; a minute later Mrs. Flynn coming up from her wash-tub in the basement; a chord from the orchestra and the Statue of Liberty is before us. Encore; and Botticelli's nymph hastens to Venus: she bows and a wilted Easter Lily bud which never knew full blossom is before us.

Tschaikowsky *Pathétique*; adagio, to an empty stage; scherzo, and—!! I wonder how many yards of cloth in that drop, are there two, or is it the lights that changed the color? This woman's thigh is atrocious! Those must be real flowers she is using to scatter about; good pose there as the curtains fall,—nice line from ankle to shoulder; but that costume! Encore, and flowers. She trips in like a soubrette, the one whose place in the chorus is assured forever because she knows the manager. Second encore,—posing for the public with an uplifted white rose—this the great dancer!

But, with the strains of the *Marseillaise* she appeared from the rear, right, in scarlet. And that part of the audience who claims France by birthright rose, as also did the other part, by the assumed insolence of pretense which says each man has two countries: the states and France! Well, the audience rose and Isadora (we're feeling chummy by this time) pointed! At the finish of the air—which surmounted all despite the figure on the stage—she disclosed what we suspected was there: an American flag! And the orchestra played *Star Spangled Banner* and she kissed the flag, and the audience sang; and after "Bravos" she "danced" the *Marseillaise* again and the audience shrieked; and the orchestra played *America* off key and swung to *Star Spangled Banner* again and she unwound the flag from off her and danced the thing they were playing,—in that costume of dark red she had worn when she danced the Call to Battle and the Lamentations Following Triumph of the *Pathétique*; and trampling on the red which was France, waving the flag which was the U. S. A., in the costume representing Poland—she pointed! And because she had pointed skyward earthward and battelward, all in the course of one evening, we left, saying: "Well, we have seen Isadora Duncan dance!"

LIPPINCOTT BOOKS



FOR SALE AT ALL
BOOKSTORES

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
MONTREAL PHILADELPHIA LONDON

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of War Work in England

With an Introduction. By H. G. Wells. 51 plates. Lithograph on cover. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Pennell secured permission through Lloyd George to make these remarkable pictures of War Work in England, the making of great guns, of shot and shell, the building of air crafts and war vessels. Mr. Pennell's drawings leave an impression of a nation's grandeur more vivid even than the pictures of armies and navies in actual combat.

Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners

By Sonia E. Howe, Author of "A Thousand Years of Russian History." 44 illustrations.

\$2.50 net.

These stories are fascinating studies of Russia and present the intensely human side of a great people. They give one an understanding of Russian national life and character which is far more vivid than any historical work could possibly be.

Leading Books of the Spring Season

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE, by Sidney L. Nyburg. One of the outstanding novels of the season. Selected by H. W. BOYNTON, in N. Y. NATION, March 22nd.

OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL, by George Weston. Establishes a record. Moving picture and dramatic rights sold within a month after publication.

THE MARK OF CAIN, by Carolyn Wells, author of the Fleming Stone detective stories.

THE BOOK OF THE PEONY, by Mrs. Edward Harding. The only work on this flower.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF WAR WORK IN ENGLAND. 51 plates.

(See Description Below)

Sidney L. Nyburg

is marked as a brilliant novelist. He writes with a pen unthwarted by false notions, but alive with sincerity and genuine artistic impulse.

\$1.40 net.

The Chosen People

THREE PRINTINGS

NEW YORK TIMES:—"A brilliant piece of work. . . . A story of distinction."

NEW YORK TRIBUNE:—"The author has an almost uncanny gift of piercing to the marrow of human motives."

NEW YORK WORLD:—"Mr. Nyburg has written living, stirring chapters."

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT:—"Of exceptional quality. It brings to life a little studied aspect of our civilization."

BALTIMORE EVENING SUN:—"The interest is unflagging from beginning to end."



SOME IMAGIST POETS

1917

including

RICHARD ALDINGTON

"H. D."

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

F. S. FLINT

D. H. LAWRENCE

AMY LOWELL



"Imagist poetry fills us with hope. . . . Old forms of verse are filled with ghosts. . . . The Imagist can, with his very form, purge himself from these. . . . So he can be more interesting than other poets."—London Times.

Now ready, in binding uniform with the previous
Imagist anthologists. 75c net at all bookstores.

OTHER IMAGIST ANTHOLOGIES

SOME IMAGIST POETS—3rd Edition—75c net

SOME IMAGIST POETS, 1916—2nd Edition—75c net

4 Park Street Houghton Mifflin Company Boston

Mason & Hamlin

The Stradivarius of Pianos

Mason & Hamlin Co.

313 5th Avenue

New York

I, MARY MACLANE

A DIARY OF HUMAN DAYS

By MARY MACLANE

"So I write this book of Me—my Soul, my Heart, my sentient Body, my magic Mind: their potentialities and contradictions."

Here is a curtain drawn aside—disclosing a soul essentially rare and unusual, dwelling apart. Its attributes are lyric beauty; chaotic disregard of the conventionalities; passionate humanness; and a sense of humor which is elusive, creative, delicate.

The frankest and most startling personal record of a woman's life that has come up in generations. This book is an adventure of the spirit cast in heroic dimensions—an epic of struggle and victory, heights and depths, which will hold the reader spellbound.

Gertrude Atherton says:

"Mary MacLane's book is as great a piece of literature as I felt sure it would be, absorbingly interesting, and so original that no one else in the world could have written it."

Cloth, 12mo, net \$1.40

IN
THE

WILDERNESS

By ROBERT HITCHINS

Author of "The Garden of Allah" etc.

"Mr. Hichens' wonderful descriptive talent which took the world by storm when displayed in "The Garden of Allah" once more works its spell upon the reader. . . . By far the best-constructed story the author has yet produced, worked out with the consummate skill of a true artist."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Cloth, 12mo, net \$1.50

CHILDREN OF FATE

By MARICE RUTLEDGE

For thinkers on both sides of the peace question—
A war novel that is different.

"If races are to evolve into a higher state it must be through finer, cleverer methods than war. War is a stupid return for education. . . . Internationalism is a remedy."

Cloth, 12mo, net \$1.35

Publishers FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY New York

